

THE SOBER-WORLD

RANDOLPH WELLFORD SMITH

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THE SOBER WORLD

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BY

RANDOLPH WELLFORD SMITH

AUTHOR OF "IDEALS OF GOVERNMENT,"
"BENIGHTED MEXICO," ETC.



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PREFACE

DRINK has dominated no small part of the world for centuries. All down through the ages it has been mankind's direst enemy and the most direct menace to anything resembling an integral and intrinsic civilization. Artists continue to immortalize themselves with the imagery of Belshazzar's orgy. The lurid vision of Nero fiddling while Rome fell and his great empire was torn to ribbons will forever be a *motif* for word painters. And for centuries to come the perfidies and calumnies, the bestialities and brutalities, of the beer-sotted Teutons during the World War will be the theme of countless pen pictures.

The world is littered with tragedies colossal and horrible beyond description, with nations and peoples and individuals who have fallen to destruction, due to this, the greatest of all evils in human history. The superstructure of the greatest governments under the sun has been undermined and on more than one occasion utterly destroyed by drunken rulers and the victims, the votaries and the henchmen of the liquor interests.

A half tipsy Irish statesman once asked Disraeli, the most talented and brilliant of all British diplomats, to what he attributed his startling and nearly always enduring achievements. "I owe what success I have had in this world to a sober mind," was the response.

There have been times when drink has nearly eaten away the very heart of the British Empire; and it is significant that the sentiment in England is almost as strong for a sober nation as it is in this country. Her statesmen are watching with cautious eyes the result of America's deliberations and laws on this much mooted question so that she may avoid the pitfalls and contribute her share to a sober world.

And this sober world is on the horizon. It is as plain as the ancient handwriting on the wall, as patent as the gold lettering on a shop window. The world as a whole has finally and definitely wearied of a half-crazed humanity. It is tired of a misnomer civilization with a saloon on every other street corner filled with sodden victims, dead to everything but desire and selfish gratification. There are long and dangerous bridges to be crossed, but no analytical student of the situation has the remotest doubt about the ultimate result.

The World War taught the needed lesson as it was never taught before in the annals of man. It is written pathetically and painfully enough in the blood and murder and rape and pillage of the innocents in Belgium and northern France. But with far deeper import is the record set forth in the archives of the State Departments at Washington, Paris and London.

In the early stages of the war there was no great curiosity and very little comment over German finances. It was a well established fact that the Kaiser and his accomplices had been preparing for years for the conflict, and equally well established,

perhaps, that the Teuton Empire was financially sound and well supplied with that most necessary of all things for a successful accomplishment of her fell purposes, gold. Preparations for the conflict had been well under way since the memorable days of 1870, and the peasant women of France had hardly ceased digging down in their stockings for their hard-earned franc-notes to pay the German toll when the smouldering fires in the Balkans broke out and the Sarajévo murders were used as an excuse to begin the conflict.

Two, three years of the World War passed. Several loans were successfully issued; and the German people took them up in their usual stodgy fashion but evidently with effort. Yet money continued to pour into the coffers of the German government. Shut off from the world, there was a shortage of many things, but never of gold. Of that most necessary commodity there was an abundance, and it seemed never to grow less. The emissaries of the Entente governments began to look about them. It was conclusively proved that the German treasury was being bountifully refilled from time to time, and that the money came from without, not within, the German Empire. The truth emerged. It was gold from the store of the German brewers, not only in this country but all over the world. Many of them in this country, South America and other lands had been financed by the German government. Some were owned outright by the Kaiser and his sons. It was part of the scheme of the World Dominion achievement that the brewer should do his bit when the time came. How well he did it will

be conclusively shown in the subsequent pages of this volume.

The magnitude of the German brewing interests throughout the world cannot be easily overestimated. There are breweries in nearly every quarter of the civilized globe, always owned, controlled, and operated by Germans. Billions of capital and many hundreds of thousands of hands are employed. Vast tracts of land, enormous properties, strings of hotels and various commercial institutions are owned and controlled absolutely by the brewery interests.

The brewer has been the gravest menace to anything suggesting an effective civilization for centuries. The brewery interests own and operate a vast majority of saloons, not only in this country but in many other lands. This has been the observation of the globe trotter for many years. In the last decade before the war there had been a complete metamorphosis of Paris. The life of the once fetching *café chantant* was past and over with. No longer the *vin ordinaire* at dinner. Beer, beer everywhere! The principal hotels in many instances were in the hands of Germans. Exactly the same conditions obtained in London; and New York, even today, is the most thoroughly brewery-infected city in the world except Berlin itself.

The insistence and insolence of the brewer in America reached the zenith in the memorable days of June, 1919. But at the same time it became clear that within a few months the Teuton brewer would be held in the same affectionate regard by the American people that Germany is held in today by all the world.

In the face of the fact that every state in the Union except three had ratified an amendment to that most sacred and solemn document in all the world except the Bible itself, the brewers had raised, in the spring of 1919, a slush-fund of more than \$2,000,000 to buy legislation to corrupt courts and by fair means or foul to alter the law. The verdict of the American had already been rendered, and was not readily to be changed.

The distillers of Kentucky and Virginia who made the whiskey of our forefathers have quietly expressed their regrets and their intention of abiding by the law; but it remains for the Teuton to threaten and menace the Constitution of the United States.

President Wilson's political jest in relation to beer and wine was perhaps necessary as a saving clause for his party, which naturally did not care to assume all the responsibility for the radical liquor reforms. It will not mislead, however, and the Republican brethren are not likely to burn their fingers in plain view of the brewery menace in this country and all over South America.

In the old days the gentleman who drank too much whiskey, rolled under the table, but eventually resumed his vocation and usefulness, might be pardoned. But for the people sunk for centuries in the slow poison of that most noxious of all drink, beer, in the light of recent events there is no pardon. And it is idle to suppose that the American will countenance or tolerate the German brewer, skulking in the background, at home or abroad.

At the National Capital was assembled in that radiant June of 1919 the most powerful lobby ever

created in the United States. It was directed from afar by a score of corporation lawyers. But the verdict of the American people had already been rendered. It will never be altered until the United States has fallen into an abyss of crime and vice as deep as that of the Germany of today.

Bolshevism had its birth in the saloon. Anarchy has its hot-bed there. The evil that men do, and have done for centuries, under the influence of strong drink is not easily reckoned with; it is incalculable. The mad passions of men are never entirely unbridled without incentive, and liquor has been the most powerful of all incentives for all time.

The historian dwells with deep-laden import on the slaughter of mankind in the war. He graphically pictures the incalculable loss in the World War, and the slaughter of the innocents. But how relatively infinitesimal is that loss of life to that which follows in the train of the Demon Rum! For centuries he has plied his traffic under first this guise and then the other, with society and civilization looking on with perturbed thought and deepest interest but always with idle hands and idler minds.

The child in the gutter, the offspring of the brute drunkard, has been forever a song of sadness and interest, but always the synonym of futile endeavor on the part of man.

Mankind's kindergarten efforts, up to the last very few years, to stop these ruinous conditions in nearly every land on God's footstool would be bathos but for the infinite and consequential pathos of the whole situation. Essayists have esteemed as a subtle theme the victim of this vice, but their

efforts have always ended in some sad song or story. Now is the metamorphosis. Here is the transition. From a world with this sickening and cancerous growth at its breast the mists have rolled away, and at last there stands in plain view a new, clean and sober brotherhood of man with some chance of a *bona fide* civilization in the perspective.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER

PAGE

I. DRINKING AT THE NATIONAL CAPI-

TAL I

The national capital, contrary to expectation, built up along the Potomac — From Georgetown to the Navy Yard was crowded with saloons — Nowhere has there ever been such a hotbed of lawlessness and crime — The proprietor of Hancock's used a secret cordial for his cocktails — The Sergeant-at-Arms sought and found his quorums in the saloons — Germany has always had her agents in Washington — During the Forty-Ninth Congress the restaurant-keeper of the House sold \$9,580 worth of liquor — The vicious influence of the Lobby — After the Civil War drunkenness flaunted itself shamelessly — Women have brought about the reform at Washington — The experience of one Senator.

II. REVELRY AND CORRUPTION 14

Debutantes had to be protected against the social vices of Washington society — Inaugural balls a disgrace to the Nation — President Roosevelt restrained the excesses, and President Wilson discontinued the ball — Congress was not representatively American — Congress was a jest and a byword to the average citizen — German beer was standardized in Germany but not in America — Cheap saloons for the negroes fostered crime — A family of Sheas had a record of 118 arrests — Billy Williams, a noted cracksman, caught red-handed, was allowed to go scot free.

III. HIGH ART SALOONS AND BLACK DIVES 26

The \$150,000 painting of "The Nymphs and the Satyr" the chief attraction of a Broadway saloon — Ladies' hour, from 10 to 12 A.M., brought many curious visitors — Decorations of saloons in Cincinnati and Chicago — In a Brooklyn saloon the all-night customers sleep standing up — Rope support supplied by one kind-hearted proprietor — Dr. Edward Everett Hale's pioneer sermon — Coöperation of other ministers — Work of Dr. Parkhurst.

IV. THE BREWER IN THE WAR 34

Berlin *en fête* for the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the German Emperor's rule — Andrew Carnegie's arrival with forty-four American Peace Society messages (many of these societies were financed largely by brewery and other German interests in the United States, according to Department of Justice records) — The toast, "Here's to the Day!" — The deliberate misleading of Mr. Carnegie — The incident of the Emperor's nose-bleed — A description of activities at Essen at that time — The Naval League banquet — The Prussian publicity propaganda — Pan-Germanism and beer.

V. THE PEACE AND THE BEER INDUSTRY 47

The prominence of the Peace Society in America — The Pan-German dream — The arrival in America of hordes of brewers and educated Germans — Their lasting impress upon American educational methods and ideals — The inauguration of the first Peace movement during the Cleveland administration — Peace lobbyism — German money spent by a woman lobbyist — The defeat of the William C.

Whitney navy plan—The damage to America from the German brewer—The harm from too much beer drinking—The union between the German brewer and the Irish saloon keeper—The reasons for the German belief that American sentiment was entirely pro-German—The steady loss of German prestige in America, changing into distrust on the part of Americans—The change in the American from neutrality to hostility.

VI. PREMEDITATED BARBARISM 62

The premeditated crimes against defenseless Belgium were inexcusable—Poem, "Myself und Gott," by A. McGregor Rose—Captain Coghlan reproved for reading it at a Washington banquet—The Belgian savants saw danger ahead—Most other people thought the German cry for beer and peace was funny—Belgium strengthened the defenses at Fleron, Chaudfontaine, Namur and Liège—The Germans invading Belgium, found everything attractive, including full wine cellars.

VII. "KULTUR'S MOST SUCCESSFUL HANDIWORK 72

Countless investigations prove that the crimes in Belgium were committed by drunken Germans—The atrocities were all premeditated—The Beer and Pan-Germanism rule of 1911 was "no questions until after World Dominion was won"—When Choate appealed for a *cour de justice arbitrale*, Germany unmasked, by making violent objections to the plan—The toast, "Here is to the Day," was drunk openly everywhere in Germany—England, France, Russia and Italy were not forearmed, but they could not say that they were not forewarned—Belgium made only one mistake, trusting alleged civilization—America awoke so slowly that Germany thought she could be depended

on for coöperation in almost any war or liquor emergency—With the sinking of the *Lusitania* care-free America began to think.

VIII. BELGIUM, VICTIM OF DRUNKEN GER-

MANY 79

In Belgium, as in Mexico, the Germans despoiled nunneries and ravished the inmates—Germany denied this charge and demanded the names of the nuns—The demand was refused to save the feelings of the innocent victims—The President of the Belgian Relief Fund brought a large number of nuns to London—Dr. Roseboom says he saw entire German armies so drunk as to be irresponsible—Mr. Hoover says it will take \$150,000,000 to bring order out of chaos in Belgium—Switzerland and Spain tried to maintain neutrality—Germany sued for peace—Statement of German government about the enslavement of more than half a million Belgians—Effect of pastoral letter of Cardinal Mercier was world-wide—The printer, Francis Dessain, was imprisoned, and Cardinal Mercier threatened.

IX. WEAK MEN IN HIGH PLACES . . . 93

Weak men in Congress—America was forgetful of Washington's warning against foreign influence—America thought her Cabinet members were wise and incorruptible—Warning of Newell Dwight Hillis—Germany has been allowed every opportunity to get plans of our fortifications—Author wrote his experiences at Old Point. His Editor refused to print the article and "insult his German subscribers"—Bartholme incident—Lansing's reply to the critics—The unheeded warnings of England and France—Von Bernstorff departs in injured innocence, with a prophecy of his not far-distant return.

X. THE GIGANTIC NETWORK OF THE
GERMAN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE
UNITED STATES 109

St. Louis was the first city to assert its German patriotism. A Western Senator blocked President Wilson's Armed Neutrality Measure—Stone, La Follette, O'Gorman, Clapp and Vardaman worked for the liquor interests that elected them—Von Bernstorff deceived Lansing and planned to embroil the United States with Mexico and Japan—Von Bernstorff planned a nation-wide reign of terror—Once a German, always a German—Germany now hates America worse than she ever hated England—America does not realize her danger because of the laxity of the press, and disbelief of the proofs of past crimes—Proposal of patriotic oath for German-Americans rejected in terror—Possibility of turning the great breweries into dairies.

XI. LOYAL GERMAN-AMERICANS 127

How many German-Americans there are is a mooted question—The German-language newspapers in many cities were defiantly abusive and unpatriotic after the sinking of the *Lusitania*—Contrast to the French newspapers—Germany broke all her promises about stopping submarine warfare—When she grew frightened she wailed again for peace—Indictment of Germany in *Manufacturers' Record* for June, 1919—Germany is trying to raise the revenue for the next war from American breweries.

XII. GERMANS RETURN TO OLD METHODS 136

While meekly pleading for peace, the Kaiser was boasting that he controlled the destiny of America—Germans eager to resurrect hyphen and "Kultur"—C. M. Schwab defended the beer policy on grounds of kindness to the poor man—Contrast with the patriotism of the Vanderbilts—Affida-

vits of the deleterious effects of alcohol — Small percentage of alcohol in German beer means large amount of drinking, and large revenue — When beer was exempted from the 18th Amendment, the brewers paid for a great jubilation held in front of the Capitol at Washington — Disloyalty shown in theatres — The call for decision and sacrifice.

XIII. AN UNPRECEDENTED MEETING . . . 149

The adoption of the Beer Amendment will give the brewer enough political power to be a menace to federal, state and municipal government — Demonstration in Washington on Flag Day did not really represent the laboring man — Gompers' statement to Senate Judiciary Committee about the need of vodka in Russia was false — Also his statement that serious social conditions had been caused by the abolishment of drink — Address of Col. Dan Morgan Smith, at Tremont Temple, Boston, May 27, 1919 — \$2,000,000 raised for a slush fund — Willis J. Abbot, of *Collier's Weekly*, after investigation, reported that prohibition improved civic conditions wherever it was tried — Conditions in Boston are particularly bad — Bishop Lawrence's leaflet — *The Verdict*, a new periodical issued by prominent Boston men — Governors of various states testified to the great reduction of crime and vice under prohibition.

XIV. WOMEN AND ONE WOMAN'S WONDER WORK 162

It is a pity that women attended the Labor demonstration at the Capital. Dr. Annette Abbott Adams, born and educated in Plumas Co., California, was chosen prosecutor of German-American Conspirators — This "Portia of the Plumas" secured the conviction of the criminals — America has not heeded the books like Maxim's *Defenceless America*, and O'Laughlin's *Imperilled America* — Partial list of property destroyed in America from

1914 to 1919 — Taft's comments about the recent attacks on the Attorney-General and other National officials — Significance of numerous marriages of German officials with American heiresses — In Germany all women are kept in the home to breed victims for the military machine — Women like Dr. Adams may be counted on for the rebuilding of a new and sober world.

XV. INTERPRETATIONS OF THE LIQUOR

LAWS 181

Thoughtful Americans are absorbed by the perils menacing us not in Europe but at home — Bold placards of beer propaganda were sent broadcast — Some saloonkeepers defiantly boasted they would not close July 1 — Elihu Root, Counsel for National Brewers' Association, holds the brewers up to national pity — J. H. Collins in the *Saturday Evening Post* says brewers can grow rich in the ice-cream business — Brewers are vitally interested in many enterprises besides beer — Interpretations of the new law vary — States prohibiting drink by constitutional amendment — States prohibiting drink by State-wide legislation — States in part permitting liquor — No-liquor States — States which have fixed 4, 3, 2 or 1 per cent of alcohol as the standard — Enormous increase in consumption of liquor per capita — "To-morrow"; and it is already twilight.

XVI. THE FUTURE OF THE DRUNKARD . 198

The Salvation Army proposes to turn the saloons into workingmen's clubs — It is a mistake to keep the old furnishings — Psychopathic hospitals are enlarging their equipment — Methods at Bellevue Hospital severe but remedial — Cases when treatment was too severe — Washington hospital was poorly run — Danger of drinking men turning to drugs is greatly exaggerated — More hotels like the

Mills Hotel on Bleecker Street needed — Theatres, municipal operas and motion pictures will help — Society, responsible for the present drink problem, must solve the problem.

XVII. LIQUOR AND AMERICAN POLITICS . . . 209

A Sober World of paramount importance in this era — Liquor emphasizes the unrest in Italy, Greece and France — German brewers influence patriotic Americans comparatively little — Dire effect of President Wilson's careless comment about the self-determination of small peoples — Prophecy of Congressman Fitzgerald — Disclosures of Ex-President Taft — Peace Treaty signed as ban on liquor becomes effective — Cardinal Mercier's *pronunciamiento* — Bold attempt of De Valera to start Irish Revolution — Boston's calm acceptance of De Valera ungrateful to Britain — Anxious waiting for President Wilson's arrival and action.

XVIII. ENGLAND, BONNIE ENGLAND . . . 219

Closely following the Labor Convention at Washington come new attempts on life and property in Kansas, New York and New England — Police preparation in Boston — President Wilson's problem; De Valera's schemes, Bolshevik uprisings and Pan-Germanic propaganda — Pressure of public sentiment — Ireland an integral part of the British Empire — Justice and gratitude forbid America to help England's enemies.

XIX. ENGLAND AND IRELAND 228

Astute diplomacy of President Wilson — On the subject of light wines and beer — As soon as Germany signed the Peace Treaty he refused to repeal the Prohibition law — One million American soldiers still "under emergency call" — Gathering to

hear De Valera in Fenway Park the most memorable event since the landing of the Pilgrims—People were to fight England, their friend and ally—King George's letter to President Wilson—Paris studying the memorandum of the Irish delegates to the Peace Congress—Distinguished English visitor thrown out of a German-American inn because of his comment on girl solicitors for the Irish Republic—A Dominion similar to that in Canada may be the solution—De Valera's objections to Dominion—England's policy with Ireland—Contrast with conditions in Korea.

XX. FOND HOPES DISPELLED 240

Debauchery of the last days of June, 1919—Service on steps of St. Paul's Cathedral, Boston—Rush to lay in last supplies of liquor—Attorney-General Palmer's decision to allow manufacture of 2.75 beer—Surprise and distress of law-abiding citizens—Unfortunate results of the ruling—It may be a political move—Complexity of the problem.

XXI. UNPRECEDENTED LAWLESSNESS . 249

Lawlessness at Atlantic City—Warning given by prima donna—Defiance in New York City and Chicago—Temporary triumph of the Brewer—Property and industry in Germany practically intact—English beer manufactured at home not foisted on American trade—Some saloons stayed shut tight after July 1—Lament of saloon-keepers who know no other business.

XXII. THE SOBER WORLD 262

Suffering that followed the orgies just before July 1—Difficulty of deciding on the meaning of "intoxicating beverage"—President's delay of his decision to make Republicans assume their share of responsibility for the reform—Menace of German con-

trol in the United States through breweries—
 Cardinal Mercier's gratitude to the United States
 — Revival of literature looking toward a "Sober
 World"—Comment in the *New York Times*
 about Ibanez' *La Bodega*—*Vale* Drink!

L'ENVOI 271

ADDENDA 279

THE SOBER WORLD

CHAPTER I

DRINKING AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

THE national capital of a country is its interrogation point. Men largely judge a nation and its people by the capital, its environs and its atmospheric conditions. Washington, the capital of the United States, as planned by the Father of His Country and designed by Major L'Enfant, was perhaps the most ambitious effort that was ever made for the creation of a national seat of government. It was conceived with remarkable symmetry of design and possibility of architectural beauty. According to the original plan, the beautiful, radiantly picturesque Potomac was to run through its center.

But the plans of mice and men gang aft agley. Instead of the Capital being developed according to the thought of its great designers, the city reached out along the river and over dunes and marshes that made it exceedingly unhealthful. It was evidently Washington's thought, when he originally conceived the plan for the Capital, that its business was to be done along the riverway, and that the Capital itself, that is, the residential section of it and many of the public buildings, would naturally extend across the

stream to the beautiful Virginia hills. As years passed, to the disgust of many thinking men and women the city developed in the most unhealthful section, not far from the river, where are now the White House, the Treasury, War, State and Navy and other Governmental buildings.

It so happened that no small proportion of the population had to live in this immediate vicinity, and not long after the Civil War there sprang up a condition which at once appalled and astounded many Americans. With the approach of the larger city, this whole neighborhood, and Pennsylvania Avenue from Georgetown to the Navy Yard, became dotted with saloons. Along the Avenue in Georgetown were, just before the no-drink law went into effect, some score or more of saloons within the radius of a quarter of a mile. Through these dives, frequented by inebriates and every type of drunkard from the swiller of cheap whiskey to the beer guzzler who never drew a sober breath, passed a procession of humanity well worth more than the usual casual glance. Across the Avenue, down towards the White House, there were brief spaces without saloons; no very distant ones, however, because it was exceedingly difficult for the average law-maker or government clerk to walk, or speed, any distance without the assistance of strong or mild drink. Should he manage to control himself until he reached Fourteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, he had no longer to restrain his appetite, for there began the marvelous "Rum Row" of song and story.

Perhaps nowhere in this wide world has there been, or will there ever be, such a collection of

saloons in the train of which have followed so many wrecks of human ambition.

From Fifteenth Street to Seventeenth Street along the Avenue, and on all the intersecting streets from F Street to the Mall, were saloons upon saloons. Up to a few years ago, from Fifteenth Street to the Capitol and from the Avenue over to the Mall, was a succession of houses absolutely indescribable in their fantastic horror and infamy. The tragic tales of human want and pain and sorrow that might have been delved out of these holes, the wrecked lives of statesmen, youths, girls, and derelicts along the sands of life, are beyond the calculation of human thought.

In his early days as a young newspaper man, the writer observed this phantasmagorial procession of human wrecks close by and from afar with profound and deeply studious application, and he does not hesitate to say that nowhere on earth, in his judgment or in the judgment of many municipal experts, has there ever been any such hotbed of lawlessness and crime. It was a spectacle unmatched, to note the results and achievements of King Rum in this immediate locale. Nearby was situated the notorious Shoomaker's, where, for the mere pittance of fifteen cents, or two drinks for a quarter, the statesman, the young newspaper man, or the clerk might have a small tumbler nearly double the size of the ordinary whiskey glass filled to the brim. It took an old, seasoned and absolutely alcoholic habitué to withstand more than three or four of these libations. In fact, under certain weather conditions it was not unusual for only two of them to put a dis-

tinguished statesman or youthful aspirant for journalistic honors under the proverbial table. And the number that it sent to their graves is a record only to be found in the annals of the Great Beyond.

Across the Avenue, a little farther down the street, was the beguiling Hancock's. Here statesmen frequently assembled in numbers. In a little back parlor an old colored mammy dispensed Maryland fried chicken, hot waffles and other Southern delicacies; but most of her time lay heavy on her hands. The proprietor of Hancock's in his early youth became possessed of a secret cordial which he used as part mixture for a specialty in cocktails. The colored bartenders, always obsequious and courteous servants, would dip the glass in ice water, rim it with candied sugar, then pour in this carmine-colored cordial. Along the rim were bits of choice fruits, — peaches, small clusters of grapes, cherries, a little watermelon perhaps. It was a seductive, unusual, and altogether delectable cocktail. The proprietor, with much humor and a knowledge of human nature, bedecked his walls with old theatre programmes, with curiosities of every description, pieces of armor from ancient wars, here a sword, there an old pistol, rare bric-à-brac, an object of vertu, everything alluring that he could think of, including pictures of Lydia Thompson and other beautiful celebrities of the stage. All this was to interest the guests between drinks; and the interested drinker was not infrequently carried out to one of the negro-driven hacks that used to be among the "sights" of the national capital.

Mine Host Hancock had a keen sense of humor

and a profound knowledge of humanity. There can be no mistake about the fact that in the old days Henry Clay and Daniel Webster drank at this famous bar. Countless other men of every kind and calibre, from judges of the Supreme Bench down to the House messengers, frequented this bar. It was for years a veritable gold mine; also for years a distinct menace to this Government. Shoomaker's and Hancock's were what might be termed national saloons. It was a spectacle worth while, especially to the young and untutored and inquiring newspaper man, to see the Sergeant-at-Arms with his assistants *en route* to Shoomaker's or Hancock's to gather in the statesmen of the land when it was impossible, under ordinary conditions, to obtain a quorum in either Senate or House. The Sergeant-at-Arms never had to go much farther; enough of the absent members were nearly always found in these two places of iniquity to make up a quorum. If he did not get a sufficient number there, all that was necessary was to adjourn his forces a little farther up the street to the Congressional Hotel, or perhaps to Welcker's or Wormley's or John Chamberlain's. But the quorum was almost always to be had in this immediate vicinity. If not here, it was because these statesmen had drunk themselves into such a state that they were in the houses along the Mall, where the Sergeant-at-Arms, even with his authority as an executive officer of the Government, dared not go to unearth them.

Just how many national crimes, just how many human wrecks, and just how many domestic tragedies have come from these holes cannot be estimated

by human statisticians. It is a scandal upon which no historian will ever care to dwell. It was a situation in the history of this Government so deeply shadowed in shame that the less said about it the better. It is a closed chapter now. We are entering on a new era of reconstruction. In future years the statesman will not have the time-worn excuse, when he has failed in some important legislation, "I had been drinking too much." He will not have the plausible excuse in his own mind to pardon his frailty and his folly. The temptation is no longer there to harrow his soul. It is a new United States, with a new Capital and a new ambition. But here was the very heart of the evil that placed this land in the sickening condition of unpreparedness which obtained at the beginning of the World War.

Germany always had her agents at Washington. There was not a time in fifty years that she was not actively and painstakingly engaged with the thought of World Dominion. Ten years before the war with France she cast envious eyes upon this country and cleverly and deliberately played her game. There were times when it was so near success in the World War that the world wondered. Had Congress done its duty as did the secret service at Washington for half a century, the United States of America would have been able, almost at the beginning of the great conflict, simply to lift her hands and save the world from the most horrible cataclysm in all history. It was only because many members of the military and naval committees of both Houses were so easily influenced that the beginning of the World War found this country with an army so small that

it was laughable in contrast with the great land it was supposed to represent; with a navy ridiculous in its numerical strength; and with more than three thousand miles of absolutely unprotected and unfortified coast.

The wrong conceived in the Congress of the United States could never have been so far-reaching had it not been for the fact that many of the members of both Houses were often under the influence of, or working directly or indirectly in, the interest of, drink. In the basement of both House and Senate were saloons in which enormous amounts of liquor were consumed. The writer recalls one long, heated session of the House of Representatives during the Forty-Ninth Congress. The tariff debate was on. It ran far into the night. Among the leaders who took part in this discussion were Bryan, McKinley, Randall, Dalzell, Curtin, Burns, and an array of sober and distinguished men in the lower House that has not been matched in any Congress since. It was always more or less difficult to get the proper sort of attention. It was even more difficult to get a vote. It sometimes required all the efforts of the Sergeant-at-Arms to get a roll-call. At one o'clock in the morning, after one of these long sessions, the door-keeper of the House and the restaurant keeper were chatting casually in the old reception room, where they had come for a moment to get away from the scenes in the basement. The restaurant keeper remarked that he had just made up his books and that he had found he had sold, since the session was convened at twelve o'clock, noon—it was then one, A.M.,—the small sum of

nine thousand five hundred and eighty dollars' worth of liquid refreshment. Little wonder that when the occasion required, this land had no army, no navy, and was impotent and imperilled! Drunkards, or men addicted to drink, are not apt to safeguard the future. It was the pleasure of high noon and the pleasant helplessness of the midnight hours to which they aspired. Responsibility, statesmanship, achievement flickered before them like so many fireflies.

It was in those memorable days that the Third House or Lobby, with its accompanying women and its long stream of turgid vice, did its work. How much money the people of this land have been robbed of through the instrumentality of drunken statesmen and debauched women is another chapter in the chronicles of this land, best left untold! It is over with; a closed chapter that will never be reopened. How the change has been wrought and how the Congress of the United States now does its work is best evinced and illustrated by the experience of the last two years. What would have happened at Washington had this wholesale debauchery and drinking still continued at the beginning of the Great War cannot be readily conceived. How much the German agent could have accomplished under the old conditions is an interesting conjecture. How much he did accomplish under the old conditions is shown in some of the other chapters of this book, without fear of contradiction.

No such shame ever encompassed a land as the shame that dwelt over all Washington in the last two decades of the nineteenth century. In the old days, the days of Webster and Clay, there was some

sort of limit for the drinking gentleman. The man himself or his friends saw to it that he did not lie down in bestial condition. He had to preserve to a certain extent the attitude of self-respect or else he was ostracized, or, worse yet, outlawed by his associates. As the years passed, this drunkenness became more public, but it was never so flagrant as in the Boston of recent years, where the passerby watched through uncurtained windows the drunken beast staggering at the bar or the shameless somebody airing his patent helplessness to the world at large. Even in the worst of Washington's drink orgies there never was a time when men did not insist upon doing this sort of thing behind closed doors, and often, to their credit be it said, they used a side door. But it must be emphasized again that, steadily from the days after the Civil War until Washington was finally made liquorless and decent, the picture was disgusting beyond words.

Old residents vividly recall the early morning scenes along the Avenue. In the open hacks, it was a sight for the humanitarian to watch the scene along that picturesque thoroughfare. Here a Congressman, there a Senator; here a young newspaper man, there some clerk from a department, merely keeping up with the vogue, drinking because the rest of the crowd drank, and trying to ride it off through the miasmatic atmosphere of the early morning hour. Nine times out of ten he didn't care anything about the drink; seven times out of ten he disliked the idea; and half the time, especially in the early morning hours, he loathed himself with a contempt and a horror that might have brought about a swift and

permanent change, but for the insistent invitation of companions to drink again. So it ran on for years and years. And then one day there was an awakening, a great, luminous awakening; and it was brought about by a little bevy of women who had determined that the days were past when men might make beasts of themselves, and offer as an excuse only that the other fellow did it. And they began their work.

It commenced with a subtlety and cleverness that is worthy of the best mind of the best statesman of this or any other day. Just how they did it is a secret now known to themselves. The writer has in his possession the names of this little group of women who started the movement in this country, which has, in his judgment, been the one that has finally aroused and awakened the world. Their names should be inscribed upon a scroll of fame! But since it is often best for the left hand not to know what the right hand is doing, let us keep silence. It is sufficient to say that it was the work of women, and not men. Men never can claim credit for bringing this country finally into a condition of sanity. Men have done fine work; their efforts have been spectacular, the efficiency of organization that has made possible the ratification of the amendment to the Constitution of the United States is worthy of the highest praise; but the fact remains that the incentive and the initiative were supplied by a coterie of gentle women.

"I'm deuced if I know how I can get to my room," said a Senator of the United States to the writer a few years ago.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Well, every turn I make I meet a committee of women who want to know how I stand on this liquor question."

"Can't you tell them?"

"No," was the curt response. "I can't. I don't exactly know how my constituents stand, and I am representing them here and not representing myself."

"Why not tell these women the position you are in?"

"I have told them."

"What did they say?"

"They said they would give me six months to make up my mind how I stood."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"The six months are up and I can't get to my committee room," the Senator said, with disgust.

I walked away with a natural feeling of contempt. Two years later the Senator's term expired. A few months before its expiration I met him on Broadway, New York. "I see you were defeated."

"I was."

"Who did it?"

"The women."

Then the Senator, who had had a long and rather useful career, locked his hands about my arm and asked me to join him in a drink at the Knickerbocker Hotel. He was calm and his words were prophetic.

"I tell you," he said, "not only this country but the whole world is going dry, and those that are going to be responsible for this new condition and this new world are women. I am with them now,

but it is too late. When they came into my district they told me they were going to do it. They gave me six months to make up my mind whether I was going to vote for or against liquor. At the expiration of that time they came into my district with a quarter of a million dollars, and the way I suffered is now a matter of history. And I respect and love and admire them for it. At that time I couldn't see my way clear to voting against the men who had elected me, mostly men interested in one way or another in liquor."

"Do you mean to say that you were elected to the United States Senate by the liquor interests?"

"No, I don't mean to say any such damn thing. I mean to say simply that all the best people in my community are not necessarily allied with the liquor interests, but the vast majority of them were so involved with the liquor interests that after all it was liquor that elected me and I thought that I had to stand by my friends. Now, if I had the thing to do over again and I thought I was going to pass the rest of my natural days in the poorhouse, after watching what these women are accomplishing, I would readily work with them and help them in every way. As it is, as an outsider, I am doing the best in my power for them."

It is perhaps natural that at last women should assume this attitude. In every corner of every American, English, French and Italian city, and, curiously enough, every city in the world but those of Mohammedan peoples, are to be found countless bastards and innocent children who are the victims of this most heinous of all vices. It is only natural,

it is only philosophical, it is only humanitarian, that at last the women of all so-called civilized lands should do everything within their power to relieve the child of the handicap of the drunken father, and even — God save the mark! — in this twentieth century, the drunken mother.

CHAPTER II

REVELRY AND CORRUPTION

THE mad revels at the national capital during the latter part of the last century and for a considerable period thereafter excited nation-wide comment. The old Southern, Knickerbocker and New England families that made up the real society of Washington viewed with alarm and disgust the wild orgies of certain factions of officialdom and firmly closed their doors. The "cave dwellers," the residents of Georgetown Heights, Capitol Hill, Connecticut Avenue and Presidents Avenue (then 16th Street) observed with disgust the growing menace of the "flowing bowl" and righteously withdrew within their own circle. A "bud" was not quite safe in the wet whirl; and the débutante of the old régime who had Dolly Madison and Mary, the mother of Washington, for her models of womanhood was carefully protected and guarded against all strangers and intruders.

The scenes attendant upon several of the inaugural balls of that period are best left to the imagination. And it was an era of balls and *bal masqués* with intoxicating Viennese melodies and the waltzes, polkas and mazurkas of Strauss and Waldteufel, ere the jazz, the *thé dansant* and the "lounge lizard" came into vogue. Elaborate balls

and receptions were given at each of the legations and embassies every season. The invitations to the most important of these entertainments were rigidly edited and the supply of liquid refreshment conservatively curtailed.

"It was the only way to save the jolly Americans from themselves," was the pleasant and satirical comment of a British Minister.

The annual ball of the Chinese Minister was always anticipated by the merriest rioters at the Capital with infinite zest. At that high feast of merriment there was absolutely no restriction. Seas of champagne, lakes of sparkling Moselles and red wines were served *ad libitum*. The Minister made no effort to visé his invitation list. Anyone with dress clothes or a ball gown was welcome at the festal board.

The Minister himself took no active part in this entertainment. After he had welcomed the most important of his guests, he retired to the gallery with his attachés and watched the gay whirl from afar. With the Mongolian's keen sense of humor, he never lacked entertainment, and as the early morning grew into the new day he must have been most forcibly impressed, for never in Hong Kong, Canton or any part of the Celestial Kingdom could like scenes be reproduced. Washington Society(?) outshone itself at this event, and always around the corner were a score or more carriages to cart home those of the guests who were not able to find their hired equipages, or their way without guide or compass.

It is a pride with the latter-day American that

President Roosevelt saw to it that the ball of his inauguration was properly policed, and that President Wilson finally abandoned this national orgy when he last took his seat in the White House. There are few more disgraceful chapters in the social history of this fair land than those that had to do with the inauguration balls of at least three American Presidents, where strong drink and an absolute abandonment of social ethics wrought scenes of never-to-be-forgotten nausea and iniquity.

The average American—that is, the average born-in-America American—is, like his English cousin, as clean and high-minded an individual as it has pleased God to create. But he cannot drink light wine as does his French and Italian brother, and, if he has a spark of national feeling or patriotic impulse, he has no desire to drink or to permit within the borders of his native land the national drink of the brute-beast who sent Edith Cavell to her death, who raped Belgium and Northern France, who sank the *Lusitania*, who sent the world into a maelstrom of horror, and who has put a blot upon the very word “civilization” in every quarter of the globe!

Of what avail is civilization if it is not forceful enough to prevent one drink-soaked nation from half-wrecking the world?

The Washington of the early nineties stands out in lurid tints of corruption. In the very heart of the Capital of the nation was a brewery—not the usual brewery with a bar for employees and the occasional wayfarer—but a brewery with a garden and all the paraphernalia essential to the vaunted

Teuton "Kultur" and freedom. From this garden it was almost possible to throw a stone into the courtyard of the British Embassy. Nearby was Connecticut Avenue, then the most fashionable promenade of the Capital, and several beautiful squares and circles about which were ranged other legations and embassies and many of the homes of the most aristocratic and ultra-conservative families at the Capital. On his native heath in Berlin or any other important German city, the Teuton would never have dared to locate one of his wholesale and retail saloons in a similar locality. Such insolence would have invited severe reprimand from no less a personage than the one-time Emperor himself. But Washington, the German argued, was only a provincial and primitive Capital of a new people, to be exploited for the eventual entertainment and glory of the German people in general.

Conditions at that time fostered the German's purpose.

The Congress of the United States was by no means a body of representative Americans. In the Senate there were a few men of ability and parliamentary usefulness. In the lower House was a larger number of men of like good intent and fine character. But, as a whole, both legislative bodies were lamentably weak, as is conclusively proved by the laws that were enacted by the easy and always successful achievement of the German propagandists, and by the revolting condition of the Capital itself.

The truth was, that the average American was too busy to give any great personal attention to his Capital. New York, with magical development,

was rapidly becoming the greatest city in the world. Thrifty New Englanders, with startling celerity, were building up an industrial and commercial section of the country great in possibilities. The South was busy with her work of reconstruction after the "late unpleasantness" with her Northern brother, and the West and the Pacific Coast were making a progress that was astounding the world.

The situation offered rare opportunity to the political mountebank and the adventurous and unscrupulous ward-heeler or henchman, and they thronged the halls of Congress. The average professional or American business man counted for nothing at Washington.

The Congress of the United States was a never-ending source of cheap jest and cheaper jibe on the part of the press and the public alike. The broker in Chicago turned with relief from the reports of congressional deliberations in the morning paper to a dog fight; the New York banker, perhaps to last night's play. And the staid and thoughtful business man, who sometimes found the market disturbed by the "pork barrel" discussions, tinkerings with the tariff and railway funding bills, asked himself, "How long, oh, Lord? How long before it (the Congress) will adjourn?"

The periods between the long and short sessions of Congress were welcomed with loud applause. If the well-meaning but somewhat careless American had been pressed closely about his relations with and antagonisms to the national lawmakers of the land, he would have replied, perhaps hotly, that the United States of America had in the Constitution the

foundation for the finest government in the world, that the Superior Court of the United States was an invulnerable body, and, that no matter who the President of the United States was, he was sure to do his duty by the American people—and the demnition bow-wows take the Congress!

This idle disregard for the national governing body was deep-seated, and rare opportunities were offered to many nefarious schemes, more especially to the liquor interests, which never failed to take advantage of every opportunity presented. The brewer and his agents were always in the foreground. The native distiller and whiskey dealer soon had his back to the wall. The brewer became affiliated with another brand of dispensers who had so learned the art of adulterating the cheapest brands of whiskey that they could not be detected at first from real whiskey. If the victim managed to retain his reason for any length of time after he began drinking the vile concoctions, he turned with relief to beer, which was just precisely what the German brewer wanted him to do. In those days the actual profit on a barrel of beer never netted the brewer a gain of less than one hundred and fifty per cent; and his profits were often larger than those in the old-time drug trade, which sometimes amounted to as much as six hundred per cent.

“If the brewery business is such a successful business in Germany, why come the brewers in such numbers to this country?” was a question often asked at Washington. Very readily was it answered. The brewery business was strictly controlled in the dear Fatherland. Beer had to be

made of a certain strength, was sold by accurate and definite measurement, and must be pure. In the old country the beer-swiller could get stupefied before he was out of his mother's arms, and stays so the rest of his natural life. But he could not get drunk, and if he did anything to disturb the even tenor of German efficiency or "Kultur," it was a most serious offense. In America—the land of the brave and the free—all was different. The brewer might manufacture his beer as he liked, sell it as best pleased him, and until recent years the revenue tax was so small as compared with his profits that he hardly needed to reckon with it.

At the beginning of the present century the population of Washington was a trifle over 150,000, two-thirds of whom were negroes. In a German city of similar population there are rarely more than two or three breweries, which suffice to serve the entire population. In Washington there were four large local breweries, with another great plant just across the river at Alexandria, Va. Baltimore, with a half dozen more cities, poured a constant stream of beer into the national capital, and nearly every big Western brewery and several Eastern ones had their own bottling and refrigerating plants located there.

The whole city was dotted with beer gardens; and it was not possible to walk a quarter of a mile anywhere, except in a few remote and sparsely inhabited residential quarters of the city, without coming upon nests of saloons.

Along that famous thoroughfare, Pennsylvania Avenue, from Georgetown to the Navy Yard, a

distance of about three miles, there were some sixty-odd saloons in the year 1917, just before the liquor rule was abandoned. There had been a larger number in previous years, but some of the more intelligent of the liquor venders visualized from afar the approach of an awakening America and went into other vocations. In half a dozen blocks at the Georgetown end of the Avenue there were no less than a score of saloons, two-thirds of which were run by Germans and Irishmen for the almost exclusive entertainment of the negro population. The scenes about these abodes of vice and drunkenness on Saturday nights and early Sunday mornings might furnish the moralist with subject matter for the rest of his natural life.

The Washington newspapers, such as they were, all had for their motto "Beautiful Washington"; nothing must be said that could possibly reflect upon the lovely Capital with its vast spaces and public buildings. The carnival of crime continued uninterrupted for years and years after the Civil War. Murder followed murder; crime after crime was piled up on the records, and the police seemed utterly unable to cope with them. The police courts were crowded with petty thieves and drink victims, but the real offenders against the laws of the community went about undisturbed and unmolested. Some of the crimes, now and forever historical, were unprecedented.

A family of Sheas, all of whom, it may be said with pardonable pride, were born in Ireland and not in this country, had a record of one hundred and eighteen arrests against them. Three members of

this family were murderers. In each instance they had been acquitted on their plea of self-defense. They continued to do business at their old stand in the noted "Bloodfield," until they had amassed a small fortune from the profits of five-cent whiskey and retired to the fashionable Northwest section of the city.

"Billy" Williams, one of the cleverest and most notorious cracksmen this country ever produced, did business in Washington for years. He was at last caught red-handed after robbing the Alexandria Ferry offices of many thousands of dollars. After the most strenuous efforts on the part of the court and prosecuting officers and virtual instruction on the part of the judge to convict, the defendant was permitted to go scot free and resume business at the old stand.

The negro population, a greater part of the time half mad with cheap whiskey and beer, did pretty much as it pleased. Occasionally the whites took matters into their own hands and the negroes were subdued. The Flagler case was effective in rousing public opinion and served to curb the negroes for years. The young woman in the case, the daughter of General Flagler of the United States Army, had repeatedly warned several negro youths off the premises of the Flagler home in the Northwest section of the city. One morning she awakened to see one of the boys in the garden stealing pears which she had been saving for her father, then an invalid. She reached for one of her father's heavy Colt revolvers, took deliberate aim and shot the boy directly between the eyes. He dropped dead in his tracks.

The young woman passed two hours in the private quarters of the Washington jail as punishment for her crime. It was the most cold-blooded murder that has ever come under the observation of the writer, but it happened nevertheless just at a time, when in all probability, it prevented an uprising among the negroes.

When President Roosevelt entered the White House matters had reached a climax. The brewers and liquor dealers were running the town in a fashion that was, despite the indifference of the local press, about to create a national scandal. President Cleveland, himself very fond of a glass of beer, had always declined to interfere in any way with the liquor interests. President Roosevelt had been through the mill as a Police Commissioner in New York, and under the Raines' law had had a wide experience. He listened to the local committee of men and women who pointed out to him that women were being outraged and insulted in the public streets and parks.

There were changes among the city officials, the notorious "Division" was partly wiped out, and, on the surface, there was some slight improvement. But underneath, the drink evil continued to tear at the very heart of the community.

There were then more than 20,000 female clerks in Washington. Many of them were women of the highest character. There was an unwritten law that any woman who married would lose her position. The effect of such a ruling can best be left to the imagination. All the beer gardens and fashionable restaurants had private dining-rooms,

and in many instances private rooming houses were controlled. The resultant vice was hidden, but far more menacing and far-reaching than if it had been visible on the surface.

Washington, under a district form of government, was the immediate charge of Congress itself. The District of Columbia committees in the Senate and House occasionally conducted investigations and requested reports of the vice conditions, but for many years there was no suggestion of reformation. "Bloodfield," "Swampoodle" and other slum sections, in which were located innumerable brewery-owned and controlled saloons, continued to do enormous business. The daily trips of the brewery collectors were rewarded with great stacks of bank notes, for it was thought best to receive payment by this method, which prevented the sometimes too curious bank officers from keeping tally on the enormous revenues of the breweries.

The saloons were so run that no possible profit escaped them. All of them, with not more than a dozen exceptions throughout the entire city, maintained sumptuous free lunch counters. The government departments paid off twice a month. It was roughly reckoned that fully a third of the salaries paid the government employees flowed into the coffers of the saloon keeper, and, later on, of course, the larger part into the pockets of the brewer. The latter gentleman was always treated with the greatest respect by all the heads of the district government and the chief officers of the various bureaus and governmental departments. In the local newspaper offices he also received marked respect.

There was circulation to be thought of, and then again "Kultur" was beginning to take deep root. Having conquered Washington and holding in the palm of their hand no small amount of the floating revenue of the city, the brewer and his fellow Teutons turned their attention to more important matters.

From the flagstaffs of two of the Washington breweries German flags were flaunted frequently. It was common to hear the German saloon keeper boast with a leer, "Oh, ve vill have a German in de Vite House some day." So deep-rooted had become this idea in the minds of the Teutons at the Capital—and a numerous throng they were—that a saloon keeper whose saloon was in the very shadow of the Treasury Department continued to wave the German colors from an enormous flagstaff on his building long after the *Lusitania* was sunk. Several protests were made by private citizens, but he paid no attention to them. Finally, a little group of Metropolitan newspaper men whispered a few comments and literally stood over him on the roof while he chopped the flagstaff down with his own little hatchet.

The lobby, the lewd woman, and the ordinary saloon-keeper, all contributed their quota of evil to the life at the National Capital. But the brewer was the master mind, and, frequently, the other vicious influences were simply his instruments.

CHAPTER III

HIGH ART SALOONS AND BLACK DIVES

IT is hardly within the power of the ordinary individual to realize the seriousness of the drink situation at Washington, and in New York, Chicago, notably Philadelphia, conspicuously Boston, and other cities. It was at once dangerous and menacing. The fashionable saloons in New York during those days were remarkable in many ways.

In one bar on Broadway, presided over by an ex-pugilist and notorious murderer, were no less than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of the most magnificent paintings. One of these, a great centerpiece entitled "Nymphs and the Satyr," was generally considered by art critics all over the world to be one of the highest examples of the painter's art. Admirably lighted, it probably sold as many drinks across the bar as any single attraction in the world. In the center of this great painting was the half-beast, or Satyr, surrounded by three nude women. Every bit of finesse and cleverness had been employed by the painter in the creation of this remarkable work. The flesh tints, the verdure of the forest, and the whole atmosphere could not readily be surpassed. Hung about the high

walls of this saloon — for it was nothing more or less — were other magnificent illustrations of the painter's highest art, all of which carried a direct appeal to the sensualist, voluptuary, and libertine.

Could there be a more dangerous combination — drink and the cleverest form of art — to whet the appetite of the cheap roué and libertine? Down around Warren and Wall streets were numerous other similar resorts of smaller size but of like magnificence.

Not content with arraying on the side of vice the manhood of these communities, several of these places had "Ladies' Hours." From, say ten in the morning until noon, any decently gowned woman was welcomed as a guest. She was shown about by a courier and invited to view the lewdness and nudity of her sisters — for the inspiration and intoxication, perhaps, of the unlicensed and unbridled painter.

Strangers and men-about-town, buyers for the shops, cosmopolitan characters of every ilk crowded these numerous saloons from early morning until early the next morning, for during the Tammany régime there was no such thing as a closing time, and many of the saloon-keepers frequently reiterated the statement that if they were asked to lock the front door of their establishments they would not know where to find the key.

Gotham was a veritable panorama of magnificent saloons. In the decorations and embroideries of many of these gilded dives there was real artistry. Just how many youthful souls have found their hells in these holes, no human being can ever reckon.

Precisely the same condition existed in every important city in this country. In the smaller city the places were fewer in number, but, in many instances, unique and startling in their interest and environment. Cincinnati boasted of saloons paved with silver dollars and gilded with golden eagles. Chicago had one bar the ceiling of which is said to have cost a quarter of a million dollars, the mural ornaments and other decorative and floral work being of a character that never failed to excite the most favorable critical comment.

In one saloon on Ninth Street in Washington was a collection of water-colors and lewd pictures that was said to be valued at a like sum—a quarter of a million dollars. It is no exaggeration to say that millions upon millions of dollars were spent in the art decorations of those places with no other thought on the part of the proprietors than to inveigle the beholder into every lustful crime.

Gradually one descended the social scale until one reached the middle-class saloon with its ten-cent schnapps and its swiller of beer. Along First, Second, Third, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Avenues in New York could be found fewer examples of this character. There was nothing particularly attractive about these places. They were all of the same kind, with the usual brass railings, the usual glass mirrors, the usual foul-mouthed bartender, and the usual moneyed, bejewelled and rotund saloon-keeper.

A little farther down the way, under the Brooklyn Bridge for example, the dives were of greater interest to the casual observer, as well as to the student

of psychology. The derelicts in some of these places are worthy of more than passing notice.

One dive, under the foot of the Brooklyn Bridge on the New York side, was a place that could not readily be matched anywhere in the universe, except, perhaps, by a place in Philadelphia. The poor victim of drink, who had been ostracized by every semi-decent fellow-being, haunted this hole. This was one of the places that under Tammany protection had no key. One paid five cents for a drink of what was known as whiskey. The combination "bouncer" and bartender gave the purchaser a tin cup. He might go to the barrel and drink therefrom as much as he liked. Homeless nearly always, without shelter invariably, when he had drunk himself into insensibility he might, through the hospitality of the proprietor, retire to the back room. There, if he possessed as much as two cents, he was permitted to sit on a long bench. He might sleep if he liked. If he did not possess these two cents, he could only stand up and, like the policeman on the corner without, he might sleep standing. A curious thing about the habitués of this place was that they soon learned the policeman's trick of sleeping standing, and, curious as it may seem, there were dents all along the wall that had been worn by the heads of these creatures.

Early one morning, when the writer happened into the place in pursuit of an under-world sketch for a newspaper, he counted one hundred and sixteen of these men sleeping standing up, and, oddly enough, they all had their backs toward the room itself. Curious, he asked the "bouncer" why they did not

follow the policeman's practice and sleep with their backs toward the wall. The cop almost invariably leans his cheek against the lamp post. With a sneer the "bouncer" said, "Why, anybody would know why they didn't sleep with their backs toward the wall! Because sometimes they fall over. If they fell over with their faces that way, of course when they landed on the floor they would break them."

Another place, in Philadelphia, had an invention that created not a little interest and warm endorsement among the derelicts of that notoriously liquor-ruled and corrupt city. The proprietor of this Philadelphia establishment must have had some warm feeling within his bosom, for his rear room was fitted out not only with benches but with a heavy rope strung along these benches. When the night shades deepened and sleep induced by the vile concoctions he had been drinking forced itself upon the poor devil, he leaned his head on this rope and dropped to sleep as comfortably as the average man or woman would do in bed.

In the early morning, when the policeman on the beat came in to get his "mornin'-mornin'," the proprietor, for his own protection and as tribute to his guest, felt called upon to rid the back room of its inmates. His method of doing so was at once interesting and ingenious. To awaken this semicircle of bums was very simple. The proprietor or the bartender, as the case might be, simply walked to a peg in the wall and untied the rope, whereupon all the sleeping victims rolled gracefully over on the floor, to the delectation and amusement of both bartender and policeman. Many men about town, after mak-

ing a night of it, used to start the new day by watching this performance.

One might go on to enumerate and describe at length like holes of horror in every city in the Union. They were also to be found in many villages, where they were operating in the open; and not infrequently they were to be found in the little crossroads hamlet.

Rarely were these low dives ever presided over by Germans. Of these countless joints throughout the entire land there are but very few on record that were personally operated by Germans, but the statement cannot be contradicted that at least ninety per cent of the worst of these places, including the Haymarket, Suicide Hall, the Cairo, "Billy McGlory's," "Tom Stevenson's," and innumerable others of these joints in New York and other cities were owned and controlled absolutely by brewers. In many instances the brewer had the whiskey rights to these places; that is, he stated the whiskey firm from which the schnapps must be bought. Always, the brewer was in the background. A few places in the South and on the Pacific slope and in the far Northwest were presided over by men and women of other nationalities; but, when it became necessary to get down to the bed rock of the organization, no mistake could be made. Always, it was the German, and nearly always the German brewer, who profited by the human barter.

Sometimes a preacher of good intent visited these joints and, occasionally, he had the temerity to preach a sermon based on his observations. It rarely counted for anything. Four times out of five his congregation regarded it as an inappropriate

subject. Cities were cities, it was argued. A certain amount of sin and vice was natural, perhaps essential. The drunkard, like the poor, we had always with us.

Then began the transformation. The Reverend Edward Everett Hale, who may be regarded as pioneer in the movement in this country for the regeneration of this lower stratum of humanity, preached in Tremont Temple, Boston, a memorable sermon that reached all over the world and did much to set other ministers about their duty in this direction. Sermon after sermon followed all over the country, and, remarkable as it may seem, minister after minister lost his charge for trespassing on the sentiments and good feelings of his followers. It was not a popular subject. Liquor was a necessary evil. Many members of many congregations, the heads of many families, were directly or indirectly interested in the liquor trade. If they did not deal directly with the liquor dealer, he dealt directly with them. The butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker all were in relations. In other words, it was a wholesale lust and a wholesale evil that had to be endured rather than cured.

The war fought in this country for a readjustment of social conditions and the abolition of the saloon may be said to have begun in the early part of this century. Dr. Talmadge, Mr. Hale, the Reverend John Wesley Brown of St. Thomas' Church in New York, the Reverend Dr. Huntington of Grace Church, and other divines braved public opinion and did not hesitate to come out in the open. The good they did was incalculable. People began to be

aroused. Associations, leagues of various titles, civic societies, and, most important of all, many organizations of women took up the work.

Thinking men and women the world over were aroused. A little bevy of sweet English women in a few brief months cleaned up that most notorious part of London known as Whitechapel. To-day the gin-slinger is a thing of the past. Whitechapel is a clean tenement-house district; no longer the hideous slum it was, but in every way a creditable part of London.

A few inspired men and women in New York revolutionized the East Side. Dr. Parkhurst was one of the men who did so much in this direction. Veterans in this work will recall their trips down town on the Sixth Avenue Elevated, glancing out of the windows as they turned into Third Street, where might be seen scores upon scores of half nude women, looking through the shutters, prisoners in vice precisely like the Geisha girls enslaved in Tokio.

Where originated these vices of lust and liquor? How often has that question been asked! Port Said, where one sometimes sees nude women dancing in the streets at high noon? Singapore? Constantinople? No. They had their beginnings in the land that came very near to enslaving the best part of the world. And the city where most of this horror and vice of the latter part of the last century and the early part of this century had its birth was Berlin.

CHAPTER IV

THE BREWER IN THE WAR

BERLIN, "the Brewery City," is built on a plain. It is "flat and stale" with long ages of war preparations, yet everything within its environs was until recently remarkably profitable and efficient. Plebeian—"a *parvenu among cities*"—is the infinitely descriptive term of one writer. Still, although devoid of architectural beauty, startling municipal perfection had been attained before the World War in many departments of the city government. To drop a bit of stray paper on one of the public thoroughfares was punishable by immediate fine or imprisonment. The glass put-in man could not carry through the street an unwrapped pane to mend a broken window without fear of summary discipline. Even the *nymphes du pavé* were housed and herded, governed and controlled as in no other city in the world. To leave the quarter of the town in which they were enslaved meant punishment but little short of penal servitude. Common carriers were ruled with a rod of government iron. Students of civic affairs regarded the spectacular municipal perfection with dazed and wondering speculation. Surely the high-water mark of efficiency had been reached! Here at the great capital of the Hun all the outward and visible signs of the ultra-supremacy of German "Kultur" were to be

observed and regarded with deepest interest. Palatial beer saloons and gardens, under immediate government control, were everywhere.

Certainly the big city could not have shown to finer advantage than it did on the brilliant day in June, 1913, when Mr. Andrew Carnegie arrived there, bearing with him the inspired messages of forty-four American peace societies to Kaiser Wilhelm on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the German Emperor's rule. A city *en fête* under a cloudless, smokeless sky, like an inverted bowl of sapphire, greeted the Ironmaster. The streets were gay with miles of multi-colored bunting, and resonant with the strains of martial music from a hundred bands.

Having passed many years of his long and useful life in soot-tinted and darkest Pittsburgh, Mr. Carnegie was naturally curious in respect to the clarified atmosphere, for Berlin has many industries. He wondered why there were not great funnels belching forth waves of black gases as in the Smoky City. There was no smoke, he was told, to tinge the atmosphere with darkness or change it to the opaque blackness of his native city in the Keystone State. The smoke went up one funnel and was returned through another to the basement of the buildings where it was converted into heat.

The Teutons are most ingenious in all matters that touch upon their desires. Such ingenuity was invaluable during the period of the Great War. For example, the Germans claim that during the food shortage they have been making a very good butter from the refuse fats deposited in the kitchen sinks.

Mr. Carnegie, the other American and English visitors, and several journalists of like nationalities in Berlin at the time, found many other things to interest them, conspicuous among which was a somewhat insistent compulsory civility that, unfortunately, however, did not serve to attract. It was also perhaps noteworthy to find a city so distinctly *à la militaire* in all its bearings when the white winged angel of peace was supposed to be among the main items on the programs of the festivities for discussion and congratulation.

There were other incidents during the monstrous celebrations at strange variance with plans for a world peace. Worthy of comment also was a series of banquets of the German Naval League during which was frequently drunk the toast "Here's to the Day!" — the day being the time when Germany, by hook or crook, would be enabled to clash swords with the land for which she held the deepest and most unfathomable hatred, England. Incidentally, this was a compulsory toast.

Americans about the festive boards were not infrequently asked to join in drinking this toast. If hearty joviality or dignified mien did not mark their compliance with this request, the aftermath was likely to be markedly unpleasant for them and their compatriots.

So many Teutons have been welcomed to America, so much money has been spent by the brewers in German propaganda in the United States in the past many years, that any question of the ultimate success of a German World Dominion was received with deep disfavor, if not with frank and open rebuke.

Americans had to drink German beer whether or no. Teuton tyranny in the matter of responding to toasts to the Kaiser, "Here's to the Day!" and all things German, overstepped all bounds of common courtesy in the early days of the Great War. Even the mask of etiquette and the commonest ethics of diplomatic usage and expression were thrown aside at court. Edward Eyre Hunt, one of the delegates to the Belgian Relief Commission, in his interesting book *War Bread*, relates how he was reproved for not draining his stein of lager on one occasion. Innumerable other similar incidents might be recorded. To the close student of things German, the change from subtle and studied hypocrisy to frank and open insult was warmly welcome. It made the task of analysis and the effort to find some trace of the milk of human kindness in the Teuton less difficult and more pertinent. With his mask of hate lowered, the true character of the German was more easily sounded. He is now trying to crowd the brewery and more drink down the American throat.

Mr. Carnegie related the incidents attendant upon his reception at the royal palace to the author across a tea table in the drawing room of his Fifth Avenue home, upon his return from abroad shortly after the World War was declared. It is particularly noteworthy, for the reason that the intentions of beer-soaked Germany at that time did not differ greatly from those she now holds.

The Kaiser and Mr. Carnegie had been friends for many years. On a magnificent mahogany table in the great hall of his residence the Ironmaster has

displayed many mementoes presented to him by royal personages, and men and women of distinction, in token of his untiring efforts for a world-wide peace. Among them is a much prized gift from Wilhelm himself. When the question of the latter's sincerity and desire for peace was mooted, the Ironmaster entered an indignant protest. He would not have it that the Teuton ruler was not one of the firmest advocates of world peace living upon the earth today. With insistent emphasis the Ironmaster related as testimony of this fact the most minute details of his reception at the royal palace.

As soon as he entered the great hall, almost before he started down the human lane through the court of congratulation, the Kaiser saw him.

"Ah, there comes my friend, Andrew Carnegie! We have had twenty-five years of peace, and we hope to have many more," he cried aloud so all might hear him. In response Mr. Carnegie called back to the Kaiser when he was yet many feet away, with all the enthusiasm he could bring to bear in his voice, "And in this noblest of all missions you are our chief ally."

Misguided Andrew Carnegie! No one who knows the Ironmaster could ever question his motives, or the sincerity of his innumerable missions to the far places, that the world might have peace. It was in no wise his fault that troops were marching past the very peace hall on which he had lavished his millions within a few months of the time when he related the above incident, illustrating so irrefutably the Kaiser's arch hypocrisy.

It is perhaps difficult even today for the Ironmaster, whose life has been one of sterling integrity, honesty of purpose, and ambitious effort, truly to estimate the wolf in sheep's clothing of the Kaiser brewery type. Indeed that feat is difficult for the accomplished criminologist!

Mr. Carnegie might have recalled, if he had troubled himself to search his memory with the diligence of suspicion, rather than to accept a gentleman's estimate, the ill-concealed reluctance of the German Emperor's emissaries at the early conferences of The Hague, and their final positive declination to enter into any agreement that might have a tendency to beget a lasting peace. He might also have recalled the oft-told tale, and had it confirmed by several of the guests attendant upon the anniversary celebration, of the Kaiser's nose bleed in the same palace where he the Ironmaster was so royally and picturesquely received.

There had been a great court reception at the Wilhelmstrasse, followed by much feasting and drinking. Many persons were present plainly under the influence of drink. The Kaiser's nose began to bleed violently. He paused and watched intently the drops of blood as they pattered down and made a pool on the ballroom floor.

"Your Majesty," said the beautiful Queen of Spain, who happened to be with him at the time, "that is more than a simple nose bleed. It may be a hemorrhage. Do you not think a physician should be summoned?"

"No," was the prompt and curt response, "Let's watch it. In this way I may be rid of the last drop

of English blood in my veins." *In vino veritas!* Drink and hate had spoken.

Faintly the Queen acquiesced, and for exactly eleven minutes German time, by the watch of a bystander, the little throng watched His Majesty's nose bleed and the pool grow larger and larger until it was nearly the size of a Prussian helmet, and curiously enough the gore had shaped itself like the clumsy headgear. When it had ceased an attendant brought His Majesty a basin of water. He cleaned his nostrils, announced that he felt much better, and commanded that the music and dancing proceed.

This anecdote is not new. Every globe trotter and *attaché* who has the entrée to the courts of Europe has heard it, and its verity cannot be questioned.

It has been frequently said that the Crown Prince, and not his father, is responsible for much of the Prussian militarism that was so firmly imbued in the German people. Nothing could be further from the truth. Barring the conquest of a Viennese soubrette or a Berlin cabaret *danseuse*, that most advanced type of the Prussian *jeunesse dorée* has had few ambitions and no accomplishments. On the contrary, the military spirit of his royal father has ever been his most pronounced and persistent characteristic, and his whole system has been saturated with strong drink from boyhood.

Every fair-minded contemporary historian will bear witness that it has never been the Kaiser's thought to win for his people their World Dominion by the wiles of diplomacy or the finesse of words

and agreements. Those might be destroyed or converted into mere "scraps of paper," as Germany herself has so frequently interpreted like treaties and agreements.

Victory at arms, conquest by the aid of the most powerful military machine the world has ever known on land, with a multitude of air-craft and submarine piratical machines through every ocean, would, he determined, hold the whole universe in abject fear, and insure universal Teuton brewery rule for an indefinite period.

Had Mr. Carnegie any doubt at that time of this potent and paramount fact of the Kaiser's determined intent, he should have motored over to Essen, where are the Krupp munition plants, the greatest in the world except Mr. Carnegie's own at Bethlehem. There he would have found that under the direct orders of the Emperor himself, on those June days in 1913, 37,000 men, women and children were at work doing nothing but turning out munitions of warfare.

Observers in Germany at that early date were dumbfounded at the preparations for the Great War made as early as 1875. Practically every plant or factory in Germany built since that time was so constituted that it could almost immediately be turned into a munition plant. The "Made in Germany" letters on many articles sold in America, and all over the world in fact, were a silent message to Germans wherever they might be that the factory where the article was manufactured would some day be a war plant. Many children of Germans in the United States fully understood this message. It

was fed to them with the morning porridge of hate to England. The saloon keepers and brewers vaunted it under the noses of the American people, just as they are now boasting of their \$2,000,000 slush fund to control the liquor situation. He might have also ascertained without difficulty that not in twenty years have there been less than nine thousand workmen steadily employed in the Krupp plants alone, and the number was often increased to as many as forty thousand toilers, in accordance with the activities in the other trades.

He moreover might have learned that one grade of guns was being made to sell to Belgium and Holland, and another grade for Germany and Austria. Those of the Belgian guns that did not burst or explode in the defenses of Liège and Namur have already been consigned to the scrap heap.

He would also have learned, had the Germans deemed it wise to be communicative, that while Winston Churchill in England was doing his utmost to get the Great Powers of the world to reduce the production of the number of superb dreadnoughts and other naval war craft, the Kaiser was incessantly pounding into his naval aides the necessity of haste and increased production. And the brewery interests the world over were being urged to redouble their efforts.

Had the Ironmaster been invited to the banquet of the Naval League on the evening following his reception at the palace, he would have been vastly entertained by the statement of one of the guests that at least seven of the forty-four peace societies which he represented in his message to the Kaiser,

had their origin in Berlin or other cities of Germany, and owed their very existence to Prussian propaganda *financed by the brewery interests* in the United States. He would then have had the pleasure of hearing the toast, "Here is to the Day," drunk no less than a score of times. It was with difficulty that Americans kept sober at these entertainments. The German beer is as strong as some American whiskey.

Mr. Carnegie, for obvious reasons, was not invited, however. Certainly he is open to no censure or criticism. Could the great Ironmaster, whose passionate desire was to leave an enduring peace upon the world, one of the most beautiful of later day ideals, be expected to know these things? Hardly! Yet if he had had access to the archives of the Krupps he would have found a complete record of all the work that had been done in the matter of munitions at his own plants for many years, as perfectly enumerated and card-indexed as are copies of the plans and fortifications, railroad bridges, roads that may be used for military purposes, approaches, etc., in the United States recorded in the War Offices at Berlin.

But Mr. Carnegie could not be expected to be in the possession of knowledge not yet gathered by his own Government. So he returned to his native land fully convinced of the fact that the German Emperor, so often since justly pictured in song and story as the prototype of the Brute Incarnate, was sincere in his convictions and desire for peace on earth and good will to men.

Again, in justice to Mr. Carnegie, it may be said

that there was nothing on the surface to give indication of the contrary at that time.

One great accomplishment must be accorded Germany and Prussianism: well nigh perfected publicity propaganda. It matters not if this achievement is marred by trails of blood, outrage and atrocity almost inconceivable. It was successful, to the extent that it made of more than half the civilized world a cesspool of blood and carnage, and left mankind at the end of a lane of terror, past milestone after milestone of human pain and woe far beyond the descriptive art or magic of pen or paint brush. And now the same drunken people are trying to repeat their success in the United States with the brewery and its output of drink for the foundation.

No such system of espionage, surveillance and barter in the souls and bodies of human beings was ever before employed to such vile purpose of achievement; no such record was ever entered on the scroll of history. With a false prayer on his lips, a deluding kiss of peace until he was prepared, and a two-edged sword drawn and in his hand, this Prussian Judas Iscariot has murdered the innocents and flayed strong men to their death with a merciless infamy that numbs the senses in their futile effort to comprehend.

Mr. Carnegie's many appeals for Anglo-Saxon unity, his Scotch ancestry and his intense and intimate Americanism, made him a particularly advantageous instrument of the Kaiser's peace message to the world: "Ah, there comes my friend, Andrew Carnegie. We have had twenty-five years of peace and we will have many more" — while the forges at

Essen, flaming with molten lead and iron, ground out great guns, and the royal revelers of the Naval League with wassail cries drank to "The Day"!

"*Sacré!* It ees a world fooled and a fool world togazzer!" said a Frenchman to his American companion when Liège fell.

And that, it may be added, is still another well-voiced sentiment. The sardonic ambitions, the savage infamy and the brute lust of this Mephistophelean Teuton tyrant might have been nipped in the bud could the world only have hearkened to its thinkers. How often has the tale of Prussian drink, hate and warlike preparation been told, significantly, logically and brilliantly! As often as the sun has set over the blood-red Mediterranean; as often as the wails of the Belgian children for bread have been wafted across the world; as often as God himself has rebuked the Great Powers for the rivers of blood turned upon their peoples.

Pan-Germanism — with its brewery in the background — as it is politely termed by many futile and temperate writers, is not a newly hatched scheme. It is half a century old. It has been sung from the housetops in England, France and America, day in and day out for generations. At the crossroads hamlet, in the vastnesses of the mountain passes, poets, painters and writers *ordinaire* have drawn and painted the lurid picture of brewery-made "Kultur" and the evils of Prussian hate and might.

But the world would have none of it! Either the very topic was laughed away and its logic torn to bits, or else it was buried among topics taboo. Now and then some facile, scintillant student of the

French school like André Chéradame, or an intellectual giant of the fashion of Roland G. Usher, would, meteorlike, flash across the literary sky. The world might hearken and pause for a moment; but there was no retort and only faint attention. In England and the United States mankind has continued to wallow in its money-grubbing, smug and calm in the listlessness and absolute indifference of bad government. And France, next door to the Prussian octopus waiting with outstretched tentacles, — France, forgetting 1870 and the cries of her sorrow-stricken children, went heedlessly on her own way, until the day came when the best that was in her must lie down in the agonies of death, while beautiful flower-strewn Belgium at her doors was virtually wiped out of existence. The awakening is here. The lesson is learned. And a better — at least a sober — world is assured.

Kismet!

CHAPTER V

THE PEACE AND THE BEER INDUSTRY

THE "Peace Society," backed by the brewers, was the best asset that Germany had before and during the early stages of the Great War, so far as the United States is concerned. For years America was the German's one great fear. Should the United States by dint of perseverance and some faint show of national wisdom ever acquire adequate coast fortification and a really great army and navy, the well-laid plans of the Pan-German pirateers and their brewery affiliates would assuredly be menaced, and the success of the scheme to murder the world while it slept would fail in the initiative.

So elaborate preparations were early begun to prevent any such dire calamity or radical handicap. As early as the winter of 1875, the possibility of the United States not keeping in line and strictly observing the ethics of the Pan-German beer dream was seriously considered at Berlin and other important Fatherland centers.

Many old residents of New York, Chicago and the other large cities of the United States will remember the great influx of German brewers, educators, bespectacled professors of law and medicine, governesses and others learned in Prussian lore. There was no apparent reason for their sudden ad-

vent into the United States in such numbers. American cities were no more illiterate or ignorant in 1875 than they had been in 1874. But the German schoolmasters and schoolmistresses came in hundreds, even thousands, and they all managed to secure employment, and all, curiously, were plentifully supplied with money. Especially was that fact true of the German governess, mainly for the reason that the Teuton schoolma'am would work for about one-half the wage charged by the French or English teacher of children. All she wanted, she often said, was a good home. The heads of American households will recall that in the several years that followed it was next to impossible to get a good governess of any nationality except German. The English and French teachers, disgusted, packed their traps, returned home, or went to Canada or to Australia.

Educational institutions for women were not so numerous in the United States in those days. So it came to pass that the American family employed a German governess or else had none, and sent the daughters to the often inadequate, and invariably expensive, schools for girls. Many an American girl at the drink table is the result of this education. President Wilson had to employ a German governess despite the fact that the first Mrs. Wilson, a Southern woman, had a natural preference for the more finished teacher of the French school. The German teachers were not long in sowing the seed of beer and peace(?). While all classes of men in England, France, Russia, Italy and every civilized country under the sun are still condemning Germany's wholesale barbarity and car-

nival of the murder of the innocents, it remains for the United States to harbor and tolerate groups of so-called Americans who openly sympathize with Prussian infamy and the open saloon. How long, one asks; how long? The brewery is still here; and at least one court in the United States in June, 1919, has ruled that it may continue to manufacture beer, despite a drastic national law to the contrary.

German beer and German infamy were taught the people in infancy and it is in their blood. They viewed the Belgian crimes with dry eyes, and declared with shameless falsity that England, France or the United States might have done the same thing under the same circumstances. There is no reason or logic in their arguments. They will read a paragraph like this from the *New York World*, and in the face of it tell you that it contains not a word of truth:

That Government [Germany] has disputed, belittled and invaded the sovereignty of the United States on its own soil. With the help of thousands of paid agents, spies and criminals, many of them in Government service, it has defied our laws, conspired against our industry and commerce, incited strikes and riots, placed explosives in ships, factories and warehouses, levied war from our territory upon Canada, endeavored by bribery to persuade Mexico to make war upon us, forged and bedevilled our passports, and in numerous cases, by the use of the bomb and the torch, destroyed American lives and American property.

That is a very mild and gentle arraignment of a part of the German crimes in the United States.

Yet these tutors and pupils of Pan-Germanism will insist that the facts have not been told, and that there is much exaggeration. Now that the war is over, the German brewers are trying the same game all over again and endeavoring to excite the populace to override a constitutional amendment of the United States Government.

Proof of the brewery-tainted infamy they will not have. When it is presented to them it is not accepted. What power the German has over a large percentage of Americans to change their minds and understanding from simple right and justice to that state where they applaud the most sickening spectacles of drink and lust, here in America as well as in Germany, is a mystery. But that the Germans, more especially a large percentage of the German-Americans, possess this power over Americans to a large and very grave extent cannot be gainsaid.

The German professor and the German governess have done their work well in recent years, but their efforts and their peace and beer songs did not suffice. American gold was pouring into German coffers. The Teutons had built up the greatest steamship organization in the world with more tonnage by nearly twofold than any other company on earth. Why not extend Germany's efforts, her commerce and brewery, and most important of all, her power in America?

There were rumblings of uneasiness in the United States. A certain element of thinking Americans began to view with alarm the increasing German population, churches, theatres, press, etc. There

was talk of a rehabilitation of the army of the United States, of resurrecting the navy that was rapidly going to seed, of coast fortification.

In the early days of the Forty-Ninth Congress the protestations against a helpless country and an unfortified coast, an imperilled, defenseless America, became more distinct. It was not necessary to put the ear to the ground to hear those cries of alarm and protest. They could be heard across the continent. The Forty-Ninth Congress was deep in one of the most important tariff discussions in the history of the country. In that body there were men of ability, in some instances of pronounced statesmanlike qualities, McKinley, Reed, Randall, Burns, Holman,—that had to do with the tariff which had fallen into such estate that it had to be tinkered with and amended. But they had small time to be discussing the country's safety. What mattered it if Germany was increasing her army and navy at a rate that was appalling to those men familiar with military Europe? Germany had had its scare, and the best minds in the Empire determined that something must be done to offset any bellicose movement in the United States. The educators were doing their best, but their efforts, however insistent and successful, were not sufficiently far reaching. It was in the days of the first Cleveland administration that the great "peace movement" in the United States was inaugurated by the Pan-Germanism advocates, and the Kaiser himself took no small part in its successful launching. Hundreds of breweries all over the country poured their gold into the melting-pot.

In the 90's the national capital was a Mecca for the Teuton peace and beer emissaries. There was no war cloud of any great proportion on the horizon, and no immediate prospect of one so far as the world, the world outside Germany at any event, knew. Yet there were peace advocates everywhere, in the halls of Congress, about the bureaus and departments of the government at the Capital, in the hotels, clubs, saloons, everywhere.

Those were the days when the lobby thrived at Washington, the lobby with women, beer, wine and every known vice, as the attraction for lawmakers and journalists. All the railroads had a lobby. So, too, the steamship lines, great corporations, etc. The lobby was sometimes referred to as the "Third House," such was its import and subtle power. In those days the heads of those nefarious forces worked in the open. The reception rooms on both the Senate and the House side of the Capitol were thronged with men and women of all types and characters who sought to combat or advance legislation by any means, fair or foul. The colossal sums of the people's money diverted and stolen outright through the influence of the "Third House" will never be known. In recent years the evil has been in a sense mitigated. While it lasted it was one of infinite horror, with torrents of champagne, beer, wine, whiskey, and of course the accompanying women in the background. And always "under the rose" in the "Third House" was the "peace" lobby, openly flaunting its purposes. Just where it emanated from no one knew, and who supported it no one could tell definitely.

In Shoomaker's, Hancock's, all along "Rum Row" and the public saloons, there was always some soft-voiced German professor, a mere casual visitor, descanting on the horrors of war, the terrors inflicted upon the people of Europe because of the dire necessity of having to maintain an expensive army and navy. And always at the end of the discourse was the appealing finale,— "You Americans are so fortunate because you do not have to support a great navy and army and pay the toll of a lot of military loafers."

The "peace movement," as it was at first known, was in the commencement of its vogue charged up to the farmers of the Middle West, most of whom, it was gently explained, were peace-loving Germans. They could not bear even the thought of war. They came here to America where they could have their beer, to get rid of the very thought of strife. Many of the younger clique of lawmakers and journalists swallowed this canard. The older and wiser men smiled and shook their heads and said nothing. As a matter of fact they did not really know any more than the younger set about the definite source of the movement. It hardly seemed likely that the farmers all over the country were dropping their plows and hoes to write protests to Washington every time a bill for some adequate protection of the country was introduced; and yet there were the letters from constituents all over the country, principally from the large cities, where there were always many Teutons, and from the Middle West. Sometimes there were German signatures to these congressional communications, sometimes not. The

German emissaries enlisted every shade and color in their behalf.

Finally the peace game, like the proverbial murder, will out. There came to Washington, shortly after Mr. Cleveland's little tilt over the Venezuela matter, a beautiful Viennese; and yet she was not the typical Austrian beauty, for her hair was as black as a raven. But the great blue eyes set in a face with the contour of Juno and the rose complexion of Hebe, over a figure that might rival that of Venus herself, soon had the Capital, accustomed in those days to lovely women of every type, talking. No one knew whence she came, and everyone cared. In an open victoria, with two men on the box in a livery that might have been royal, every afternoon that it was fair she drove slowly up and down the Avenue. Presently the younger and better looking of the congressmen and some of the more influential of the newspaper men at the Capital began to receive invitations to her afternoon salons in a beautiful rented residence on Connecticut Avenue. There was always wine, music and other women. And just before departure, invariably before the dinner hour, she would lift her glass to the assemblage and say, "Now, boys, we must part. A parting glass, and I want you to promise me to do what you can for peace, a world peace. We do not want any more war on this earth."

Everybody drank and everybody promised.

She is dead now, peace to her ashes! Never mind her name. No one knows how much German money she spent in Washington; but she accomplished much for those that employed her, and

materially helped to promote the unprepared and imperilled condition of the United States before the Great War.

"I could have given the United States the second best navy in the world if it had not been for the German brewery influence in Congress," said the late William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy, just before his departure from the Cabinet, when the Cleveland administration was drawing to a close and a clerk brought him the Naval Appropriation bill practically cut in half. It is well that men die sometimes before their time. For it would certainly have pained Mr. Whitney to observe the tolerance of Americans for the brewery nabobs in the United States today after the tragic events of the World War.

"I Accuse!" written "By a German" early in the World War, dwells on the horror of this sacrilege. This volume was translated by Alexander Gray and is said to have been written by a former member of the Kaiser's official household. It contains much to interest, and would be a valuable contribution to Teuton literature but for the fact that it bears the taint of all anonymous communications. A writer that dares not shoulder his statement of alleged fact is always a pathetic spectacle. Every new effort at massacre and murder is preluded by a prayer. The Kaiser is constantly telling his people and the world at large that God is with him in his murder lust. Never in the memory or the history of the world have the names of the Father and the Saviour of mankind been used with such hideous irreverence and vulgar profanity.

At first startled and in a measure horrified by this avowal of partnership with the Deity, the German people have now become so accustomed to it that it has become an obsession. Many of the peace meetings in the Middle West opened with a prayer for the German people and ended with another that they might be able to murder, or, as the Teuton preacher more politely put it, "make away with" all of their enemies.

To those familiar with the far-reaching, beer-tainted propaganda of Pan-Germanism, this terrible coupling of Heaven and the hell fires of war is not extraordinary.

In Germany the German preacher passes from his pulpit to the beer garden across the way. The brewer when he comes to this country thinks it absurd, and does not hesitate to express his disgust at the law of common decency that requires the church to be a certain distance from the saloon. And such is the political power of the brewer in this land at the present moment that if there is any moving to be done, the church, unless the congregation be an unusually influential one, usually does it.

The brewer, invariably a great personage in his native land, could never understand why he did not immediately attain the same social prestige in this country. American society, however, below the standard in many of its ideals and customs, could not quite accord him that privilege of close social intercourse. So the brewer has turned his attention to "peace principles," Pan-Germanism and American politics, all three of these entertaining diversions being identical and making for the same

end, the supremacy of the brewery and German rule.

No other adverse factors in American life have wrought as much evil as has this same brewer. The advent of the devil himself on these shores would have been infinitely less harmful, more acceptable. Certainly no Satanic ruler presiding over an Inferno of Dante's picturing could have done more far-reaching injury to American life. He, this brewer, has done more to eat away the heart of this republic and leave it totally unprotected at the beginning of the World War than all the other human bacteria and bacilli admitted to these hospitable shores in the last hundred years. All the world knows how this same brewer destroyed the great caravansaries, the cafés and the charming restaurants of Paris by the introduction of his vile concoctions; what inroads his beverages made upon lower-class English life. But it is here in the United States that his vicious accomplishments have been supreme.

There was perhaps, in the old days, some excuse for a man who occasionally got drunk like a gentleman and was quickly over with it. In any event, Washington occasionally did, also Grant and Clay and Henry and other great men, and historians pass the matter over lightly. But it is the beer swiller, the human being surcharged with this slow malt poison, the by-product of German "Kultur," that is the menace to all America as well as the European world today. Several of the European scientists, endeavoring to ascertain the cause for the mad antics of the Kaiser and his Prussian confederates,

have attributed it to the fact that seventy-five per cent of the German people have been practically stupefied, or in other words, partly drunk for centuries. Assuredly drunkenness had much to do with the atrocities in Belgium, where irrefutable proof has been adduced of the fact that whole armies of Germans were drunk for weeks and months at a time.

And the beer swiller is hardly less a menace here in America. Stand on any corner in New York or Chicago, except a few of the principal thoroughfares and better residential streets, and what does one find? The eye cannot rest on any vista through the mist of city traffic where there is not a saloon. Usually over it is an Irish sign; if not Irish it is German. The saloon is nearly always owned by the German brewer, and is usually leased to the Irishman—to the Irishman of all men—because he hates England. If the leaves of the brewer's ledger and cash book could be turned it would be readily ascertained that he has been a liberal contributor to peace. It will be discovered that his hand has been ever ready for a "peace subscription" to the cause of peace at Washington, to the peace society in the big city, at the crossroads hamlet and wherever it was necessary.

For peace in America, he thought, meant power and successful warfare for the Fatherland and in the end, World Dominion. Idle thought! Thousands of loyal Irishmen, following the example of their Canadian and Australian brothers, enlisted during the early stages of the World War and, with a courage that at times excelled that of their English comrades,

changed the attitude of many British parliamentarians. But for the Dublin Revolution, engineered by the Germans from alpha to omega, the Home Rule Bill would have passed and become operative. The revolution left the British government no alternative but to take the culprits to the Tower, shoot them, and add new names to the already long list of Irish offenders.

Attendance at any of the great peace meetings at Madison Square Garden in New York, the Auditorium in Chicago, the Turnverein halls in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee and the other cities with a numerous Teuton population, during the past trying years revealed no ulterior thought of peace other than to keep the United States from helping England, France and the allies and the cause of civilization and humanity. Had there been any disposition on the part of the American Government to lend assistance to the Central Powers, the peace societies, with perhaps the exception of one or two organizations of women, would have melted away like snow before a summer sun. The purpose of ninety-five per cent of the peace societies throughout the country was only too obvious.

Rarely was the intelligent element of the Irish population found at these meetings. Nearly always they were made up of the saloon element and the paid propagandists of Germany. These were in no sense peace meetings. There was no thought of peace in the minds of half the thousands in attendance. They were there for the avowed purpose, secretly if not avowedly, of preventing the United States from standing out in the open with England

and France, decency and civilization, against German and Turkish barbarity.

And the peace emissaries will succeed—until when?

The injury that the "peace and beer game" has done America is incalculable and can never be fairly estimated. How men of such standing and business acumen as Andrew Carnegie and Henry Ford, whose Americanism cannot be questioned, could permit themselves to be dragged into such error, blindfold as it were, will forever remain a mystery.

In a score of years there has not been a conspicuously prominent peace gathering in the United States at which there was not one or more of the Teuton peace advocates of the brewery interests as the star figure.

The picture of these smirking, smiling German advocates, always in the limelight, has been a spectacle for the gods for years past. When attention has been called to their persistency it has been usually laughed down by a pro-German press, or else ignored by the newspaper essentially American in its principles. To his great credit be it said, Henry Ford saw the error of his ways and when the shadows began to deepen over the land from which he had amassed a fortune beyond the dreams of Midas, mended his ways and offered his all to his government.

At the commencement of the World War the government of Germany confidently expected and counted on the active coöperation of the American people, relying upon the far-reaching efforts of her

agents and brewers. She had logical reason for these expectations. She had paid "peace emissaries" in the legislature of every important state in the Union. She owned some of the governors of states, body and soul, as had been unwittingly shown by their utterances and decrees. She had paid representatives in the halls of Congress; she had an army of spies, a countless number of agents, assassins and munition workers and destroyers to do her bidding; and she had friends higher up.

If this country is turned back into the hands of the brewer all these evils and more besides will again arise. Far more than half the evil that men do in the world is that which is prompted by drink.

CHAPTER VI

PREMEDITATED BARBARISM

THE premeditated and revolting barbarism of the German Empire, drunk for ages with its national drink, concentrated upon little, cultured and defenseless Belgium, is the cardinal crime of the ages. No excuse of military necessity or lack of discipline among the German forces will hold as defense in the estimation of future historians. And the few desultory and trivial "explanations" thus far volunteered by the Kaiser, his Teuton emissaries and brewers doing business in America have been so tinged with palpable falsehood that they count for naught and carry no more weight in the minds of a world of horror-stricken spectators than a passing zephyr.

By God's mercy and the grace of the rulers of the most important nations of Europe, Belgium, it was counted, was immune from such barbarism, and by equity and precedent of international law had been placed beyond the pale of interference in her internal affairs.

But the ways of Pan-Germanism, the Teuton cry for World Dominion and brewery rule swept all the right and justice of the peoples of other nations aside. From the German viewpoint all concrete agreements and international treaties among governments were avowedly "mere scraps of paper."

To the lay observer the attitude of Germany was inexplicable; to the close student of the political and military conditions which governed and controlled the German Empire, the whole situation and appeal for world rule would have been humorous, had it not been for the grim tragedies which obscured the vision.

Some years ago a talented young newspaper man, E. McGregor Rose, with a turn for verse-making, wrote the following poem:

MYSELF — UND GOTT

(HOCH DER KAISER)

by

A. MCGREGOR ROSE

Der Kaiser of dis Faderland
Und Gott on doings command
Ve two — ach! Don't you understand?
Myself — und Gott.

He reigns in Heafen and always shall;
Und mein own Embire don't was small.
Ein noble bair I dinks you call
Myself — und Gott.

Vell some may sing the power Divine;
Mein soldiers sing "Die Wacht am Rhein"
Und drink der health in Rheinisch wine —
Of me — und Gott.

Dere's France she swaggers all aroundt.
She ausgesspielt
Too much; we think she don't amount
Myself — und Gott.

She vill not dare to fight again
But if she shouldt I'll show her blain
Dat Elsass (und in French) Lorraine
Are Mein — by Gott.

Von Bismarck vas a man auf might
 Und dot he vos glear aud of sight,
 But ach! he was nicht good to fight
 Mit me — und Gott.

Ve knock him like ein man auf straw
 Ve let him know whose vill vas law
 Und dat ve don't stand his jaw,
 Meinself — und Gott.

Ve send him audt in big disgrace
 Ve gif him insuldt to his face
 Und put Caprivi in his place,
 Meinself — und Gott.

Und ven Caprivi got swelled heddt,
 Ve very bromptly on him sit
 Und toldt him to get up and get,
 Meinself — und Gott.

Dere's Grandma dinks she's nicht small beer;
 Mit Boers and such she interfere;
 She'll learn none owns this hemisphere
 But me — und Gott.

She dinks, good frau, some ships she's got
 Und soldiers mit der scarlet gold.
 Ach! we could knock them — Pouf! Like dat —
 Meinself — mit Gott.

In dimes of peace brebare for wars.
 I bear the spear and helm of Mars
 Und care not for der thousand Czars,
 Meinself — mit Gott.

In fact I humor every whim
 Vith aspect dark and visage grim.
 Gott pulls mit me and I mit him
 Meinself — und Gott.

The rhythmical satire created a world-wide sensation, and a young officer of the United States, Captain Coghlan, was rather severely disciplined by

an obtuse Washington for reading it at a banquet—a Washington almost as unwary and unguarded as that of to-day, and rather helpless over the matter of the poem because of a somewhat obdurate and very determined German Ambassador.

“Myself and God,” or “Hoch der Kaiser,” as it was otherwise known, had done its work, however. It sang itself around the world and opened the ears of countless authors, editorial writers, students of political affairs, cartoonists and others who make up the world of public sentiment. How little—how profoundly infinitesimal—is the thing that sometimes shifts the wind and turns the tide of public sentiment!

This bit of doggerel—its author would hardly claim more for it—focussed the eyes of many thinking men, the world over, upon Germany. Inferentially it revived the warnings, so repeatedly ignored, of the rapidly increasing power of Prussian militarism. It caused attention to be turned to the powerful military machine that Germany was building up, to the ceaseless activity of the Krupps at Essen, and the untiring efforts of the German secret service and propagandists in every land under the sun. The trouble in the Balkans was brewing in earnest just about that time, at the end of the last century, and German agents were doing everything in their power to aggravate it.

The Belgian savants, and there were many wise men in that beautiful land now so ruthlessly laid low, saw the red lights of danger ahead. The Belgians themselves had lived close to the Germans; they were brought in daily contact with them; they

knew their hypocrisies and the dominating characteristics and fanaticism of *der Vaterland* idolatry. In reality, the Belgians, with the exception of a few sound thinkers in France and England, were the only people who almost universally believed in the great danger of the German Menace. The Teutons were constantly about their business on the Belgian marts and 'changes. They bought and sold in the market places with the shrewdness of the Jews and the cunning of the Turks, and the Belgians were not deceived as to their attitude. They also knew how their own land had been weakened and partly depopulated, when other lands drew on it for a multitude of weavers and other skilled laborers. And Germany wanted weavers; it wanted Belgians in all capacities. They made good workers, the Germans knew full well — fair toilers in any vineyard.

"Give me a Walloon; he is worth four Germans," cried the German merchant to his home government. It was quite true. The Belgian workman liked a little good old wine with his dinner, but he was thrifty and industrious. The German, forsooth, must be surcharged with beer all the day long and he was never happy without the scent of the brewery and its malt in his nostrils.

Indeed it is neither strange nor notably remarkable that representative men and women, even close observers among the peoples of the world, refused to hearken to the ode of Pan-Germanism and the Teuton plaint for brewery rule. The *Vaterland* tune was in the main too ludicrous to be taken seriously. The German soldier himself did not lend color to such dire import as universal Teuton rule.

He—this German warrior—was humorous rather than ostensibly dangerous in mien. He took himself too seriously to be cast in any other sort of mould. All booted and spurred he strutted about the salons and courts of Europe in lurid red and gray and gold, yet all of his embroidery and fine linen failed to advance the thought of earth ownership with which he himself seemed to be imbued. The world at large, and more especially the European world, declined to accept or tolerate even the bare idea. Not so with the Belgians. Behind all the gilded show and glitter the great mass of the Belgian people never failed to see the black menace of German drink and aggression and the accompanying horror of Prussian militarism. Many of them would not acknowledge it; perhaps they did not so much as publicly countenance the possibility, but behind the cloak of apparent disbelief was that most essential of all things—preparation.

It would be preposterous to assert that some of the Belgians were not in a measure deceived by the socialistic dreams and arguments for a world-wide peace, wafted across their borders from the great horde of German socialists whose relatively death-like silence since has been one of the mysterious incidents in the aftermath of the Great War. But those thus misled were a comparatively small minority. The vast majority of the populace had the fear of the German mammoth in their hearts for years. They had sufficient commercial dealings with the Germans to know them intimately, and they knew enough of the cruelties in the German colonies to expect no quarter in the event of serious disagree-

ment. Neither did some of the most learned of the Belgians put much faith in the deliberations of the Convention at The Hague. The Germans were largely engineering the peace pow-wows, to lull the world into a sense of security until the storm broke. One Belgian authority pointed to the close friendship existing between the Kaiser and Andrew Carnegie, and to the number of Germans employed in important and minor capacities at The Hague.

The eloquent and untiring efforts of the many distinguished men who served as delegates to the Peace Conventions were appreciated, but when the Anglo-American project of international arbitration, voted by the commission at the Tribunal, finally dropped because of the determined and unyielding opposition of Germany and Austria-Hungary, the veil was torn aside.

Belgians were not at all surprised when they heard the martial music and saw the troops marching by the convention hall at The Hague.

Belgium had been apprehensive, and never felt secure, since the Franco-German war of 1870. So long attaining her fine civilization, she keenly appreciated its great value, and made what preparations she could to protect her borders and retain her finely won supremacy among the small nations of Europe. Soon after the war of 1870 great changes in the military world began to take place. Old ramparts and fortifications became comparatively useless because of the far more extensive range of siege guns. Belgian officials began to feel that it was important for their own defenses to be strengthened, although they were comparatively

new. It was some years later, however, before the government could be made to see this necessity; and, curiously enough, not until just before the Great War broke out were the new fortifications made complete.

Meanwhile, the Belgian Chambers had granted repeated appropriations and the various fortifications throughout the land were being strengthened. Two new *têtes de pont* were erected at Namur and Liège. The old citadel at Namur, of great historical interest because of its sieges in the days of Louis XIV, was abandoned, and a circle of nine new forts, four or five miles apart, was erected. These forts were manned with new disappearing guns supposed to have a range of ten or twelve miles. Two of these forts at Fleron and Chaudfontaine commanded the all-important road from Germany, and they were regarded with much satisfaction by the Belgian military authorities.

M. Boulger, a Belgian historian of high repute, describes these defenses as of great importance. Of the twelve forts at Liège, or rather what is left of them, six are on the right bank of the Meuse, and the others on the left. The nine forts around Namur were ranged at two and a half miles with the perimeter at twenty-one miles.

With these admirably arranged defenses and an army of one hundred and eighty thousand, as well drilled and equipped as any in all Europe, Belgium, according to M. Boulger, felt that she could put an army of one hundred thousand men in the field with her allies and at the same time defend her home country. The magnificent defense that her army

put up, particularly at Namur and Liège, bore out this reckoning, and is now a matter of history.

How much better she might have done against the overpowering Teutonic armies that literally swamped her domains, had not some of her misguided government servants insisted upon buying her great guns from Germany, is an interesting problem. *The majority of the great guns bought from the famous Krupps burst in their carriages!*

The horror of honorable war is awful enough, but how may man protect himself against commercial thieves?

The invading armies of drunken Teutons found a land flowing with milk and honey. Since the Belgian revolution of 1830 the whole country had made steady progress. There were pages of retrogression in its history, but on the whole its advancement had been marked and successful. No land of this latter-day world had leavened the hearts of its Christian people to a higher degree. A people naturally cultured and refined, their methods and customs were reflected on all sides. No cities were more beautiful or architecturally more interesting and inviting. There is a picturesqueness and witchery about the life of the country folk in Belgium that has made an interesting theme for song and story in many literatures. Not a few of them had wine cellars. Crazy with drink, the Germans committed outrage after outrage.

The whole Belgian people were taken totally unawares. War there might be, some thought, but not within their borders. Some day their army might have to go forth and aid some friendly ally

in distant lands, it was argued, but nothing more would be necessary. Did not the Treaty of London of 1839 establish their neutrality beyond question? So reasoned the more simple of the country folk, and perhaps some few of the more knowing; and the lettered priests did not undeceive them. The priests themselves remembered the siege of Paris and the methods of warfare always employed by the Germans—*always* the warfare of savages, wild with strong drink—and they were silent with the anxiety of their fear for the innocents.

CHAPTER VII

"KULTUR'S" MOST SUCCESSFUL HANDIWORK

THE wholesale indictment and arraignment of the German Nation for the countless massacres and barbarities upon the Belgian people is a chapter in the world's history black beyond description, heinous beyond redemption. The whole of civilization has joined in universal condemnation. The accusations of direst guilt and criminality and the indisputable and incontrovertible proof have not been confined to any particular nationality. England, France, Russia, Italy and even disinterested America have all had their investigators, individually and collectively. And the consensus of the results, the unanimous verdict, has shown conclusively the most unprecedented and unparalleled crime in the annals of barbaric warfare of drunken savages. The horror of it all is intensified in its repulsiveness by the irrefutable proof of premeditation. It was the exception rather than the rule to see a wholly sober soldier among the Teutons in Belgium.

Of what avail is German "Kultur" and efficiency, if her people of to-day must revert to the savage methods and customs of the ancients for the persecution of an innocent and inoffensive people? It is not on record that the eyes of little children were

bored out with red-hot irons as in the days of old, but that seems to be the only fiendish infamy that is missing from the calendar of crime. One is prone to ask, after reading the Bryce report, the reports of the Belgian governmental commission and the conclusions of the French and American investigators, whether the intoxicated German officers and soldiers perpetrating sickening tortures upon the Belgian women and children could have ever themselves rejoiced in the love and affection of mothers or wives or sweethearts or children in their own land. When an army of men use a screen of women and children for protection against the enemy as they did on the bridge at Louvain, to what kind of manhood can they lay claim? When German soldiers can take babes from the arms of their mothers, toss them in the air and catch them on their bayonets, and then point to those bayonets as the perfection of German-made steel because it does not bend or break—how shall these soldiers be classified in the chronicle of modern warfare? Poisonous gases, the undersea scavengers of the ocean sinking ships laden with innocent women and children, air ships raining down their hail of death on the people of undefended villages and hamlets may perhaps be condoned and possibly pardoned by a class of historians because of “military necessity.” But the direct individual and premeditated cruelty of the German soldiers in Belgium will always be accorded a separate page in the history of barbarism. Drink is the only excuse possible. It is inconceivable that even a German, when sober, could have been guilty of such atrocities.

Close students of the Belgian atrocities and tragedies are constantly confronted with absolute proof of premeditation in the acts of infamy and brutality heaped upon the people, more particularly in the country communities. And premeditation is a grave factor in any crime, according to all criminal jurisprudence, either national or state.

Under the Beer and Pan-Germanism plan of 1911 it was always understood that the war was to be conducted with a "no question" rule. The Germans at Berlin often treated the provisions for non-combatants adopted at The Hague with open ridicule. Delegates were sent to the conventions with but one idea or thought—simply to cloak with secrecy the preparations that were being made for the Great War, and to deflect the growing suspicions of Germany's opponents. There never was any thought of a conscientious observance of any of the rules that were supposed to govern and control the rights of property, the use of explosive bullets, or the equities of belligerents. Germany's war was to be made upon her opponents with rules to meet the exigencies of the moment.

One universal law, one rule, one motto, was to be observed, and one result attained—Victory and World Dominion. After the goal was reached it would be time enough, it was argued by the German militarists, to discuss law and humanity. The current deliberations of The Hague tribunals were only adding to the gayety of nations. At the last convention, when the American Ambassador, Joseph H. Choate, who had so brilliantly distinguished himself at the Court of St. James, made his inspired appeal

for a *cour de justice arbitrale*, so ably advocated by His Excellency, M. Beernaert of Belgium, Germany in a measure unmasked. No analytical observation was needed to divine the purposes of the Kaiser and the clique of Prussian brewers and militarists hobnobbing about his throne.

The obdurate opposition of the delegates from Germany and Austria-Hungary to anything that suggested even so much as unity of action in regard to the creation of a great Peace Tribunal was in itself sufficient evidence of Germany's ultimate intention. So historians will always have to admit that Germany notified the world that eventually she was going to war.

If the unmistakable attitude of the delegates did not sufficiently convince the sceptical, a brief sojourn in Berlin or any other of the large cities of Germany would have furnished the most reluctant observer with ample additional evidence. In every great hostelry, club, garden and place of public assemblage the toast of the Naval League, "Here's to the Day!" was being drunk publicly and with great glee and zest. If the interested listener was at once friendly and curiously insistent, he was invariably informed that the "day" was the time when Germany would let loose her dogs of war and begin her campaign for World Dominion and brewery rule.

England, France, Russia, Italy and the other great nations of Europe can cry out that they were not forearmed, but hardly with a logical show of reason can they say they were not forewarned. The result of the universal unpreparedness was appalling, astounding to the whole world, and incompar-

able in its terror because of the dire tragedies that fell upon the innocents, and more particularly Belgium.

Looking backward carefully, many writers have tried to find some radical reason for the innumerable disasters that have befallen that fair and beloved little nation. The conquered sections of other lands have not suffered nearly so bitterly.

"Belgium must be at fault somewhere," said a distinguished man of letters. "It seems incomprehensible that such suffering and tragedy could be heaped upon an innocent and entirely inoffensive people."

Error there was, to be sure — the error of trust in mankind and an alleged civilization. But none other. Her future and neutrality were absolutely assured, Belgium reasoned. What preparation she could make within her means and her limited population she did make with a wisdom and a foresight unequalled by the older, wealthier, and perhaps wiser nations about her. The world had no right to expect her to foresee that her land would be overrun and devastated and destroyed by great hordes of drunken German brigands and banditti who by no grace of thought or diction can be termed soldiers. The day had not yet come when iron-clad treaties and international agreements between nations were deemed mere fragmentary bits of nothingness.

And the record! Belgium was laid low. Her beautiful cities and villages were dismantled and devastated. Her cathedrals, churches and homes crumbled into ashes and ruins. Those of her people who were not beaten into insensibility, murdered or

massacred, were homeless. The major part of her population lived on the charity of the world—a world that, failing in every essential of a real civilization—was glad to render tardy assistance.

In future years the historians will ask how came it about that the United States stood so long idly by and watched with hands empty of swords the crime and injustice against Belgium. And the answer will be that there were no Washingtons or Jeffersons or Marshalls or Monroes or Randolphs among the statesmen in America during the early years of the twentieth century to come to the fore and insist that America do her duty to humanity at the very beginning of the war. It will not suffice that private means were employed to alleviate the sufferings and the incalculable pain and woe of the victims. In common justice a stronger arm, more powerful and more effective means, should have been employed in the early stages of the whirlwind of infamy to enforce simple laws for the preservation of human life.

Did Washington not know Germany’s intent? How could the United States Government fail to know? Has not Pan-Germanism been the favorite topic of every clumsy German diplomatist and brewer who has been appointed to serve in these United States or in South America for the past thirty years? The German diplomatists have made no secrets of their ideals or the aims of their government. Across dinner tables, in the halls of Congress, and even within the sheltered precincts of the Army and Navy Club at the capital, it has been a favorite theme, rarely tabooed and never discounte-

nanced, because Germany has always counted on the moral aid of the United States—if not greater assistance—in any act of war she might dare. So many of her subjects were housed within our borders, so much of her money had been spent in propaganda and brewery building here, the “Made in Germany” song had been so resonantly sung throughout the land, that the Teutons had felt for years that they might depend upon the coöperation of the United States in almost any war or liquor emergency that might arise.

In the early stages of the war, when Americans saw ships sunk and their fellow countrymen consigned to dark waters, factories burned, American interests, commercial and industrial, threatened and wrecked, and the very integrity of their own government menaced, it began to look as if the Germans had reckoned on sound premises.

Then came the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and thoughtless, care-free America began to think! The ruthless annihilation of beautiful Belgium, her people, and the flower-laden borders of La Belle France had cemented American sentiment, and re-incarnated American ideals and ambitions with all the force inspired by Washington which made it the great republic it is to-day and will continue to be despite the weaknesses of untutored rulers. And that self-same American sentiment can be safely counted upon to prevent the United States from ever again being converted into a cesspool of German breweries. Germany’s slush-fund millions will be spent uselessly—as uselessly as the gold poured into her war machine.

CHAPTER VIII

BELGIUM, VICTIM OF DRUNKEN GERMANY

BELGIUM, victim of a million drunken German brutes, is essentially a Catholic country, although the Church of Rome is nowise the Church of State. Among the population of nearly eight million Christian people there were only about ten thousand Protestants, largely French and English. Much of the enlightenment and civilization of the Belgians may be attributed to the efforts of the lettered, and in many instances highly cultured, priests. However, their most strenuous appeals and endeavors to stay the hands of the Teuton armies were almost futile. The most ferocious and heinous outrages were committed in every quarter of the land.

The Germans have introduced many new and particularly revolting phases of warfare wherever they have cast their blight. Mexico has been in the throes of revolution after revolution for centuries, but nuns and Sisters of Mercy were always free from insult and outrage until the mailed hand of the German put in an appearance in the country of Cortez. As soon as Carranza deemed it wise partly to officer his army with Germans, whole nunneries were despoiled and their inmates ravished with a brutality past description.

Germans, insane with drink, perpetrated this same merciless, brutal outrage upon Belgium. Not satisfied with the deportation of thousands of girls and women from France and Belgium, they must even violate the sacred persons of women who had taken the veil and given their lives to humanity.

The German government officials vociferously denied these accusations, knowing the terrific adverse sentiment that would be aroused among Mohammedans and the non-Christian nations which they yet hoped to victimize.

If Pan-Germanism were yet to succeed, even in small measure, the recognition that women command neither their respect nor protection would be a terrible handicap. The Germans realized this. Even the infidel and idol-worshiping people of the earth hesitate at rape and seduction.

German government officials repeatedly insisted that names and descriptions and localities where these infamies were perpetrated be published by the Belgian officials. The dignitaries of the Catholic Church at home and abroad have hesitated and finally declined to make known the names of the many Sisters, to avoid publicly disgracing them and making them objects of pity and solicitude in the communities where their usefulness had already been interfered with, if not entirely destroyed. The records are in the possession of the churchmen, names, dates and places where the foul crimes were committed; records that might well be written in blood on the scroll of history. But they will not be made public for the delectation of a few shameless German officials.

The Rev. J. F. Stillemans, Rector of the Church of St. Albert, in New York, and President of the Belgian Relief Fund, thought that it might be well to bring some of these tortured Sisters to this country. Far from the scenes of the crimes committed upon them, their grief might be partly assuaged, it was thought, and the disgrace heaped upon them in a measure mitigated. It was the purpose of this distinguished priest to ask some philanthropic American for an estate where they might be placed in retreat. He cabled his purpose to the proper authorities abroad, and a large number of the Sisters were with great difficulty brought as far as London, whence they could journey no farther, *for they were about to become mothers.*

Picture this act in the drama of Prussian infamy, you advocates of Teuton drink and brewery domain! Paint in vivid imagery the scenes that accompanied these orgies of riotous vice, the halls of the convents, a crucifix here, a painting of the Saviour's face hanging on yonder wall, the chime of vesper bells, the throngs of Sisters in somber raiment huddled together with fear untold and the agony of death in their tear-stained faces—and then an army of fatherless children, for the Church of God will not take human life in any form.

Dr. M. P. Rooseboom, the Assistant Secretary of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, was in many of the scenes of horror during the early stages of the invasion of Belgium. He made several addresses in the homes of society women in New York, and is authority for the statement that much of the crime in Belgium was due to

drunkenness. *He declares that he saw entire German armies so intoxicated that they were irresponsible. As soon as a city or town was partly sacked, the men, without restraint from their officers, sought the wine cellars. The cruelties that followed are best left to the imagination.*

Some idea of the devastation may be gathered from the statement of Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, President of the European Belgian Relief Commission, who said that at least \$150,000,000 would be required to bring anything like order out of the chaos and earthly inferno wrought by the Germans all through Belgium.

During the winter of 1916-17 evidence of the widespread ruin and havoc poured in from every source. It was quite plain that Germany was making a gigantic effort to strike terror to the hearts of all the neutral countries of Europe and create a reign of terror by a show of unprecedented brutality and drunken orgy. Holland was being pressed to the wall, and it was confidently predicted that in the end she would be compelled to cast her lot with Germany or else see her population enslaved and massacred, as in Belgium, Roumania, and the conquered sections of France. Switzerland was strengthening her defenses, reinforcing her army and fearing the worst, despite the fact that her domain had been left undisturbed in its neutrality for countless years.

The tragedy of Roumania had already been partly enacted. Thanks to the German propaganda of Baron de Swenck, Greece was in the throes of dissension, and its population, divided by interne-

cine strife and revolution and already partly in the grip of the Prussian octopus, struggled for a bare existence.

Spain, with a weak army, a population partly pro-German, out of sheer fear battled bravely on to maintain her neutrality, and despite her own internal differences won the admiration of a multitude of onlookers by her vigorous protest against the Belgian deportations.

No such spectacle of war and horror, of massacre and crime, of loot and persistent brutality, as that of Germany was ever seen in the history of the civilized world in any age. Knowing that the fruits of her evil were about to be gathered and that her day of earthly reckoning and God's wrath was approaching she sent broadcast pitiful wails for peace, wails that the President of the United States was innocently instrumental in aiding and abetting, but wails which on the whole fell on deaf ears and passed unnoticed among thinking men and women in whom was inculcated the simple ethics of a spirit of fair play. The peace efforts only resulted in more disclosures and more submarine horrors.

Such a hue and cry was raised throughout the world in regard to the enslavement of more than half a million Belgian men, women and children that on January 20, 1916, the German government issued the following statement:

"The compulsory employment of Belgian workmen in German establishments is being seized upon by our enemies as a welcome opportunity for inflaming public opinion in the neutral and hostile countries against this alleged latest violation of the Belgian people.

"Those who are far removed from the war theatres and

can therefore form only a superficial opinion of the conditions obtaining in the occupied territories in the west may not, perhaps, readily understand that the measures which have been adopted are not only in no wise detrimental to the population from an economic point of view, but that they have become, as it were, a social necessity in view of the peculiar conditions which prevail there. Those who wish to comprehend these facts will first of all have to gain a clear conception of the extent of unemployment in Belgium and its consequences. The principal cause for this unemployment is to be found in the ruthless application of the British blockade even as against Belgium. Belgian industries are dependent on the importation of raw materials and the exportation of manufactured goods to such an extent that the almost complete throttling of Belgium's foreign trade by England was bound to lead automatically to the closing down of by far the greater part of the Belgian factories.

"At the initiative of clear-sighted Belgians and with the coöperation of the competent Belgian Ministry, he (General von Bissing, the Military Governor) issued in August, 1915, an ordinance against idleness, which was supplemented and made more rigorous in March, 1916. These ordinances provided for the compulsory removal of workers to places of work only in those cases in which the unemployed person refuses, without satisfactory reason, to perform work of which he is capable and for which he is offered adequate remuneration; every reason for refusal based on international law is regarded as satisfactory. A laborer cannot, therefore, be forced to participate in work of a military character."

Two days after this statement was issued, by a strange coincidence, the steamship *Philadelphia* of the American line arrived in New York, bringing with it several disinterested Americans who had been engaged in relief work in France and Belgium. They brought with them proof that cannot be disputed of the fact that the deported French and Belgian women and children had been subjected to the direst outrage and torture and were being worked in Germany under shotguns from sunrise

to sunset, precisely as Germany worked her negro slaves in German East Africa.

There is now somewhere in Belgium a Prince of the Catholic Church of such high repute, so far beyond reproach or question that he is renowned and revered the world over, who from the early days of the war struggled to preserve the remnants of his people and to minister to their needs with a courage and fortitude that made him the most esteemed and spectacular figure in the great conflict. It might be well for those inclined to give credence to Germany's "statements of authority" to read and digest the following pastoral letter of His Eminence D. J. Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PASTORAL LETTER OF
HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MERCIER,
Archbishop of Malines, Primate of Belgium.

MALINES, Christmas, 1914.

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Less than any other man, perhaps, have I been spared from a full knowledge of the sufferings of our unhappy country. Nor will any Belgian, I trust, doubt that, as a citizen and a bishop, I have felt my soul deeply stirred in sympathy with all this sorrow. To me, these last four months have seemed age-long.

By thousands have our brave ones been mown down; wives, mothers, are weeping for those they shall not see again; hearths are desolate; dire poverty spreads, anguish becomes more bitter. At Malines, at Antwerp, the people of two great cities have been given over, the one for six hours, the other for thirty-four hours of continuous bombardment, to the throes of death. I have traversed the greater part of the districts most terribly devastated in my diocese and the ruins I beheld, and the ashes, were more dreadful than I, prepared as I was by the saddest of forebodings, could have imagined.

Other parts of my diocese, which I have not yet had time to visit, have in like manner been laid waste. Churches, schools, asylums, hospitals, convents in great number, are in ruins. Entire villages have all but disappeared. At Werchter-Wackerzeel, for instance, out of 380 homes, 130 remain; at Tremeloo, two-thirds of the village was razed to the ground; at Bueken out of 100 houses 20 are standing; at Schaffen 189 out of 200 are destroyed—11 still stand. At Louvain a third part of the city has been destroyed; 1,074 dwellings have disappeared; on the town land and in the suburbs, Kessel-Loo, Herent and Herverle together 1,828 houses have been burnt.

In this dear city of Louvain, ever in my thoughts, the magnificent church of St. Peter will never recover its former splendour. The ancient college of St. Ives, the art schools, the commercial and consular schools of the University; the old markets, our rich library with its collections, its unique and unpublished manuscripts, its archives, its gallery of great portraits of illustrious rectors, chancellors, professors, dating from the time of its foundation, which preserved for masters and students alike a noble tradition and were an incitement to good work—all this accumulation of intellectual, of historic and of artistic riches, the fruit of the labours of five centuries—all is in the dust.

Many a parish lost its pastor. There is now sounding in my ears the sorrowful voice of an old man of whom I asked whether he had had Mass on Sunday in his battered church. "It is two months," he said, "since we last saw a priest." The parish priest and the curate had been interned in a concentration camp at Munsterlagen, not far from Hanover.

Thousands of Belgian citizens have in like manner been deported to the prisons of Germany, to Munsterlagen, to Celle, to Magdeburg. At Munsterlagen alone 3,100 civil prisoners were numbered. History will tell of the physical and moral torments of their long martyrdom. Hundreds of innocent men were shot. I possess no complete necrology, but I know that there were 91 shot at Aershot, and that there, under pain of death, their fellow-citizens were compelled to dig their graves. In the Louvain group of communes 176 persons, men and women, old men and sucklings, rich and poor, in health and sickness, were shot or burnt.

In my diocese alone, I know that 13 priests or religious were put to death. One of these, the parish priest of Gel-

rode, suffered, I believe, a veritable martyrdom. I made a pilgrimage to his grave and amid the little flock which so lately he had been tending with the zeal of an apostle, there did I pray to him that from the height of Heaven he would guard his parish, the diocese, the country.

We can neither number our dead nor compute the measure of our ruins. And what would it be if we turned our sad steps towards the districts of Liège, Namur, Andenne, Dinant, Tamines, Charleroi and other places?

And there where lives were not taken, and there where the stones of buildings were not thrown down, what anguish unbelievable! Families lately living at ease, now in bitter want; all commerce at an end, all careers ruined; industry at a standstill; thousands upon thousands of working men without employment; working women, shop girls, humble servant girls without the means of earning their bread; and poor souls forlorn on the bed of sickness and fever that turn to us and cry, "How long?"

We have no answer to give but one, "It is the secret of God."

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From the outset of military operations the civil authorities of the country urged upon all private persons the necessity of abstention from hostile acts against the enemy's army. That instruction remains in force. It is our army, and our army solely, in league with the valiant troops of our Allies, that has the honour and the duty of national defence. Let us entrust the army with our final deliverance.

Towards the persons of those who are holding dominion among us by military force and who assuredly cannot but be sensible of the chivalrous energy with which we have defended, and are still defending, our independence, let us conduct ourselves with all needful forbearance. Some among them have declared themselves willing to mitigate, as far as possible, the severity of our circumstances and to help us recover some minimum of regular civic life. Let us observe the rules they have laid upon us so long as these rules do not violate our personal liberty, nor our consciences as Christians, nor our duty to our country. Let us not mistake bravado for courage, nor tumult for bravery.

You especially, my dearest Brethren in the Priesthood, be you at once the best examples of patriotism and the best sup-



Le Collège des Proviseurs de Saint-Julien-des-Belges a l'honneur de vous inviter au service religieux qu'il fera célébrer le Vendredi 22 Janvier, à 11 heures, pour le repos de l'âme des Prêtres et Religieux, mis à mort par les troupes allemandes au cours de l'invasion de la Belgique.

Vous en trouverez ci-contre une première liste.

A cause de l'exiguïté de l'Église Nationale, le service religieux aura lieu dans l'ÉGLISE DES STIGMATES, à l'angle de la Via dei Cesari et du Corso Vittorio Emanuele.

Le PRÉSIDENT

BARON D'ERP, Ministre de Belgique près le Saint-Siège

Le SECRÉTAIRE:

C. DE T'SERCLAES, Président du Collège Belge.

M. VAES, Recteur de Saint-Julien-des-Belges

OSCAR BOLLE

- G. KURTH, Directeur de l'Institut historique Belge

A. POTTIER, Chanoine de Sainte-Marie-Majeure

DIOCÈSE DE LIÈGE.

L'abbé O. CHABOT, curé de Forêt.
L'abbé J. DASSOCHÉ, curé de Hockay
L'abbé F. JANSSEN, curé de Heuro-le-Roman
L'abbé R. LABRY, curé de Blegny
L'abbé B. REYDONNET, vicaire d'Oline
L'abbé E. TIELEN, curé de Haccourt

DIOCÈSE DE MALINES.

L'abbé R. CALETTE, professeur au Collège Saint-Pierre à Louvain
L'abbé H. DE CLERCK, curé de Bucken, près de Louvain
L'abbé P. DUCENT, curé de Gelrode.
L'abbé J. CORIS, curé de Autgerden.
L'abbé E. LOMBAERTS, curé de Bovenloo, près de Louvain
L'abbé VAN BLADEL, curé de Hérent, près de Louvain
Le R. P. DUPONDREUX, jésuite de Louvain.
Le R. P. VINCENT SOMBOCK, conventuel, de Louvain
Le R. P. VAN HOLMEN, capucin, de Louvain
Le R. Chanoine-Prémostré J. WOUTERS, curé de Pont Brûlé.
Le Frère ALLARD (dans le monde: F. Forger), religieux josphtite de Louvain.
Le Frère SEASTIEN (dans le monde: Mr Struatsman) religieux josphtite de Louvain.
Le Frère CANDIDE (dans le monde: Mr Pivet), des Frères de la Miséricorde de Blauprus, près de Louvain

DIOCÈSE DE TONNAY.

L'abbé E. DREY, curé d'Acoz
L'abbé J. POLLART, curé de Roschein.

DIOCÈSE DE NAMUR.

L'abbé J. ALEXANDRE, curé de Mussy-la-Ville
L'abbé A. AMBROISE, curé d'Onhaye
L'abbé BILAUDI, aumônier des sourds-muets à Bouge
L'abbé BURNIAUX, professeur au Collège Saint-Louis à Namur
L'abbé DOCK, professeur au Collège de Virton
L'abbé C. CASPAR, professeur au Collège de Belle-Vue à Dinant
L'abbé J. GEORGES, curé de Tintigny
L'abbé P. GILLE, docteur en Théologie de l'Université Grégorienne vicaire de Couvin
L'abbé GLOUDET, curé de Latour
L'abbé HOTTELET, curé de Les Alloups
L'abbé J. LAISSE, curé de Spontin
L'abbé MARÉCHAL, séminariste de Messin
L'abbé PATRON, vicaire de Deury
L'abbé PIÉRET, vicaire d'Etalle
L'abbé PIEDRAUD, curé de Chatillon
L'abbé PIÉRET, curé d'Anthée
L'abbé POSKIN, curé de Surice
L'abbé E. SCHLÖGL, curé de Hastieres
L'abbé ZENGER, curé retraité.
L. R. P. GILLET, bénédictin de l'abbaye de Maréchaux
Le Chanoine NICOLAS, de l'abbaye des Prémonstrés de Lefle

Le Collège des Proviseurs recommande également à vos charitables prières l'âme de Monsieur N. POSTHUIS et de Monsieur V. LENTATE, professeurs à l'Université Catholique de Louvain, fusillés par les troupes allemandes

* A considerable number of priests and religious of the Catholic Church in Belgium have been slain by the Germans. The Commission of Enquiry is not yet in possession of the complete list, but will publish it as soon as its compilation is possible. Above is reproduced a fac-simile of the invitation to the religious service celebrated in Rome on the 22nd January, 1915, for the repose of the souls of priests and religious put to death by German troops. A first list of victims accompanies the invitation.

porters of public order. On the field of battle you have been magnificent. The King and the Army admire the intrepidity of our military chaplains in face of death, the charity of our Red Cross workers. Your Bishops are proud of you.

You have suffered greatly. You have endured much calumny. But be patient. History will do you justice. Today and henceforth, I bear my witness for you.

Wherever it has been possible I have questioned our people, our clergy, and particularly a considerable number of priests who have been deported to German prisons, but whom a principle of humanity to which I gladly render homage has since set at liberty. I now affirm, upon my honour, and I am prepared to assert upon faith of my oath, that up to the present I have not met a single ecclesiastic, secular or regular, who has once incited civilians to bear arms against the enemy. On the contrary, all have loyally followed the instructions of their Bishops, given in the early days of August, to the effect that they were to use their moral influence over the civil population so that order might be preserved and military regulations observed.

D. J. CARDINAL MERCIER,
Archbishop of Malines.

Discussing the situation and Belgium's great grief in an admirable address to the American people, Father Stillemans said:

"Those familiar with the ecclesiastical history of Belgium were not surprised at hearing the voice of Belgium's Cardinal on this occasion. The Bishops of Belgium throughout the centuries have been Liberty's first champions and Patriotism's greatest heralds. Cardinal Frankenberg resisted in turn Austria, France and Prussia, and died in exile. The famous Bishop of Ghent—Prince de Broglie—energetically opposed Napoleon the Great, and later on, William, the King of Holland; and he also died in exile. Both these prelates withstood the foreign oppressor to his face, and neither imprisonment nor exile could deter them from their duty. Frankenberg issued his 'Declaration' and de Broglie his 'Pastoral.' These two documents may well be put in a class with Cardinal Mercier's famous letter.

"It has long been the custom of the Belgian bishops to write yearly pastorals on the leading questions and great prob-

lems of the day. No library contains greater learning, deeper thought, or more wisdom than the collection of these documents. It was eminently proper, therefore, that in this the greatest hour of sorrow for Belgium, the voice of Cardinal Mercier should be heard. Catholic Belgium looked to him for light and encouragement.

"Cardinal Mercier is a wonderful man — familiar with the greatest problems, yet concerned with the smallest details; honored as few men have been, yet simple as a child; working from early morning until far into the night, yet always having time to listen to every one. He is known to the whole of Belgium as a living saint — kindness and readiness personified."

The Cardinal's message to his people had a magical effect that was felt instantly. On New Year's Sunday, 1915, it was read by the priests, sometimes twice, in all the churches throughout the land. Germany's tyranny had succeeded in browbeating some of the priests, but almost instantly the letter united the churchmen, and within a few hours the earnest message, expressed in diction that could not be mistaken, had encircled the globe. It is doubtful if any communication from the Vatican ever had more salutary effect. The sympathies of humane people in every civilized land in the world were immediately enlisted, and it is frankly admitted by the officials of the American and European Belgian Commissions that they never would have received such liberal subscriptions or the work have been permitted to attain such magnitude, had it not been for the Cardinal's terse and vivid brief drawn against Germany's preconceived infamy. The incidents that followed the circulation of the pastoral communication were amazing and exceedingly fruitful in results. Many of the churches were thronged with German soldiers who listened to the

exhaustive arraignment with rage and astonishment. How the letter had reached the priests and been read even in the furthestmost villages and hamlets mystified and alarmed the Germans.

The return of the letter was demanded by German soldiers with drawn swords and at bayonets' points.

Too late! The record had been made and the truth told. The printer who typed the letters, Francis Dessain, was imprisoned, and for a time it looked as if the Cardinal himself might be either incarcerated or perhaps executed. In fact he was made a prisoner in his own palace for a few days, but even the half or wholly drunken German mobs hesitated to go further with this revered and honored Prince of the Church.

It is of more than passing interest to note the effect that the words of just one courageous man will sometimes have on the destinies of an entire nation. It is a sad Belgium, but how much better off than the drunken hordes across the border!

Belgium's lost people, her ruined homes, her wrecked cathedrals and churches and her blood-stained cities and villages can never be restored to their original life and beauty. But the world, the world of religious endeavor, holds Belgium closer to its heart than any of the other pain-racked, war-ridden lands, all because of the inspired efforts of one great Christian gentleman, D. J. Cardinal Mercier.

And out of its ashes will rise a new Belgium. For Christians of every land and clime are united in the task of rejuvenation and restoration, and as far

as lies in human power the creation of a yet more powerful and more enlightened nation.

What will be the attitude of the Belgians toward drink remains to be seen. Had it not been for the wine stowed away in the cellars of countless homes much misery would have been alleviated and the German soldiery might have shown some mercy.

CHAPTER IX

WEAK MEN IN HIGH PLACES

PRACTICALLY all close students of modern government concede that the basic principles and the fundamental constitutional safeguards for the rule and control of the United States and the conduct of its citizens, as conceived by Washington and executed by some of his most able followers, were admirable. Yet no human power or scheme of government can offset or controvert the unprincipled efforts of great hordes of weak men in high places.

For many years one of the principal hotels at the Capital, the rendezvous and habitat of many members of Congress, had the walls of every room in the house bedecked with a sign which read, "Please do not blow out the gas." This sign is fairly indicative of the character of many of the men that the American people had been sending to represent them in the national halls of legislation. It is a matter of record that no less than five statesmen were nearly asphyxiated in the aforesaid hostelry. But in the greatest crisis in American history Congress left a record never to be erased, that the nation may be proud of, due mainly to the fact that during the last score or more of years the beer and whiskey advocates have been gradually eliminated.

Had this process of elimination been put in operation thirty years ago, one dollar would have answered for ten during the prosecution of the World War.

When the Prussian plotters precipitated the whole world into a conflagration of fire and sword, England was caught unawares. France was but just recovering from the inroads upon her purse and people because of a previous Teutonic war. Russia was in the throes of a great effort to rise from the ashes of her feudal system of centuries of bad government. Ruin came upon all Europe like a thief in the night, and there was hardly time for a cry for help.

But no country under the sun was taken more absolutely unawares, caught more totally unprepared and helpless, than the United States of America. The land of the brute-made, brewery-tainted "Kultur" saw to it that such was the situation.

It is hardly within the bounds of propriety to hold the American people strictly to account for this condition of unpreparedness, impotent helplessness, and drunken infirmity. They had elected a President in whom they had absolute confidence. That there might be no error in this direction they re-elected him for a second term.

Few presidents have been able to pattern their administrations after Washington, and the most optimistic observer had to concede that politics in this United States had been going from the devil to a sea of inanity too deep to sound. The inscription on the wall of many national dangers fraught with gravest possibilities had been permitted to pass

unnoticed. Again and again we have read those memorable words of Washington's:

"Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens) the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake; since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. . . . Real patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious, while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

"The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

"Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel."

These words have been read and re-read on the floor of the Senate and the House. To what purpose? When the whole land was in the most menacing peril, when it was beset without and in direst danger of strife and disorder within, the pitiable spectacle was presented in Congress of groups and cliques of men voicing the sentiments of German perfidy and beer rule unrebuked and undisturbed.

The question naturally arises, anent recent debates in Congress, was Von Papen's historic remark

about the "idiotic Americans" he had met entirely unjustified? The fact that toleration of the brewery insolence continued long after the armistice was signed might pardon it.

Pan-Germanism was no new topic. The need for an army and a navy and thousands of miles of coast fortifications was not a need of the moment. The Monroe Doctrine had been repeatedly threatened by Germany and the day saved on more than one occasion by a trick of the pen. Yet the pen could not be expected to do the work of the sword always. But nothing had happened to mar the even tenor of the luxurious life of the nation; so jolly, indolent, pleasure-loving America continued to elect this weakling and that ingrate to Congress, until finally, when there came real issues before that body, the representatives of the people stumbled and floundered around like cab horses with the blind staggers, but finally, be it said with pride, got on their feet and pulled the national wagon out of the mire. And if among these nondescript parliamentarians there happened in one with the cloak of a Benedict Arnold and the mien of Judas Iscariot, who could be blamed?

The important portfolios and departmental bureaus of the Government, it was confidently felt, had been kept clean and free from foreign entanglement. Especially did the public confidence rest upon the administration of the affairs of the Government in the War, State and Navy departments. It mattered not that there had been not infrequent scandals in the Post Office Department, the Department of Labor, and some of the other divisions of the

Government which dealt more particularly with domestic affairs. The more important portfolios that had to do with the international relationships of the country, it was maintained, had always been kept free from propaganda of any description or foreign interference. But the German brewers still have their agents in Congress and will continue to do so until every brewery plant in America is razed to the ground.

The World War is over. It is not at all likely that it will be resumed at an early day, but Germany may be expected to continue to do mischief wherever she can. Her beer industry has been discontinued in the United States, but she will continue to earn vast sums in many other lands with her liquor trade and her commerce. And Americans very frequently lose sight of the fact that Germany, the Fatherland of beer and lust and savagery, is intact. Her fields are green with ripe crops, her industries are running, on short time, to be sure, but nevertheless running.

The great rulers of the world are ostensibly content with the peace pact; but the world's dreamers and idealists cannot help but regard sorrowfully the ruined orchards, the devastated Burgundy region of France, wrecked Belgium, and the half world of desolation wrought by the beer-poisoned beasts.

In a memorable address at Boston in June, 1919, the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, the distinguished divine of Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, once occupied by Henry Ward Beecher, called attention to Germany's many moves on the world's chess-board, her new beer game, the recruiting of new

armies, her request for an American protectorate, and declared that Germany would bear watching every hour of the day and night. Wise words!

The ruins from the hell-fires of her infamous warfare have not ceased smoking, and yet she is knocking at the doors of the White House to resume the beer business at the old stands!

Senators of long service, veteran journalists, and other men of note within the inner circle at the Capital declare that for flagrant and flamboyant daring no such similar act was ever committed against the American government as this prosecution of her drink game before the guns of the World War have cooled.

Washington is very obtuse. For many years the Government has been run with a looseness and a shiftless, devil-may-care sort of carelessness that has dumbfounded some of the spectators. And for many more years German gentlemen of all types and classes have been granted the courtesies of the Capital and of practically every department of the Government. There is not a bridge on the Union or Northern Pacific Railroad that Germany does not know how to destroy easily and without detection. In the secret archives of the German Government are perfect maps of every approach, trail, and vulnerable point along the Mexican border. Every rampart, sally port, moat, and the like, of every one of the antiquated forts along the thousands of miles of unprotected American coast is as well known to Germany as it is to the properly appointed officials of the United States Government. The German government could put its hands on these records as

soon as could the Secretary of War or the Secretary of the Navy.

"Mr. So and So of —— Peace Society is going down to Old Point. He would like to go up on the ramparts and examine the fortifications. Will you request the Commandant to grant him a pass?"

Thus has spoken the Senator or the Congressman to the Secretary of the Navy or the Secretary of War scores of times during the past few years. The Commandant might grow black in the face with rage over the request, but, knowing American politics, he dared not protest. It would not accomplish anything, and then again he ran a risk of being transferred to the sand dunes of South Carolina or some post out in the alfalfa country where there was no Hotel Chamberlin with its military life and charming environment. And what was the use? We were at peace in those days and nothing could ever drag us into war.

I recall attempting to run upon the fortifications at Fortress Monroe some years ago. A sentry promptly stopped me. Looking up on the elevation I pointed inquiringly to two German youths.

"Oh, they have a pass," said the sentry. The pass issued by the Commandant was requested by the Secretary of War.

That night it was not difficult to make the acquaintance of the tourists. They very frankly displayed their admirable drawings with the explanation that they were made for amusement. This incident occurred during the Roosevelt administration. The pass was signed by the then Secretary of War, William H. Taft. The old fortress was liter-

ally falling to pieces. Since that time, mainly through the efforts of Colonel Roosevelt, millions have been expended by the Government on the fort and it has been modernized. It was further improved during the Great War and is now a great artillery fortification.

At the time I was a correspondent at Washington for an important Western newspaper, and I sent it a rather lengthy article describing this happening. I promptly received a communication from the editor saying that in his (the editor's) absence the article came very near being published, and that he no longer had any use for a correspondent who did not know enough to "avoid insulting their German subscribers." I prize this letter very highly, and I have observed with much interest that the Western newspaper in question is now one of the leading liquor organs of the Northwest. Every American, who has a spark of intelligence or is imbued with the least spirit of loyalty to his land and his flag, must know that every move that has been made in behalf of liquor for the past few years, certainly since the early wholesale Belgian infamy and atrocities and the "*Lusitania* incident," as the insolent Teutons are pleased to term it, has been a move distinctly and emphatically in behalf of German barbarity as against the war waged by the Entente for a return to the rudimentary laws of civilization and humanity. The mantle of a kindly charity may be canopied over the heads of a few old women and German children who have consistently essayed to be peacemakers and beer advocates, and no ulterior motive alleged. But men of standing, in whatever com-

munity throughout the country they may reside, cannot hide behind any such cloak. Either they were arrayed with the forces protesting against the ravages in Belgium, the massacre of a million Armenians, the desolation, destruction and murder of millions in Serbia and Poland, the starvation of thousands upon thousands of Syrians and Jews in the Holy Land, or else they have banded themselves together in the interest of peace for a multitude of tyrannical beer-soaked brutes who know no law of either God or man!

There has been no halfway stopping place. It has been either Beer and Pan-Germanism for and with the Teuton hosts, or the defensive warfare of the Entente and what it stands for. The record has been made. History writes it.

It is noteworthy that the American people are sometimes forgetful, often forgiving and sympathetic, and rarely resentful. But in June, 1919, many observing Americans were not always charitable in their comments about the German brewers, the intolerable insolence of the liquor propaganda and the possible results.

"What do the fools mean? Have they no understanding of the Constitution of the United States?" These questions were often asked.

The German beer propagandists have become very daring at Washington, going before Senate Committees, House Committees, holding meetings on the steps of the Capitol, in churches, theatres, everywhere.

"Give them rope—plenty of rope," was the motto of the women workers as they watched state

after state declare they had a right to vote, and the men at the head of the several efficient anti-drink organizations followed suit. America and the whole world awaited the final passing away of the beer jugglers.

"The conclusion is going to be like the Bartholme fiasco," said one sweet woman as she clasped her hands with infinite satisfaction. Whereupon the writer unearthed the Bartholme case, almost forgotten driftwood amid the many waters that have flowed under the bridge in these last few memorable and riotous years.

The correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*, Dr. George Bartholme, had become a well-known figure in the corridors and offices of the State Department, and because of his official position had the run of the departments during the early days of the war. An unostentatious figure with the usual Teutonic smile and "an occasional leer," according to one of the secret service agents; when not watched too closely, he came and went as he pleased, and in the stress of tension over the international crisis but little attention was paid to him. So in the course of human events, when it became necessary for the German Ambassador to strike his tent, what should be more natural than another superhuman effort made in behalf of the Fatherland under the subterfuge of the peace myth. An excellent idea, it was conceded among the clans of white-winged emissaries, but exceedingly difficult of execution. Washington was weary of smoking the pipe of peace treachery—not only wearied but censorious and very suspicious. The toll of ships under the last edict of submarine

destruction was mounting, and had already reached an alarming stage. On every hand was evidence of increased animosity on the part of the German, and the *Gott strafe America* hymn was being sung with the same intensity as the kindred tune *Gott strafe England*. But Berlin for the moment appeared to be somnolent, and the number of munition factories being burned, ships sunk at their piers, and other numerous incendiarisms that had become so common in the United States was diminishing, temporarily at any event.

Bartholme, the ostensible correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* and what not, was selected to engineer the next move. Explaining his position to the world at large and the American world in particular, the wary doctor declared that high officials had urged him, aye, implored him to make it plain at Berlin that the attitude of this Government to Germany was wholly pacific. There was no doubt at any stage of the sensational incident about the high sources of his information. After the note or dispatch, as it may be judged, carrying the usual peace platitudes was sent, the gentlemen in question were all so widely at variance in their excuses and explanations in relation to the matter that it is needless to outline the various wordings or to use their names. The fact remains that Bartholme, one of Von Bernstorff's most intimate associates, was permitted to send the message through the Government wireless, a communication upon which depended the very life of the nation; such an incident cannot be well exaggerated. The message stated to the world that the President of the United States did not rep-

resent America in demanding the immediate recall of Ambassador von Bernstorff and the return of Ambassador Gerard; that the bulk of the American people were for peace at any price, and that additional overtures in that direction would be welcomed from the land of "Kultur." No matter how the words were juggled, deleted or otherwise altered, this was the salient fact in all the several versions made public.

It is an interesting surmise how many of these implicated gentlemen would have been shot at sunrise in the days of Washington, and still more interesting to record that several revolutionists were shortly before shot in the Tower of London for lesser offenses.

It is worthy of comment that the ink on the "peace message" was hardly dry when necessarily the following correspondence had to ensue:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12 — Secretary of State Lansing gave out the following statement this afternoon:

In view of the appearance in the newspapers of February 11 of a report that Germany was initiating negotiations with the United States in regard to submarine warfare, the Department of State makes the following statement:

A suggestion was made orally to the Department of State late Saturday afternoon by the Minister of Switzerland that the German Government is willing to negotiate with the United States, provided that the commercial blockade against England would not be interfered with. At the request of the Secretary of State this suggestion was made in writing and presented to him by the Swiss Minister Sunday night. The communication is as follows:

MEMORANDUM: The Swiss Government has been requested by the German Government to say that the latter is now, as before, willing to negotiate, formally or informally, with the United States, provided that the commercial blockade against England will not be broken thereby.

P. RITTER.

This memorandum was given immediate consideration and the following reply was despatched to-day:

MY DEAR MR. MINISTER: I am requested by the President to say to you, in acknowledging the memorandum which you were good enough to hand to me on the 11th inst. that the Government of the United States will gladly discuss with the German Government any question that it might propose for discussions were it to withdraw its proclamation of Jan. 31, in which it cancelled the assurances given this Government on the 4th of May last, but that it does not feel that it can enter into any discussion with the German Government concerning the policy of submarine warfare against neutrals which it is now pursuing unless and until the German Government renews its assurances of the 4th of May and acts upon the assurances.

No other interchange on this subject has taken place between this Government and any other Government or person.

Nothing since the remarkable demonstration in honor of the return of Admiral Dewey to this country after the Spanish-American War has so awakened the enthusiasm of the American people as the President's reply. There had been so much "watchful waiting," "too proud to fight" and *lapsus linguæ* over the "strict accountability" in the *Lusitania* tragedy that the people of this country who retained a degree of love and esteem for the land of their forefathers had begun to wonder if there was so much as a scintilla of national pride left at the Capital. There was much to put a quietus on the President, however. Even at this late day there appears to be no explanation to offer for his Mexican policy and his recognition of Carranza, but the fact cannot be gainsaid that he has had much to contend with.

The least the Republican brethren say to him the better perhaps. After nearly half a century of continuous rule, with the exception of the brief Cleveland respites, they turned this government over to him in a condition of national nausea, compared to which *mal de mer* is a pleasing ailment.

The truth was that men of real ability had turned their faces away from the sun of patriotism. So many walks of commerce, of the trades and professions, had invitingly beckoned that the best element in the manhood of the nation had lost the sense of grave duty to the republic. *And we had to pay.* The Bartholme incident cemented anew the true Americanism and brought it to the fore. Like medicine is due the German brewers and it will be administered.

In the trial of the California conspirator it developed that all the consuls and German agents throughout the country were under the immediate direction of Von Bernstorff.

The methods by which German brewery agents and propaganda had been permitted to penetrate into every department of this National Government and into many Western and several Eastern State legislatures is appalling. The South was the only section of the country free from the taint. England on repeated occasions, with the warmest friendship, extended to Washington the most significant warnings. France did the same thing. When these overtures have been met with the "You had better take care of yourself" response, England replied "We will with our navy," and she has. France, with the memory before her of what had befallen her in '70-'71,

and in a measure herself helpless, nevertheless pointed to the evil inroads the Teuton was making upon the national life of America. The brewer with his potential purchasing power for evil, who, with his tool, the distiller, bought up legislatures, boards of aldermen, and governors of states, congressmen and what not, just as he bought the labels on his bottles, has been allowed to go his way undisturbed — again, except in a few of the states which retain their Americanism against all comers.

The “peace pact” and the “brew game” have been as industriously and successfully manipulated as the little black balls under the shells at the country fair. When this Government did not do as it was told to by “Him of the Withered Arm,” Von Bernstorff and the brewery clique, millions upon millions in American factories, American ships and American commerce were wilfully and laughingly destroyed. Even the ships won in American commerce were scuttled at their docks.

“Idiotic Americans” — it is a term that rings in the ears, that does not die as other sounds and sentences naturally do. Up to the time of his departure the German ambassador directed the destinies of more than nine hundred men, whose sole duty it was to organize and assist in the organization of peace societies, burn factories and ships, and do almost anything that human ingenuity can devise to embarrass this Government and create a reign of terror throughout the land, among the very people who had received them with open arms. After the war, homes of distinguished Americans were again dynamited by anarchists. What anarchists, pray?

And on the eve of his departure with the honorary degrees of eight American universities (?) in his pocket this is what Von Bernstorff said to the press:

"I said maybe it was possible war would be averted, didn't I? Of course, you must understand that is conditional upon Germany being able to bring the Entente to its knees before anything happens to involve the United States. The submarine campaign is bound to increase in intensity as the weather gets warmer. If no Americans are killed there will be no war. I hope that war can be averted. I may come back to attend a peace conference. I do not know whether I flatter myself, but I do believe that I am not disliked by people here."

Shades of darkest night! May fate forbend that Von Bernstorff return to this country for another Peace or Beer or any other sort of Conference! God forbid!

The darkest hours in the history of this drink-laden nation have passed. The radiant dawn of a new America is resplendent in the East. There will be riots, crime perhaps, murder and minor revolutions; but in the end a sane and sober people will survive the transformation.

And there will be no place in the new land for Von Bernstorff or any of his tribe.

CHAPTER X

THE GIGANTIC NETWORK OF THE GERMAN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE UNITED STATES

WHEN all the scattered strands of conspiracy throughout the United States engineered by the German government and the brewery interests and executed by Count von Bernstorff and his assistants during and long after the Great War are gathered up and arranged in concrete, historical form, it will be conclusively shown that no such colossal attack against civilized government was ever before attempted in the annals of mankind.

The total disregard for human life, the absolute savagery and murderous barbarism of the whole herculean effort, will establish a precedent on which the world will look back with horror and astonishment for centuries to come. It would not be fair, however, to charge all this preconceived infamy up to "Him of the Withered Arm," the triple-faced Von Bernstorff, Bethmann-Hollweg, Zimmerman and the brewery moguls. The initial effort to wrest America from Americans and convert it into a Teuton beer garden under German rule can be traced back authoritatively more than fifty years to the days when the beer-soaked Heidelberg students first started

their drill squads in the cities of the West, to assist, as they put it, in the "conservation of the Union."

St. Louis was the first of those cities to assert its German patriotism, — St. Louis, the great metropolis of the Middle West. It was in St. Louis that the Turnverein halls were transformed into impromptu armories early in the Sixties, and the beer-loving Germans of the Middle West began their efforts for the "conservation of the Union." It is a matter of history and incontrovertible fact that the vast majority of those Germans cared naught about the conservation of the United States as inspired by Washington.

England, because of her cotton interest, and for other cardinal reasons, was inclined to sympathize with the South. The England of that day, with its usual spirit of fair play, was loath to think that the North might not have acquired its great moral sympathy and humanitarianism for the negro before he was sold to the South, instead of afterwards.

The Germans of St. Louis and other cities were anxious to join the Union for the indirect and roundabout reasons that the people of Great Britain and the Southland were in close affiliation. Even then Germany hated England as no land has ever hated another. It was another step toward Pan-Germanism and the dream of world rule and beer dominion that even at that early day was beginning to assume tangible form.

From the close of the Civil War up to the present moment the efforts of first one German ruler and then another have been directed toward getting a foothold and gradually acquiring the controlling

power in this government. These efforts, clumsy and insidious though they were, were often fraught with grave danger to this republic, as was illustrated when a Western Senator, who is now dead and whose name need not soil these pages, was able to block President Wilson's Armed Neutrality Measure.

When this simple measure permitting merchantmen to arm and defend themselves against German submarines was defeated on the very day of President Wilson's second inauguration, he sounded this warning:

"The termination of the last session of the Sixty-fourth Congress by constitutional limitation discloses a situation unparalleled in the history of the country, perhaps unparalleled in the history of any modern government. In the immediate presence of a crisis fraught with more subtle and far-reaching possibilities of national danger than any other the government has known within the whole history of its international relations, the Congress has been unable to act either to safeguard the country or to vindicate the elementary rights of its citizens. More than five hundred of the five hundred and thirty-one members of the two Houses were ready and anxious to act. The House of Representatives had acted by an overwhelming majority, but the Senate was unable to act because a little group of eleven Senators had determined that it should not.

"The Senate has no rules by which debate can be limited or brought to an end, no rules by which dilatory tactics of any kind can be prevented. A single member can stand in the way of action if he have but the physical endurance. The result in this case is a complete paralysis alike of the legislative and of the executive branches of the government.

"This inability of the Senate to act has rendered some of the most necessary legislation of the session impossible, at a time when the need for it was most pressing and most evident. The bill which would have permitted such combinations of capital and of organization in the export and import trade of the country as the circumstances of international competition have made imperative — a bill which the business

judgment of the whole country approved and demanded — has failed.

“The opposition of one or two Senators has made it impossible to increase the membership of the Interstate Commerce Commission or to give it the altered organization necessary for its efficiency. The Conservation Bill which should have released for immediate use the mineral resources which are still locked up in the public lands, now that their release is more imperatively necessary than ever, and the bill which would have made the unused water power of the country immediately available for industry have both failed, though they have been under consideration throughout the sessions of two Congresses and have been twice passed by the House of Representatives.

“The appropriations for the army have failed, along with the appropriations for the civil establishment of the government, the appropriations for the Military Academy at West Point and the general deficiency bill. It has proved impossible to extend the powers of the Shipping Board to meet the special needs of the new situation into which our commerce has been forced or to increase the gold reserve of our national banking system to meet the unusual circumstances of the existing financial situation.

“It would not cure the difficulty to call the Sixty-fifth Congress in extraordinary session. The paralysis of the Senate would remain. The purpose and the spirit of action are not lacking now. The Congress is more definitely united in thought and purpose at this moment, I venture to say, than it has been within the memory of any man now in its membership. There is not only the most united patriotic purpose, but the objects members have in view are perfectly clear and definite. But the Senate cannot act unless its leaders can obtain unanimous consent. Its majority is powerless, helpless. In the midst of a crisis of extraordinary peril, when only definite and decided action can make the nation safe or shield it from war itself by the aggression of others, action is impossible.

“Although as a matter of fact the nation and the representatives of the nation stand back of the Executive with unprecedented unanimity and spirit, the impression made abroad will be, of course, that it is not so, and that other governments may act as they please without fear that this government can do anything at all. We cannot explain. The explanation is incredible.

"The Senate of the United States is the only legislative body in the world which cannot act when its majority is ready for action. A little group of wilful men, representing no opinion but their own, have rendered the great government of the United States helpless and contemptible.

"The remedy? There is but one remedy. The only remedy is that the rules of the Senate shall be so altered that it can act. The country can be relied upon to draw the moral. I believe that the Senate can be relied on to supply the means of action and save the country from disaster."

But out of evil good often comes. The lechery and iniquity of just one Western politician who, with the money and assistance of several Western breweries, had managed to work himself into the United States Senate, did more to arouse the American people to a sense of their woeful and alarming impotence than the tragic sinking of the *Lusitania* and the *Laconia*. No such spectacle was ever presented to the American people as the memorable filibuster episode of the aforesaid Senate during the first week in March, 1917.

After months of weary waiting, with insult upon insult to the American people, the murder of countless of her citizens on land and sea, the President of the United States asked permission to arm American ships that Americans might travel on the high seas—and was prevented by a little coterie of brewery-tainted politicians. Three of these Senators, Stone, La Follette and O'Gorman, owed their presence in the Senate unmistakably to the liquor interest. Clapp and Vardaman were also in close affiliation with the brewery nabobs.

In its inception the Senate was conceived to be above all things a governmental body made up of gentlemen. In the lower house there might mayhap

occasionally be a political roustabout from the streets and wards of some of the great cities, but the Senate must be kept clean of the henchmen from the alleyways of the Nation's political life. Senatorial courtesy for a century or more had been a byword. The most daring parasites of the Lobby kept aloof. If there was some pork bill to be scuttled through, it must perforce for the sake of good form emanate from the House of Representatives, and when presented to the Senate, if not seemingly clothed in the purple and fine linen of the proper parliamentary ethics and usage, it must, forsooth, be cloaked in the serge of common decency at least. In the etiquette of the Senate, next in importance to the Supreme Court itself, there was no separate niche for men of the type of Stone (since dead), Clapp and La Follette. So there was no reckoning for their advent, no provision for their discipline at the crucial moment. But that time will prove their undoing; the days of the brewery-made politician are numbered.

Americans need not fear. The curtain will be rung down on the countless throngs of arch-conspirators at the opportune moment. And before the barred gates have closed on the last of those offenders the work of separating the chaff from the wheat in the national life of the land will also have begun. Only a sparse baker's dozen of the men in the Senate were found to be tainted with German money and brewery gold. The vast majority of them were as clean in their votes and as clear in their convictions for the national honor as were the great statesmen in the early days of the republic.

And that vast majority succinctly demonstrated that the perfidy so viciously instigated and fostered by German liquor influences in the Congress is near an end.

The last act of the Teuton melodrama is rapidly drawing to a close. And the voice of the prompter is in the wings.

Von Bernstorff's summary dismissal and welcome departure greatly disturbed the plans and brewery machinery of the arch-conspirators against the Government of the United States, not only in this country, but in Mexico and Cuba, as well as in all Latin America. The German Embassy at Washington was the heart from which throbbed all the activities of murder, arson and intrigue. There have been few diplomatic Thespians at the courts of Continental Europe or in the government chambers of any land who are to be compared with this German emissary. Born and reared in his early life in an atmosphere of intrigue and cunning, he imbibed before he was out of his teens the spirit of the House of Hohenzollern, whose motto was always that the means justified the end so long as victory was attained.

A close student of Disraeli and other great diplomats, he did not hesitate to employ the most sacred of confidences to gain any nefarious end.

In view of the violation of the Treaty of Luxemburg, the utter disregard for Belgium and Bethmann-Hollweg's "scrap of paper" inspiration, it requires a wide stretch of allowance and charitable excuse to pardon an American for taking a German's word of honor in this day under any

circumstances or conditions. Yet Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State, a gentleman and a man of honor, did so, and it is an open secret in Washington at this late day that it was in that fashion that Berlin was informed of the safe delivery of the Zimmerman note to the proper authorities in Japan and Mexico.

Text of Germany's Proposal to Form an Alliance With Mexico and Japan Against the United States — (Supplied by the Associated Press as an authentic copy of the German Foreign Minister's note to the German Minister in Mexico).

BERLIN, Jan. 19, 1917.

On the 1st of February we intend to begin submarine warfare unrestricted. In spite of this, it is our intention to endeavor to keep neutral the United States of America.

If this attempt is not successful, we propose an alliance on the following basis with Mexico: That we shall make war together and together make peace. We shall give general financial support, and it is understood that Mexico is to reconquer the lost territory in New Mexico, Texas, and Arizona. The details are left to you for settlement.

You are instructed to inform the President of Mexico of the above in the greatest confidence as soon as it is certain that there will be an outbreak of war with the United States, and suggest that the President of Mexico, on his own initiative, should communicate with Japan, suggesting adherence at once to this plan. At the same time, offer to mediate between Germany and Japan.

Please call to the attention of the President of Mexico that the employment of ruthless submarine warfare now promises to compel England to make peace in a few months.

ZIMMERMAN.

Utterly unscrupulous in every characteristic of man and officer, the actual extent of Von Bernstorff's world-wide activities will never be known. The Wilhelmstrasse owes him a debt of gratitude that can-

not ever be paid. No Hapsburg was ever more abjectly merciless; no Hohenzollern more infamously cruel and barbaric in purpose. It was never necessary for him to draw on his Government. It is a matter of record that American brewers kept him in vast sums of money. Pretending the most profound sympathy with this country in her Mexican difficulties, he was constantly "hoping that we would not be drawn into armed conflict with that country." How often he repeated this cant and hypocrisy to the Washington correspondents it would take a Chinese counting machine to record. That he wrote at least two of the responses of the *condottiere*, Carranza, to President Wilson's watchful waiting *notes diplomatique* is authoritatively known and not questioned at the national capital.

Commenting on a previous book, *Benighted Mexico*, in which the author discusses the relationships of Germany and Mexico, the *London Times* suggests that *condottiere*, not troubadour, is the word by which to name the brigand Carranza. The author stands corrected and has made the change. It is as a *condottiere* that Carranza will be known in the future.

That Von Bernstorff conceived, directed and commanded the plots for the destruction of the Welland canal, the burning of countless munition factories throughout the country, ships at their docks and at sea, and the wholesale demolition of millions of dollars' worth of American property is now a matter of public knowledge and unquestioned record.

At one time more than fifty million dollars, most of which was brewery money collected in this coun-

try, was on deposit in the banks of the city of New York for the simple promotion of crime. Von Papen and Boy-Ed repeatedly made it known that this money was to be had for any and all purposes that would confuse and confound the "idiotic Americans" and bring them to the Kaiser's feet.

The well-laid secret plans of Von Bernstorff to create a reign of absolute terror throughout the United States were of the most incredible character. How well they succeeded is a strange record in American history, and that success unquestionably encouraged the beer advocates long after the Great War ceased. That their plans were made with the full knowledge of the possibility of his dismissal and possible absence from the scenes of proposed action is a foregone conclusion. Ample provision was made for the proper execution of these plans in the event of his disability.

Thousands of secret codes, subterranean routes and passages for the delivery of instructions to the conspirators, and cleverly arranged means of communication had long been arranged and prepared. This is well known to some of the officers of the Government. The dynamiting in Washington, Boston and other American cities of the homes of several prominent Americans was strangely like other German infamies.

If Americans are counting on their German friends for mercy and loving-kindness in the event of beer rule, let them turn to Mr. Arthur Gleason's *Lay of the Non-Combatant*, Cardinal Mercier's pastoral letter, and Lord Bryce's report. They will find that it was in the homes where they were most

hospitably received that the Teutons were most brutal. They will find that a German once is a German always. No law of God or man must stand between him and his desires, and no worshipers of graven images are so brutal or heartless.

In Belgium women *enciente* were shot down like mad dogs for daring to protest against cruelties imposed upon them. Once let Germany, through her liquor interests, get a strong foothold again in America and the worst may be expected. The writer, who is in no sense an alarmist or pessimist, would gladly welcome a ray of light, a vista of possible mercy in the perspective if there is return of brewery power. *It is not to be found.*

That memorable March morning, after the Sabbath when all the Senators of the United States except the brewery protégés found it necessary to march like messenger boys to the White House with a manifesto of their nationalism, the press despatches told of a gathering of German-Americans in a Western city that was made famous by a certain brand of beer, vouchsafing their loyalty and fealty to the United States. The nausea of it! In this gathering were no fewer than three brewers, all part proprietors in the largest institution of that class in the United States, who sent La Follette to the Senate to do exactly what he did,—attempt to betray the land of his birth in the interest of Germany.

The first question that thousands of the newly naturalized Germans asked was, "When does this oath go into effect?" When they were told "immediately," the mask dropped from their faces and

they stood revealed in their true guise, Germans, before and after, and for all time. Their Americanism was for the moment assumed only for their protection and self-interest. The strains from a single German band, one bar of the Hymn of Hate; and their love for the United States would take wings.

I have studied the situation from the early days of the war up to June, 1919, in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Boston and other parts of the country. In the upper-class German clubs, saloons, restaurants, homes of Germans and dives in Hoboken, the hatred of America and England is inconceivable. In the early stage of the war the hatred of Germans in America for England was intense. That hatred has veered around until to-day it is deeper for America than for England. In an old blue shirt with soiled linen, unshaven, pretending to be pro-German. I have personally polled ninety-three Germans during one night in the dives of Hoboken and the East Side of New York. In my judgment there were only three Germans among that number who would not murder an American in his sleep for the Fatherland, if he thought he could do so undetected. And they were as angry over the liquor question as they were over the issues of the World War.

Americans would be fully awake to the dangers that beset them but for two facts — the laxity of the press and the discounted proofs of past crimes and infamies. It is a world so overridden with horror that it is well-nigh impossible to keep pace. The newspaper man is in no wise to be censured. He has no time to sound warnings. A copy boy lays

a batch of "flimsy" on his desk, and it tells of ten thousand dead; the next page recounts the loss of a transatlantic airship. He turns the copy over wearily and buries a murder that would have been worth a column and a half a little while ago in three lines of agate over on a back page among the patent medicine "ads." And, as he crawls wearily to bed at dawn, he wonders restlessly where hell will break loose next, before another sunset.

No, there is no time for warnings, no space for journalistic casualties, courtesies or advices. It is a world of hellish horror; of hate and malice and crime incalculable. And the little kindnesses and warnings that might apply to the present liquor situation are missing from the calendars of journalism and the assignment books. But the newspaper man, especially the newspaper man of New York and Chicago, knows the situation, and, if it were possible for him to do so, he would tell the world in glaring black type that the percentage of "loyal Germans," that is, Germans loyal to the law of the land, liquor or otherwise, in the United States, is greatly overestimated.

The morning after the \$50,000,000 of ships were scuttled at their docks in Hoboken, N. J. (a city of 100,000 people almost entirely Germans, where the American flag was comparatively unknown until the winter of 1916-17, when the mayor insisted upon its restoration, and where millions of machinery were destroyed) an observant spectator, widely known as pro-German, dropped into one of the numerous saloons that dot the waterfront and remarked:

"Fine work that last night?"

"Ya," said one of the group smilingly, "some of da skyscrapers ober da water vill go next."

A little later the same spectator sought a very powerful German banker in Wall Street. After some Teutonic pleasantries, the spectator remarked that there was nothing on the surface to indicate that every German in New York was not heart and soul against America and everything American. The banker retorted "Nonsense."

"Why not adduce some evidence of what you assert?" it was suggested.

"How?" asked the financier.

"You have large interests here and a large following. Why not get up a mass meeting, compile a new and more elaborate oath of allegiance to this country, just an oath of sympathy not necessarily legal. See how many Germans you can get to sign it. Its moral effect would be immense and inspire public confidence in you people."

The great banker paled. "My God, I could not be expected to do such a thing! It might mean death to me."

Pinned down, Germans betray that their dominant fear is for and of the Fatherland. There is no thought of this or any other country.

A little army of Germans born in this country and not a few who have legally acquired citizenship did patriotic service during the World War. They are loyal and true Americans, and it seems a pity that they should have to suffer for the grave shortcomings of their fellow-countrymen.

It is an easy matter for them to reassure Ameri-

cans. Let them come out into the open on the liquor question. That attitude will place them on record and beyond question. The Constitution of the United States has been reframed so as to exclude liquor and intoxicating drink. Americans born and dyed in the blood of their native land put their integrity in jeopardy when they dare question the new law. And the German puts himself beyond the pale of tolerance when he presumes so to do.

A saloon which employed 77 bartenders was closed in a relatively small town in Ohio in the early summer of 1919. The receipts varied from \$18,000 to \$23,000 a day. Sixty-five per cent of the revenue derived was from beer, German beer, but the American, *being an American*, decided to abide by the law. The day following this announcement the press reports announced that New York brewers would continue to manufacture beer, law or no law, their counsel having so advised.

The result of this announcement in the light of the new era of reconstruction will be watched with deepest interest.

As I write, among the scores of beer gardens at Coney Island is one that during the season frequently sells from \$10,000 to \$15,000 worth of beer a day. At the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge, on the Bowery, is a saloon where they throw up great barrels of beer on stanchions, and the streams that issue therefrom are sometimes not turned off for hours. The bartender stands beneath the shower and draws glass after glass of beer for lines of men sometimes four feet deep across the bar, passing over each other's heads. The revenue from

this place runs up into the thousands each day, and sometimes an hour will elapse without a drink of anything but beer being sold. There are hundreds and hundreds of these places all over the country. They are not going out of business if it is possible to avoid it. Many of them now are preparing to make substitute drinks under all sorts of nomenclatures. If this is permitted, it will be almost as evil in its effect as the intoxicating beer itself. Leading physicians and authorities on this subject all over the country declare that countless diseases, such as diabetes and Bright's disease, certainly will result.

Here is presented a magnificent opportunity for the loyal German-American to show his Americanism. There are many ways in which these great properties could be made valuable to the American people. Certainly not by manufacturing substitute drinks in imitation of the old intoxicants.

Why not a dairy? In the light of countless new diseases being discovered on all sides, medical authorities are constantly preaching the doctrine of the value of milk as food. The demand is far beyond the supply, and after a universal law against drinking is passed men, beyond question or doubt, will turn their attention to healthful foods. Of these none begins to compare with milk. The farms that have been employed in growing malt and the grains necessary for the production of beer could be readily turned over to such purposes. Then the American people would without doubt willingly entertain a belief in the loyalty of these alleged Americans. As it stands, the effort to continue the brewery as a brewery in miniature certainly impresses the

fair-minded American with the thought that there is but one underlying purpose, the German scheme for the further advancement of German interests in this land. In any event, the substitute brewery is not to be entertained or tolerated, for it will have the same effect on the Teuton exchequer. If the naturalized Germans in this country were to start large dairy farms and model dairies and send the money back home to build up another great military machine, there is no law on the statute books to prevent; but it would appear to be useless and idle to attempt a substitute business in any form or guise.

Whatever may be the attitude of the American politician, he no longer controls the Constitution. Woman suffrage is a law. It is just a question of a very little time when women will hold the balance of power. The hundreds of mothers throughout this land cannot be ignored. They are firm in their purpose that no such thing as drunkenness, intoxication in any form, shall further mar the human race. The child of the drunkard and the youth in his cups will no longer be tolerated.

The billions upon billions of money derived from the brewery business in this country cannot be easily estimated. In the addenda of this volume, however, are brewery statistics that may prove of interest. It is not the purpose of the author to burden the text of this work with any such statistical data. Beyond question, hundreds of millions of American money were used in the building up of the great German military machine; just how much, no statistician could possibly reckon. The mode of procedure

was very simple. Beginning more than fifty years ago, the exodus of the brewer from Germany to these shores has never ceased. When he came here to begin his business, his pockets were always lined with gold. He rarely borrowed from an American banker; it was not necessary. The money came directly from the Fatherland. It follows that the major portion of it has been returned there, and it again follows that much of this money was used to support the German armies.

Is it within the bounds of human thought that this procedure can be repeated? Hardly. In the new epoch there will be no place for beer, or brewer, or substitute drink that can tear out the tissues and mar the health of the American people. It is to be a sober, industrious world. The wise brewer is he who may turn his attention to the dairy or something else respectable. None can gainsay the fact that a dairy farm is a respectable institution and that a dairy is a valuable means of helping the human race. Vice-President Levi P. Morton deemed it a privilege and an honor to build up the greatest institution of this kind in this country. The loyal German-American brewer should feel honored to be permitted to follow in his steps. By no possible estimation is the brewery respectable. No business that sends the souls of countless human beings to their undoing can be regarded as even semi-decent.

The advent of a few German-American brewers into the milk business would in all probability change the trend of American thought.

CHAPTER XI

LOYAL GERMAN-AMERICANS

OBVIOUSLY a certain percentage of the German-Americans in the United States are loyal to this Government. How large is the number of those whose fealty and coöperation can be counted upon in these strenuous times is a much mooted question. A careful survey of the situation from the very day that England entered the war is not encouraging to those anxious to give the Germans resident in the United States the benefit of the doubt.

Early in the proceedings, when the World War had just begun, the caustic and unwarranted attacks of the German-language newspapers upon every officer of the United States Government, from the President down to the most unimportant consul, established precedents in the matter of abuse and vituperation. No such license or so-called freedom of speech had ever been permitted in the history of governments, and it is doubtful if such unmitigated insolence and insult could be repeated without much serious internal trouble. They ceased this infamy when they had to cease it, and only after a small army of German offenders had been interned.

The files of the German-language newspapers throughout the entire country, particularly in Chicago, New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Milwau-

kee, for days following the *Lusitania* tragedy, are well calculated to fill the most casual reader with astonishment and indignation. Every one of the most important of these sheets was loud in expressions of satisfaction. The fact that many Americans were murdered, and the great ship with her cargo of useful and influential human beings sent to the bottom of the ocean was deliberately gloated over. In England, where great freedom of speech is permissible under trying circumstances, the culprits would have been tried for treason, taken to the Tower, and summarily shot. France would not have permitted the offenders to pass through the streets of Paris alive; and there is not a civilized country in the world where such attacks upon the very integrity of the Government itself would have been tolerated for a moment. Internment was indeed a mild punishment.

A leading German newspaper in New York pictured the President of the United States as a weak invalid, his legs tottering, while the Kaiser stood over him with his mailed fist threatening and a medicine glass filled with some noxious stuff in the other hand. "Take the medicine now (the *Lusitania*) and later on I will give you this" (the mailed fist) was the caption. The spirit of the cartoon was fully carried out, for it was not many months afterward when the German Government determined that one American ship only could proceed to Falmouth with the American flag trailing from the stern in disgrace and ignominy. Countless other such views were published and distributed broadcast by the liberally supported organs of the German-Americans. Noth-

ing was done; there was no law then to meet such cases, and the attacks and insults did not cease until Bernstorff was sent home and Ambassador Gerard recalled to this country.

How different the attitude of the French newspapers throughout the United States, which, remembering Lafayette and the assistance France rendered this Government time and time again, had every reason to feel aggrieved and insulted and might well have argued that they had right to criticize the American people. So also with Russia and Great Britain. Distance had lent no excuse when on many occasions the United States needed their help or assistance.

Taking advantage of the massacre of some three hundred Americans in Mexico and the ostensible indifference of the American people on their own continent as well as on the high seas, the German newspapers let their attacks and insulting hyperbole run riot. The files of some of these publications have been carefully preserved and are in the archives of the State Department at Washington. At no distant day they will in all probability be brought to light to good American purpose. That the German and the German-American newspaper can mould the sentiment of its followers and subscribers as no American or English or French newspaper can do is signally apparent. No Englishman or American or Frenchman would see insult and injury heaped upon the country whence he was receiving the bread of hospitality without resentment. Not so with the Teuton, who because of his possible usefulness as an American citizen has been received with much

tolerance in this country. He must needs be allowed to be arrogant and assume an air at wide variance with good citizenship.

The question of the loyalty of the German-Americans in the United States would be a much more inviting subject if anywhere among the records could be found just one disciple of German "Kultur" who had by voice or pen shown even a shadow of resentment of the brewery evil.

When any fair-minded citizen of the world notes a palpable injustice to the land of his adoption, in a spirit of fair play he must of necessity voice it to insure his standing. But there is not on record a single instance where a German-American, important or not important, has assumed such an attitude. On the contrary, every attack upon the integrity of this Government in the German-American press was warmly applauded. The beer question has engendered renewed insults and insolence on all sides.

It is well known among all those who have followed closely the American end of the beer and Pan-German crusade that the German-Americans were, at the opportune moment, to assume the attitude toward the Kaiser that "the King can do no wrong." This all-important matter was among the earliest teachings of the German "peace and beer emissaries" in America. When the psychological moment arrived, the Emperor's mission to rule the world was to be remembered and the fact that it was one of divine inspiration was counted all-important. It was decreed by Heaven itself, and the Teuton tyrant has not hesitated to assert and repeat time and again that God Himself was his ally.

The efficiency in this organization of infamy and tyranny has astounded all civilized peoples. In the German Empire and here in the United States there are unquestionably many Germans, some of whom might speak with authority, who cannot in reason hold to such profane belief. Yet they dare not say or write anything that might be construed as opposition to the almost universal thought of German beer rule.

It was to the utter astonishment of Germany that America declined to stoop to do her bidding, to join in any of her Prussian infamy. Threats, cajoleries were of no avail. Throwing their gold pieces on the counters of the shops and cafés in northern France during the early days of the war, the German soldiers told the attendants to "keep the change." They would collect in Paris on Christmas Day.

The years of deadly warfare passed. The German soldiers not only failed to collect at Paris but they met a Waterloo at Verdun. The Teuton forces were landlocked on all fronts. German commerce was swept from the seas, Germany's navy still corked up in the Kiel. Her colonies were lost, her people at home began to starve to death and those abroad were alarmed, knowing naught of their destiny and fearing for a place even to lay their heads. Ambassador Gerard was ordered home, and Count von Bernstorff, the leading spirit in a long series of the most iniquitous crimes ever perpetrated against the American people, was given his *congé* and told not to stand on the order of his going.

The early days of 1917 were days of such trial and suspense that no American will forget them.

A tried, patient and much harassed President, finally seeing the futile error of his patience, consideration and irresolution toward the bestial Germans, at last at bay, changed his policies. In May of the previous year, the German Government had given its solemn word that it would abandon its under-sea murder of the innocents. Like all other German promises since time has endured, it proved to be worth less than the proverbial pie crust, and on January 31st a resumption of the most brutal and barbaric method of warfare ever conceived by human mind upon non-combatants was resumed.

It was broadly announced from Berlin that by this method Germany would soon be able to end the war. In the first fortnight after the resumption, some hundred ships which were nearly all owned by neutral nations, and among which were several loaded with food for starving Belgium, were sunk and destroyed. As England alone was loading and discharging between eight hundred and one thousand ships a week from her own ports, and effectively policing a lane across the Atlantic, the under-sea warfare was not appreciably noticeable. The British Government told the world at large that the number of sinkings would decrease day by day, and so it did. Germany was starving, so the Berlin authorities decided that Belgium must starve also and ordered that American relief cease. Later because of a howl of protest from all over the world, and for other obvious reasons, this order was rescinded.

In the United States gentlewomen glanced wonderingly at the skies as they thought of the starving children of northern France, Belgium and Poland,

and silently prayed. The Man-in-the-Street gritted his teeth and asked his neighbor again and again wrathfully, "How long, oh, Lord, how long?" The same Teuton brutes are now asking that streams of their national drink be permitted to run through American cities for the further promotion of crime and vice.

But the lines were tightening hard about the German Empire. It took no soothsayer with the gift of foresight to see the approaching starvation of the people and the possible horrors of surrender or extermination.

Again Germany turned her eyes to America. Was there no hope from the land across the seas? And there was another wail for peace. Always back to the beer and peace emissary it was harked. How well those harrowing days are treasured in some tutored minds!

But the Germans, a very large percentage in America, think they are forgotten, as is evinced by the continued efforts to force the beer game upon the American people.

An inspired writer in the *Manufacturers' Record* in an elaborate article widely quoted in the *Boston Transcript* and other leading journals in June, 1919, rendered an interesting indictment:

"The more the German character is revealed to the world through the notes which the German delegation at Versailles writes to the Peace Conference, the more impossible it becomes to understand the depth of depravity of the German nature. And yet the constant writing of notes is in exact accord with the plans of the German officials when they sought an armistice in order to stop the march of the Allied and American Armies on to Berlin. They were wise enough

to know that the capture of Berlin would make an entirely different situation, and that the German people would then not be able to sow the seeds of discord throughout the world in which they have been now so busily engaged since the day the armistice was signed. Every letter written to the Peace Conference is for the express purpose of spreading broadcast these seeds of discord and weakening the determination of civilization to punish this nation of liars and looters and murderers.

"It has been said that if a man keeps on asking for a given thing often enough he gradually weakens the power of the one who has said 'no' until, having said 'no' time and again and continued to say 'no,' he finally yields to the persistency of the one who has sought his favor.

"Typical of the spirit of the German notes is the one delivered on May 29 by Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau, head of the German peace delegation. In this note he says:

"'We were aghast when we read in documents the demands made upon us by the victorious violence of our enemies.'

"In this, as in everything else in the note, there is an entire absence of any recognition of the fact that the German nation stands at the bar of humanity as the convicted criminal who has drenched the world in blood, who has brought upon it more sorrows than all the wars of the last thousand years, and that this war was brought on by Germany without the shadow of an excuse and wholly for its own aggrandizement. This nation of criminals, instead of standing before the bar to receive the verdict of punishment to the utmost power of civilization to make it, demands the right to insist upon the terms of punishment to which it will agree, and insolently seeks to discredit President Wilson and all others who have represented civilization in this contest against barbarism.

"Had Germany received 'a peace of justice,' the countries which Germany sought to destroy would be relieved of all war taxation, and the entire cost would be thrown on Germany. If civilization had undertaken the task in this way, and from Berlin under the flags of the Allies and America had put Germany to work for the express purpose of making the German people, to the utmost power of money, pay the entire cost of the war, we would long ago have had peace and world-wide recuperative activities, and Germany, realizing

that it was paying the just penalty of its crimes, would have accepted the decision of the world with less opposition than it is now making to the proposed Peace Treaty.

"A restored and prosperous Germany within the next half century would be a reflection upon the moral backbone of civilization, and would be an encouragement to Germany once more to make war upon the world.

"Until Germany be made in sackcloth and ashes to learn what repentance means, what punishment for crime means, until its children have been educated into new thinking, and its people have learned that the nation which through such inexpressible crimes as Germany has committed, that 'the nation which forgets God shall be turned into hell,' then and not till then the world will be safe through the centuries to come from any further effort of Germany to dominate the world.

"But the German people are already thinking about preparing for the next war, when they expect to crush Anglo-Saxonism and rule the world. That is the definite statement of one of the great German leaders of the war."

And it might be most appropriately added the revenue for the next conflict must be raised. What better field than America and what better business than the beer business? And in the event of trouble nothing more inconvenient than internment perhaps at a charming watering place!

The truth is that Germany literally has received no punishment in proportion to her offense. Had a few of the hordes of beer sellers and traitors in the United States been put in solitary confinement for a few months on bread and water, it is doubtful if she would ever have attempted to resume her beer business in America.

CHAPTER XII

GERMANS RETURN TO OLD METHODS

EVENTFUL, even epoch-making, was the month of June, 1919, in the United States of America. Persistent American womanhood had forced Congress to acknowledge the right of the mother, the wife and the sweetheart to suffrage. Vociferous debate and discussion at Paris and in the United States Senate continued to excite world interest over the mythical and idealistic dream of a League of Nations. Peace, the fickle jade, hung by gossamer thread from a storm laden, ever changing, sky.

Germany, the Hercules of hypocrisy, besought an American protectorate while the savants and wiseacres of the whole world, Christian and infidel, rubbed their wondering eyes and tried to envisage that ostensibly rejuvenated nation of Judas Iscariots. The cables were heavily laden with this new desire, and attention was called to the fact that there were localities in the Northwest of the United States where English was not known at all, and where the pupils were still required to sing the German national anthem. It was not noted in one of the requests for a protectorate that there were seven hundred and fifty German schools in the United States where English was not spoken, and that out

of three hundred and ninety-seven teachers in the state of Nebraska, three hundred and fifty were Germans.

Close observers of the situation recalled the Kaiser's address to the Military Council at Potsdam in which he said:

"Even now I rule supreme in the United States, where almost one-half of the population is either of German birth or German descent, and where 3,000,000 voters do my bidding at the Presidential elections. No American administration could remain in power against the will of the German voters who, through that admirable organization, the German-American National League, control the destinies of the vast republic beyond the sea."

It was confidently and publicly stated by prominent German-Americans in the United States that Wilhelm would shortly be returned to his throne so soon as the "farcical and ludicrous" peace deliberations were concluded.

The Teutons floated around in the whirlpool of waters, and astute historians began to question the wisdom of the peace pact of the French Generalissimo Foch.

In the large cities of the United States the daring and increasing insolence of the loyal (?) German-Americans began to attract widespread attention.

In the height of the renewed Teuton activity the *New York Herald* on June 8 published the following comment in its news columns under the headlines "Germans Eager to Resurrect Hyphen and 'Kultur'":

"Germans in America are beginning to drag to light the international hyphen which was denounced and laid away during the war, and without waiting for the signing of the peace treaty are showing their organization and power in this country. There is evidence that the Germans have not changed and await only the opportunity to 'come back.'

"The first of the German activities is being directed at the schools. The Germans are bent on getting back the powerful advantage they had before the war, and their leaders have asserted they proposed to again take their place in the schools of this nation by having their language and the superiority of Germany again taught to American children.

"The methods of procedure are the same as in former years; the war has made no difference. It is the same old method of under-cover, secret propaganda. If they cannot regain their place one way they will in another, they assert. They are preparing to show their power in politics, and by standing together as a political factor there is little doubt they can exert great pressure on political parties and candidates.

"One of the first evidences of their renewed activity was brought to light by Lawrence A. Wilkins, in charge of modern language instruction in high schools in New York. Mr. Wilkins recently advocated abolishing all instruction in German in schools supported by public money. The German propagandists, including many German teachers in the schools, at once got to work. Mr. Wilkins states he received many communications, including several anonymous letters, informing him that the Germans would yet return to power both in politics and in education and put German back into the schools.

"Threats were made to him, Mr. Wilkins states, that because of the stand he had taken the German element would deal severely with him later, for through their influence 'at court,' evidently meaning in the Board of Education, they would be able to force him out of the schools.

"Mr. Wilkins says that such activity by the Germans convinces him that the German element is still strong and hopeful, and that it would be wise to do away with everything the Germans and pro-Germans want in this country."

Similar articles were published in many parts of the country showing an ever increasing activity

on the part of the German brewers and propagandists.

Richard Croker, the Germanic advocate and erstwhile Tammany leader, who departed from New York some years ago for reasons which are best known to himself and which need not appear in these pages, returned to the seat of his former activities and declared that the laboring man must have his liquor. Charles M. Schwab, who is supposed to have rendered valuable service to the government of the United States, stated his position in relation to the liquor problem. He declared: "I don't believe in prohibition that will enable me or Mr. Vanderbilt or any other rich man of the country to store our cellars with wines and whiskeys for the rest of our lives, while the others who haven't the money must do without. Who can truthfully deny, prohibitionist or anti-prohibitionist, the palpable and inherent injustice and viciousness of a law which so flagrantly discriminates between the rich and the poor in its operation? Nobody!"

And Schwab made this statement in the face of the fact that the law he is discussing is already passed and is part of the Constitution of the United States for the government of the nation which he is supposed to be serving in the guise of a German-American. It would be less offense to allege that a member of the Vanderbilt family, a name that tingles with the highest form of Americanism, was guilty of burglary.

To revoke the spirit, renounce the verity and wilfully and deliberately disregard the solemn and sacred Constitution of the United States day by day,

month by month, and year by year, with premeditation and malice aforethought, is hardly within the purpose of any member of the Vanderbilt family. In this connection it would be interesting to know just how much money Mr. Schwab made during the World War; and equally interesting by contrast to know how much the Vanderbilt family gave away; and also just how many weary hours and how much service the women of that distinguished family group of Americans passed in canteens and hospitals during the Great War. More important by far than anything else at this writing is a school of manners for German-Americans.

While Mr. Schwab was making his covert attack on the United States liquor statute and the Vanderbilts, his fellow German-American, Christian Feigenspan, the President of the United States Brewers' Association, who resides in Newark, N. J., was amusing himself by purchasing additional breweries. His last acquisition was the Dahler Brewery situated at Albany, N. Y. The property had not been operated since December, 1918, because of the war-time prohibition. After making the purchase Feigenspan made his fellow brewers throughout the country joyous with the published statement that the United States would never go dry inasmuch as 2.75 beer would always be permissible.

How cleverly and astutely have the brewers played their blood-stained cards! No propaganda of the Great War appeared more roseate on paper. Whiskey is abolished. The rich madeiras, the rare old ports and burgundies, the sparkling moselles, and the golden vints of champagnes are to be ta-

booed. Nothing else is left but 2.75 beer, the direst poison ever poured into the human system, or perhaps a glass of Rhine wine and seltzer.

The rest of the world may parch and forever remain dry, or else bend the knee to the Teuton bidding. Americans can readily conceive the outcome. To get drunk on 2.75 beer the victim must drink an enormous quantity. The more he drinks the more coin falls into the Teutonic till. And the more likely is the victim to acquire diabetes, Bright's disease, and the hundred and one other kindred diseases that physicians universally declare are the sure result to any ordinary beer drinker but the Teuton himself, who has a digestive apparatus second only in elasticity to the anaconda.

The brewers' constantly reiterated falsehood that 2.75 beer is not intoxicating is best refuted by ten affidavits filed in the Federal Court of the City of New York from eminent medical authorities. It is necessary to refer to only two of these.

Dr. Arthur Dean Bevan of Chicago, President of the American Medical Association, says:

"The question as to whether beer containing 2.75 per cent of alcohol is intoxicating or not is not a matter of scientific medical opinion, but a matter of common knowledge and common sense. It is a matter of common knowledge that beer which has been heretofore sold in the United States containing from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent alcohol is definitely intoxicating."

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, former Government pure food expert, is among those who declare there is sufficient alcohol in 2.75 beer to intoxicate the average man:

"Alcohol is admitted by all experts to be a toxic substance without respect to its quantity. A little of it produces a small degree of intoxication, a lot of it a very advanced degree of intoxication, and a certain quantity of it produces death. I have, in my experience, seen scores of students visibly intoxicated by drinking German beer over a period of from six to twelve hours. The fact that many other students, drinking the same amount of beer for the same period, were not visibly intoxicated, does not lessen the value of the observation that some were. The effect of alcohol on the human animal is always toxic, no matter how small the amount or what its degree of dilution. The visible signs of intoxication are not produced by the last drink, but depend upon all that have preceded it for many hours. Thus the first drink is as much a cause of intoxication as the last. The effect of alcohol in the liquid drunk is cumulative; it is not necessary in order to produce intoxication that the human stomach should hold at any one time a liquid containing a sufficient amount of alcohol to produce signs of intoxication."

A thousand British, French and American authorities could be quoted in support of these views.

Meanwhile the Germans went about their business. What care the brew masters for American authorities?

During the week ending June 14 the American Federation of Labor held its convention at Atlantic City, N. J. In short order a resolution asking that 2.75 beer be exempted from the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States was passed. The vote was overwhelming in favor of such action, the record being 26,475 to 4,005 votes. It mattered not that James A. Duncan, the Chairman of the Labor Council, Seattle, Washington, and other delegates in good standing pointed to the wonderful results that had been attained since the workingman was deprived of his tippie. In the State of Washington the people

were better clothed, better housed, and living under better conditions than ever before, he declared. The whole convention adjourned so that the thousands of delegates might attend the demonstration held in front of the Capitol at Washington on Saturday, June 14. The permit for the demonstration was signed by Vice-President Marshall.

A delegate from the Central Labor Union at Washington denied charges that brewers were footing the bill, declaring the expense was being borne by brewery workers.

The amount of money expended by the brewers for the edification of the delegates reached a tidy sum. The plaza in front of the Capitol had never before in the history of the United States been used for such purpose. Time and time again requests have been made to hold like meetings, but permission has always been refused.

It was entirely apparent from the inception of the demonstration that it was a German movement, financed almost entirely by German money.

Day by day Americans are asking how much further the German beer propaganda is to be allowed to go. It is impossible to divorce entirely the attempts to assassinate the Attorney-General of the United States, State judges, and other officials from the Teuton, the earmarks of the attempted crimes are so distinctly and distinctively similar to many that have gone before.

In those trying black days before and during the war, every known secret plan and plot that could be devised and executed without danger to the perpetrators, from the assassination of the President

down to the incitement of food riots in the slums of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and many other large cities, had been carefully schemed and arranged for with diabolic cunning.

The Secret Service people had been helpless to prevent the burning of the munition factories and the placing of bombs on ships going to sea. The hordes of workmen employed in the arms-works and the large numbers of foreigners engaged on the outgoing ocean liners made those tasks exceedingly difficult, and but few arrests have been made. In every other direction the work of that remarkable body of detectives has been distinctive and successful.

During the War atavistic Germans in the United States, pretending undying loyalty to the American flag in the open, did not hesitate to lend their purse and assistance under cover to outrages which, had they succeeded, would have entailed untold suffering and the death of some of the most important men in the legislative councils of the people.

Regarding the United States as a foolish, wavering nation of "idiotic Americans" on an uneven road leading to ultimate destruction and dissolution, the Germans in the United States have played their game with a daring and dastardly insolence as heartless and insulting as the Kaiser's attitude to suffering and sorely tried Belgium. Day by day it grows more infamous.

With a stupidity that is perhaps characteristic, the German-Americans seem to have been utterly unable to envisage American sentiment. When Germany was winning her early victories on the

Western front, and before England had corked up her fleet in the North Sea, it was practically impossible for an American to go into one of the middle class theatres without being insulted. In one of the picture houses on Broadway in New York, built with German capital, the audience must rise *en masse* whenever the German colors were shown and cheer loudly. President Wilson's picture when shown on the screen was treated with open contempt. If an American happened into that theatre and he did not rise to the German colors, his action was sure to excite comment and often insult.

Early in the World War the New York officials saw the imminent danger on the horizon, and took the most peremptory measures to avoid trouble and curb the exuberant insults of the several hundred thousand Teutons in and around the metropolis. Secret service officers and headquarters detectives have not hesitated to confide to the author the fact that New York is, in their judgment, the only one of the "big brewery cities" (cities where there are big brewery plants) which is, on the surface, safe.

When the new law is put in force next January, St. Louis, Milwaukee, and the other large cities which support enormous breweries will have great trouble, it is predicted, unless more practical precautions are instituted than have been made thus far.

"Every saloon in the country, certainly in the brewery cities," said an important official, "should be closed until we have settled down to the work of reconstruction; until the United States is out of the woods in any event."

"The brewer can scatter a few thousand dollars around the saloons, nearly all of which he owns, and do more harm than half a dozen submarines, and once that sort of trouble is started it is sure to become epidemic," declared this same official. "The liquor men know they are on their last legs in this country and they are just the kind of people to try and create trouble when the occasion offers."

What temerity it was that prevented the proper officials from taking hold of the liquor question at the psychological moment is a question of interesting surmise. Early in the World War, Russia abolished her vodka, France did away with absinthe, and Great Britain so restricted the saloons that Tommy Atkins would often let the hour for his tippie pass unnoticed.

The people of the United States can hardly hope to pass through the present world crisis unscathed. When the Germans entered Belgium, it is the testimony of half a dozen war correspondents, the assistant secretary of The Hague, Dr. Roseboom, and no less a personage than Viscount Bryce, that whole armies were bestially drunk, and committed unspeakable outrages upon the persons of women and children. Sober, there might have been some few drops of the milk of human kindness in those fiends of the moment. It is on record that in days gone by they have been imbued with the spirit of human feeling. But drunk to the verge of insanity, nothing more could be expected of them. *In vino veritas*. When in his cups the gentleman sometimes touches his hat; the beast wallows in the gutter.

It is hard, say you, that a gentleman may not

have his glass of *vin ordinaire* with his dinner. Perhaps! But it is a day for sacrifices. If this topsyturvy world is to be set right, if up out of this chasm of blood-lust, out of this abyss of infamy and heinous wrong, is to come a new world, it must be built on the altars of self-sacrifice and earnest effort for a rejuvenated and rehabilitated national integrity. And there can be no faltering or hesitancy along the way. If the goal is to be reached, it can only be won by the spirit of dominant purpose and unswerving allegiance.

"There is a rank due to the United States among nations, which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are at all times ready for war."

Those inspired words of the greatest soldier and statesman the world ever welcomed, Washington, apply with the same truth and force to-day as they did in the memorable December of 1793. And never was the imperative necessity for their keen and close observance more apparent than now at the advent of the new era of reconstruction.

Awake, America, awake! It is a cry that has been roundly rendered, blatantly heralded, from Maine to the Rockies, from ocean to ocean. Every thinker, every savant, every patriot in the nation has sung it, and the land must awake, awake to the German menace within its borders and throughout the universe. Can this menace now be combated effectively without battle, murder, and a rain of

death within the republic? That is the question that confronts the multitude of Americans who are old-fashioned enough to hold to the theories and practices of Washington, and his conception of the punishment of those most dangerous of all crimes against a free people, Treason and Disloyalty.

CHAPTER XIII

AN UNPRECEDENTED MEETING

NO student of humanitarian or sociological problems in the United States would dare question the danger of the return of the brewer to political power. The adoption of the light wine and beer fallacy simply means that he will be put in absolute control of the liquor business with a complete monopoly of the trade, and resume his old menace to government, federal, state, and municipal.

It was peculiarly significant that on Flag Day, June 14, 1919, the great Labor demonstration in behalf of the brewers was staged in front of the Capitol at Washington, and that almost simultaneously announcement was made from Berlin that German Socialists were about to establish press bureaus in every quarter of the globe.

The Socialists are definitely and peculiarly the beer party of Germany. The Germans are of course of the beer persuasion; but many brewers and nearly all of the brewery workers belong to the Socialist party, and are earnest and enthusiastic workers for German domination and beer supremacy wherever the Teuton may have pitched his tent. A Socialist meeting without beer would be like nothing so much as "Hamlet" with both Hamlet and the Ghost left out.

The demonstration at Washington was of a character not likely to pass out of the public mind in the years to come. It had been widely announced that from 100,000 to 150,000 Labor men and advocates of the return-to-rum principles would be present. But when the crowd assembled the police estimated that no more than 10,000 were in attendance. All the old arguments about freedom and liberty were revived and in one or two instances attired in new raiment. Samuel Gompers, the President of the American Federation, who had rendered fine service to his Government during the war, in a temperate and well thought-out address, declared that serious social and economic consequences would result if the laboring man was deprived of his liquor. "Honey" Fitzgerald, in the lower house of Congress, and once Mayor of Boston, Mass., the city that had the distinction of declining to receive the British Mission, expressed great confidence in President Wilson, and stated that he was sure that Chief Executive would rescind the war measure forbidding beer and light wine, but that he had no hope for the later permanent measure. He frankly stated that he believed that the people would defy the law if any attempt was made to enforce it. State Senator Carney of Massachusetts denied that the meeting was Bolsheviki. If the meeting was Bolsheviki the assemblage would not be standing on the steps of the Capitol, he declared. "If we were Bolsheviki we would go right through the building and get them," he stated.

No such meeting was ever before in the history of the country held at the Capital. It will for all

time be given a separate and distinct page in the annals of America.

After it was over and the shadows began to deepen above the dome of the beautiful building, Representative Upshaw of Georgia issued a relatively lengthy statement. The statement concluded with this cogent paragraph:

"I love the inspiring strains of the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' but the stars lose part of their beauty, and the stripes a part of their glory, and the 'Star-Spangled Banner' loses part of its inspiration when these patriotic emblems and songs are employed to continue the régime of German brewers and to encourage the alcoholic debauches of working men everywhere.

"Many statements that I hold from labor leaders over America prove the truth of the fact that Mr. Gompers in his present contention does not represent the sober, native-born laboring man of America and especially of the South."

While the mass meeting was being held on the plaza, Samuel Gompers and other Labor leaders appeared before a sub-committee of the Senate Judiciary Committee. His address to the committee was made up of the usual platitudes and the oft-repeated and always astounding argument that in the pursuit of life, liberty and human happiness it is absolutely essential for the laboring man to have light wine and beer. According to statistics of unquestioned authority, only one working man in every one hundred and nineteen drinks light wine; so it is apparent that the brewer may have the field practically to himself.

When, however, Mr. Gompers declared that much of the madness in Russia was due to the inability of the populace to procure vodka, he naturally placed

himself in a very embarrassing position. The United States in these eventful days may not be overburdened with statesmanship; but it is doubtful if there is a member of the Senate who has not contemplated the chaos in that land with infinite horror and who has not publicly and privately expressed the sentiment that it was a blessing of God that the people were unable to obtain strong drink in any form.

Nicholas, the Czar of all the Russias, may have been a weakling and a ruler of mental impoverishment, but when he passed over into the purples and golds of the Great Beyond, he carried with him this satisfaction, that he had rid his people of the national curse, vodka, handed down to them through long centuries of feudal government and misrule.

There is no brief for strong drink. The young lawyer with the ink on his pig-skin still wet can stand the most experienced barrister on his head, if he is at all familiar with his subject, and has given even minor time and study to the world's history. Mr. Gompers has repeatedly stated that there is going to be trouble if liquor is not permitted the Labor man.

Senator Walsh of Montana asked Gompers at the Committee meeting to cite serious social conditions that had been caused by the abolishment of drink. Gompers could not answer. He parried with the response that there was no place where there was not drink, a statement that was painfully trivial, especially for the reason that one of the grave Senators present happened to hail from a state of which a part is so governed that if one man gives another

a drink and the latter accepts the drink, the giver gets six months in jail and the acceptor must serve a term of nine months. To the casual observer it would appear that the law ought to be the other way around, that the tempter ought to serve a more severe sentence than the tempted. Not so, however. In that particular state it is argued that under present conditions a man who gives away a drink is a pretty big fool, but that the man who takes one when he does not know where the next one is coming from ought to catch h—, and they give him nine months of it.

There is much humor in Texas over the liquor question now that the people are enjoying the fruits of sobriety, but the laws are enforced to the letter. It is easier for a rich man to drink through the eye of the biblical needle than to get a drink in Galveston, Houston or any other part of Texas.

No one knows these facts better than does Gompers. He is fully cognizant of the truth that in every state in the Union where liquor has been taken away from the workingman the conditions have improved tenfold.

Washington correspondents and congressmen all admitted that the mass meeting on the Capitol plaza was by no means a representative one. There was a conspicuous absence of the workers in the great shipyards, railroad shops and big industries. Labor organizations rarely represent the real labor sentiment, and the wiseacres all agreed that if there had been any real heart in the movement there would have been in attendance at least half a million workmen from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore,

Richmond, and the larger nearby cities. The workmen who have tasted the fruit of prosperity, who have glimpsed the prosperity of not only their own families but those of their brother workmen, have no desire to go back to the old rum-soaked, crime-laden town or city. Each man is watching with deepest interest his little bank account, his wife's lineless face that used to be so full of care, and his happy children about him.

No man living knows the horror of drink better than Gompers. He has seen in the old days, long before the Great War, when there was absolutely no restriction on the liquor trade in New York, men dynamiting elevated trains, burning buildings, destroying property, and committing crime after crime. Half the time the men were crazed by drink. Rarely did they win; and public sentiment, that hated capital and would have been only too glad to arraign itself on the side of the workmen but for such outrages, turned away with disgust. A vast majority of workmen are heart and soul in sympathy with the present world movement against the brewer and drink. As scores of them have said to the author, the saloon-keeper is their direst enemy. He will take every cent they have, and when they have spent their last dollar and lost their jobs and their families, he will kick them into the street.

The American workman is the highest type of skilled labor in the world. He has come to a quick realization of how he has been humbugged, made a tool of and then cheated out of nearly all that is worth while in life by the brewer and the saloon-keeper; and he is not only anxious to see the liquor

dealer go, but he does not want him to stand on the order of the going.

Soldiers who distinguished themselves in the Great War appreciate that the next few months, the months that lead up to January 1, 1920, and perhaps for a little while after, mean much to the future of this country. Their appeals to the workmen, officials and the women who have been victims of drink are reaching out all over the land.

Col. Dan Morgan Smith, who commanded the "Battalion of Death," 1st Battalion, 358th Infantry, made a notable address before a great audience in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., on May 27, 1919. The troubles that Gompers touched upon came in for much of his attention.

"The move to stop the manufacture of alcoholic beverages is already in the Constitution," Colonel Smith said. "But the law to prohibit its manufacture has not yet been enacted. If the brewer is allowed to run Congress, you will see a fine of \$1 or less as the punishment for any infractions of the law. On the other hand, if you allow the brewer to run the state Legislature, you will see state laws enacted that will allow the brewers to manufacture beverages that contain 6 to 8 per cent alcohol. We are not going to allow the brewer to run his industry in some other country after he has been stopped here.

"Does this audience know that the brewers were behind the circulation of the buttons that read: 'No Beer, No Work'? Do you know that they are the instigators of all the trouble that has arisen as a result of the circulation? Are you going to stop the threats of revolution coming from the brewer?

"The brewers are attempting to bulldoze the public with threats of revolution. If they are not stopped soon they will dictate to the ministers, to the law-makers and to all. This is pure bolshevism, and before we will stand for bolshevism we will fight another war.

"Who ever heard of any one looking for \$2,000,000

with which to fight a lawsuit? This is what the brewers are now seeking with which to win their fight. If the brewer can win, let him, but I have my doubts, as have all others."

The \$2,000,000 referred to in Colonel Smith's address was raised shortly after June 1, 1919. No secret was made of the slush fund. Brewers openly boasted of it and declared they would have no difficulty in continuing to do business, in spite of Constitution, war-time prohibition or anything else. The manner in which much of this money was expended is exceedingly interesting, but does not reflect any credit on the Americans who continue to misinterpret the definition of the words "liberty" and "license." The bars, boudoirs, dining-rooms and banquet halls of German-owned hotels all over the country were literally plastered with posters of every description. In many instances the brewery propaganda was so illiterate and clumsy that it only excited ridicule. Occasionally something of an inflammatory character was posted or distributed, and then immediately taken in charge by the authorities.

The greater part of the Teuton propaganda during the spring and summer of 1919 was concentrated to show that a majority of the American cities which had been bereft of strong drink and the German life food were going to the demnition bowwows. The drug addict was pictured in no measured terms of horror, and the future of the whole land was painted in tones of opaque blackness.

So strongly tinged with disaster and calamity was the song sung by the brewers that a number of patriotic American newspapers took up the cudgels

and instituted surveys of the fields so blackly pictured by the Teuton tricksters. Among these journals was *Collier's Weekly*. Willis J. Abbot, the well-known naval historian, was engaged to go over a wide stretch of country and make investigations. In a series of several papers Mr. Abbot discusses his subject most interestingly. In every city which he visited he found greatly improved conditions because of the absence of liquor, and his conclusions entirely bear out the contention of the author,—that the brewer and all his cohorts must go.

The most significant observation recounted in Mr. Abbot's articles was that no city that he visited which has abandoned liquor and crime has the smallest desire to return to the old conditions. Mr. Abbot says in the first of his articles:

"In most of the Southern States the prohibition existing prior to the adoption of the amendment to the Federal Constitution was statutory; that is, it was adopted by the legislatures without a direct vote of the people. But in such instances the votes of the representatives from urban districts were usually cast against such legislation. It is an interesting fact, however, and one which I shall demonstrate later in these articles, that in almost every instance in which a city, after a year's experience of prohibition, has had an opportunity to repudiate it, or to mitigate the rigor of the law by adopting some qualifying amendment, its people have emphatically refused so to do. Thus far there have been few deviations from this evidence of the satisfaction of big towns with dry conditions, even though established against the citizens' will. In such as have had no opportunity to express themselves at the ballot box, official opinion is unqualified that community sentiment would be vigorously opposed to any return to old conditions."

It has always been declared that should the Capital of the United States go dry the hotels, boarding

houses, shops, newspapers (very sad) would all be ruined and the Capital overnight would become a desert waste.

Listen to this tale of a boniface as recounted by Mr. Abbot, oh ye of little faith!

"Directly opposite the long gray colonnade of the Treasury Building a new hotel—the New Washington—has been erected since war broke out and prohibition befell the District. Lured by the sound of music, emphatically 'jazzed,' I found myself at midnight in a great basement dance hall there, larger than any I can recall in New York, with a dancing floor on which at least two hundred couples were disporting themselves, and surrounding banks of tables at which as many more were diligently consuming food and distinctly 'soft' drinks. It was a Monday—not especially a festive night—and the proprietor assured me that the scene was equally lively every night, while on Saturdays the press exceeded by far the capacity of the hall. The drinks were unquestionably soft. Their alcoholic potency was as low as their cost was high, and I learned that 130 per cent profit was considered normal on these beverages, a fact which should go far toward making amends for the failure of inventors to produce a soft drink which tempts to a second libation. The manager of this new hotel had nothing but applause for the effect of prohibition on his business. He declared that possible losses on the bars which he had never opened—for his hotel was established almost coincidentally with the dry rule—was more than made up by his profits on the soft-drink and lunch counters which took their place, while the problems of running an orderly hotel were greatly simplified by the absence of liquor.

"A curious incident in connection with this hotel is the fact that the passage of the Sheppard prohibition law nearly prevented its erection. The owner of the lot on which it stands had agreed to a long lease and was to take a substantial stock interest in the company. When the dry law was enacted he withdrew, claiming that it would make profitable hotel-keeping impossible. 'It was the best thing in the world for us,' said the hotel manager. 'We bought the lot, and have done a tremendous business ever since we opened.

I never thought that I would approve prohibition in a town where I operated a hotel, but I hope never to have to keep a hotel in a wet town again.”

No city in the whole country has suffered more seriously through the liquor traffic than has Boston, Mass. The center of a great industrial and commercial section, liquor has literally eaten away its very heart, and vice conditions are as bad as in any American city. Bodies of the city's best citizens have struggled for years to right matters, but it has been next to impossible with the tide of the brewery and liquor interests against them. Even now there is alarm over the outcome.

In the early summer of 1919 the situation was succinctly set forth in an address made by Bishop Lawrence of the Episcopal Church, and quoted in part in the leaflet of that historic old parish church now known as St. Paul's Cathedral.

“Timid and conservative people are shaking in their shoes at the sound of Bolshevism and lawlessness. They insist that laws must be observed, and that those who disobey or evade them are dangerous characters. Some of us who are not Bolsheviks will soon have a chance to test that out. Soon the execution of War Prohibition, and later of Constitutional Prohibition, will begin. The question will then be, not that of temperance, but of loyalty. Whether, as is the fact, this country has in recent years spent three times as much money on alcoholic beverages as on education, or, as is not the fact, the ratio is the other way, is not the point. Nor is it a question as to whether we believe in Constitutional Prohibition or not, or whether our personal liberties are interfered with. The point is, are we going to obey the laws or not? Are we going consciously, to evade the law, or not? Are we going to be lawless or loyal? No man who breaks the law, in order to have a drink, can complain if a brick goes through his window some riotous evening.”

Every time an effort was made in Boston—and many other cities for that matter—to refute the statement, that the cities deprived of liquor are not tumbling ruins, a storm of propaganda from the brewers has resulted. To make matters worse, “big business” has been so interwoven with the liquor interests that it was almost impossible to divorce the two.

In Boston a little body of men, all men of distinction, banded themselves together and determined to put the facts on record so the brewers could not refute them. *The Verdict* is the title of the periodical that is the official organ of the committee, which comprises: President Lemuel H. Murlin of Boston University, chairman; Professor John M. Barker of Boston University, secretary; John L. Bates, former Governor; George W. Coleman, president of the Open Forum National Council; and Henry I. Harriman, former president Boston Chamber of Commerce.

The committee addressed communications to the governors of twenty-eight States where prohibition has been in effect more than four months, and the summaries of their replies unqualifiedly and unreservedly support the movement.

The responses from the governors of some of the states are of the most interesting and important character. In almost every instance there has been a great reduction in crime and vice, and Governor Thomas W. Rickett probably summed up the situation best of all when he said the liquor question was no longer a debatable one.

What is back of the attitude of Gompers and

some of the Labor leaders remains to be seen in the coming months of reconstruction. They are certainly not representing American sentiment to the workingmen, and one cannot help harking back to Mr. Lincoln's memorable admonition that you can "fool all the people some of the time, and you can fool some of the people all the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time."

CHAPTER XIV

WOMEN AND ONE WOMAN'S WONDER WORK

WOMEN have played strong, dramatic rôles in the world's work during the last few years. Their hard-won right to vote has met with the most enthusiastic approval in this country, and it is generally conceded that their efforts will be of incalculable value to the nation and its government in the years to come. It was perhaps for this as well as many other reasons that statesmen, journalists and casual spectators observed with sad eyes the delegation of women headed by Mrs. Ethel Rooney of San Francisco, attendant upon the Labor demonstration at the Capitol building at Washington.

"How can any woman array herself with the brewer—the German brewer—and the liquor evil?" is the question that was often asked. Scientists decree that it sometimes takes as long as a hundred years to remove the nearly always hereditary taint of liquor from a family of habitual drinkers. Sometimes it is never removed. The son of the drunkard comes from his mother's womb with the most serious handicap that life can entail.

Yet there were women, many women, at the meeting in behalf of the liquor evil. "How could they

lend their presence to such an occasion?" ask their sisters. Had they forgotten Edith Cavell, victim of the beer fiends? Did they not remember the trap the Teuton beasts with their drink-laden brains set for Dr. Adams, that wonderful woman of the West? Lest ye forget!

The spirit of adventure and the accompanying romanticism is nearly always to be found in the heart of the Southerner. And it was some of the best of the Virginia and Kentucky mountain blood that joined the schooner trains to the Far West in the halcyon days of the famous "forty-niners." There was no real excuse for the migration. There was just as good water and just as good land in the mountain fastnesses of the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridges; but the call of the wild allured, and then there was always the chance of discovering a great hill of gold.

Pressing onward until but a comparatively short distance from the Pacific, some of these adventurous pioneers settled in Plumas County, California, way up in the Northern Sierras, great ranges of plumas-clad mountains over which the sun rises in a majesty of beauty, and goes down in the purples and golds of the splendor of a glorious nature that is to be found only in a few countries.

It would be difficult to grow up other than a man or a woman amid the mountain splendor of that picturesque country. It is no land for the culture of weaklings and nondescripts. There is something in the tang of the air that makes for a fine manhood and perhaps a finer womanhood, as is about to be

conclusively shown in these pages. There may not be quite so much hothouse "Kultur" in Plumas County as in some other communities, but on the whole there is an every-day mountain population that any state in the Union, not excepting the mother land of Presidents, might well be proud of. This spectacular section of the United States has not thus far produced any Chief Executives, but it has done the next thing, doubtless,—presented to the world a most useful and courageous woman, as well as the soldier York, whom Foch declared to be the greatest warrior of the Great War.

Not so many years ago one of the maidens in the village of Plattsville, the chief settlement of Plumas County, began to attract attention. Racing through the village lanes and down the mountain roads, her tawny, sun-tinted hair awry, her serious face aglow with life and vitality, she made a picture that caused the old mountaineers to pause and regard her more closely.

"There is something in that girl, she is more than she looks," remarked the village wiseacre as she whisked out of the post office and through the village street like some nymph of the woods. "I calculate we'll hear from her some of these days."

Plumas County often harks back to this prophecy. As the svelt figure of the child began to round into the form of girlhood, the impression grew; 'Nette Adams was no ordinary girl. She was in this sequestered sphere for a purpose, the mountaineers with marked intuition agreed, and their pastoral wisdom proved to be not far wrong.

About the time the other mountain buds and belles

were counting their dance cards and straw rides, 'Nette was beginning to take life seriously. The village beaux passed her cottage in the moonlight strumming vainly on their guitars and banjos. There was a light within but the blinds were lowered, and "that wise Adams child" as she was sometimes termed, was poring over her books and successfully preparing herself to perform a duty that has astounded and dumbfounded the legal profession of this country and has caused this whole world, especially the German portion of it, to pause and regard her with amazement. How she burned the proverbial midnight oil, not even pausing to listen to the music of the village beaux as it was wafted in through her study window, became a school teacher and afterwards in her early youth a partner in an Oakland law firm, is not part of this chronicle. How she happened to be an Assistant United States District Attorney at the beginning of the Great War, and what she accomplished, however, do belong to this recital.

One of the best good fortunes that the very gullible people of the United States have had since the great conflict began is the fact that the little slim mountain girl, steeple-chasing past the ordinary girlhood, became an accomplished school teacher before she was out of her teens, afterwards studied and took her degree at law, and at the opportune moment was to be found in the United States District Attorney's office at San Francisco. For without Dr. Annette Abbott Adams, or "Portia of the Plumas" as she is sometimes known, German espionage and surveillance, German arson and mur-

der, and German infamy of every class, kind, and description, would have continued much longer throughout the West and in many other sections of the United States, except perhaps in New York, where that brilliant and accomplished Virginian, H. Snowden Marshall, was the United States prosecuting officer.

Mr. Marshall had already secured a number of convictions of German criminals, and was impeached by German brewery influences in Congress because of his prosecution of the Illinois Congressman, Buchanan. Of course nothing came of the impeachment proceedings except that the American people were afforded another opportunity to observe and speculate over German infamy and audacity. Mr. Marshall was acquitted of all wrongdoing, and the incident only added to his already fine reputation for courage and ability, a courage and ability that need not be dwelt upon, as he happens to be one of the Virginia clan of Marshalls that began with the famous Chief Justice of the United States and has endured successfully ever since.

Because of the laxity of the statutes, the sentence passed upon the California conspirators was farcical. Here were offenders—one an important government officer of Germany—who dealt in murder and arson with the freedom and premeditated forethought of an East Side Gangster or a Parisian Apache, and they are convicted with sentence of two years in prison, and a minor fine of \$10,000 imposed. Under German laws and customs the offenders would not have lived twenty-four hours after the offense was alleged.

This travesty on punishment to fit the crime in no wise detracts from the splendid accomplishment of the "Portia of the Plumas." It was no fault of her splendid ability and finished prosecution that the criminals were not appropriately punished. No woman since Jeanne d'Arc has performed a more courageous duty to her country. Her great accomplishment has put other national and state prosecutors throughout the United States on the *qui vive* and materially added to their zeal, for after a woman, forsooth, had convicted Bopp *et al.* it would be extremely humiliating for the man prosecutor to fail; and there was hardly a state in the North, East or West that did not have cases of the same character, if not of the same magnitude, on the calendar.

The Teuton offenses against the government were almost incalculable. There is hardly a locality, however remote, to which the German evil did not penetrate. In February, 1917, asking for more severe legislation, Senator Overman made the statement in a brief address to the Senate that there were one hundred thousand spies in the United States. How Dr. Adams, the Department of Justice officials, the Secret Service agents, and every penny-a-liner, familiar with the subject, must have smiled at that statement, knowing full well that a million would have been very much nearer the number and in all probability a conservative estimate! Fires in navy yards, machinery tampered with, untoward accidents of almost every description became so numerous that they rarely excited newspaper comment unless very serious.

"We are not worrying about Germany; it is the

Germans in the crew," said a young naval officer to the author after his ship had, on three occasions, been forced to return to port on account of "accidents." Of the several million Germans in the United States every seventh one is still so thoroughly imbued with "Kultur," beer, and the Teuton rule idea that there is not a crime in the calendar which he will not help on, or actually commit, provided the act can be committed without fear of detection. If this fact were not conclusively proved to the Secret Service and other interested government officials, they assert, there would have been mass meetings and other protests of all descriptions from the so-called German Americans about the countless crimes against the people of the United States.

It is significantly noteworthy that there has not been a material protest of any note because of the crimes of their fellow countrymen in the United States, from the German-Americans or the beer nabobs, in any direction before or since the Great War ended—if ended it has.

Early in the year 1916, when it became known that many Germans were being sent to the United States and Mexico on "missions for the government," several of the leading papers in Berlin protested, one with the statement that there were plenty of Germans in this country to do the Kaiser's bidding. Subsequent events have proved the force of this argument. A mere handful of foreign agents have committed some outrages. The major part of the crimes have been committed by Germans already in this country and in many instances naturalized

citizens. The attempts to assassinate United States Attorney-General Palmer and other officials bear all the ear-marks of many like crimes during the Great War.

Americans are forgetting the attitude of the German-Americans and the German-language press during the trying days that followed the *Lusitania* tragedy, or they never would have permitted the Labor demonstration on the Capitol grounds in behalf of the German brewers. And the German brewery, no matter where it is located, is part and parcel of the German Government.

The hourly expressed joy over the murder of the innocents in the submarine warfare, at this late day in every Teuton place of assembly throughout the United States, is evidence of what might happen in the event of a return of the beer power to the political life of this country.

It will be years before historians will be able to make the magnitude of German infamy and crime in the United States fully understood.

Many outrages Dr. Adams was able to inform herself of before entering upon the prosecution of the California conspirators. It was known to her and many other officials of the United States government that by every subterranean means within its power, food riots (the riots were not instituted until several months after the trial of the conspirators in San Francisco, but that they had been arranged for and were anticipated by the agents of the Secret Service was clearly illustrated by subsequent events), the burning of ships and munition plants, "peace meetings," propaganda of every insidious character

within the range of the diseased brains of the Teutons, were being prompted and engineered through practically every important German consulate in the United States and Mexico. Detection in many cases was simple, arrest and allegation simpler. The grave difficulty in the early days of the war was the laxity of the national laws on the statute books for conviction in such cases; and the maximum sentence for the grave offenses was but little short of ludicrous. In the minds of many Americans the laws for the protection of property and human life are totally inadequate. The Germans in this country involved in the perpetration of the countless perfidies and crimes were well informed of the lax laws, and the spies and confederates sent here from the other side were also soon equally well informed. It was a situation that government officials regarded shamefacedly, while forced to permit the Teuton conspirators great latitude and license. Until the Anti-Espionage bill was passed in the Senate there has been practically nothing done in the past forty years to protect a defenseless and imperilled America against the spy system and the Germanic agents and brewery potentates generally.

Just how defenseless and endangered the United States was when the war began can be best learned by two recent instructive and authoritative works, "Defenseless America" by Hudson Maxim, and "Imperilled America" by J. Cal O'Laughlin, a well-known journalist.

The Department of Justice and the State Department have in their possession records of direct destruction to American property, and of murder of

American citizens at home and abroad, on sea and on land, that would stagger humanity if it were not still hurtful to the public weal to publish the record. Of course these startling figures will eventually be blazoned broadcast, and then, and then only, will the gigantic scope of Teuton "frightfulness" be brought home to the American people. In the United States, in Mexico and on the high seas, the number will run well up into the thousands. A government expert who has closely followed the situation is authority for the statement that a billion dollars in money is a low estimate of direct injury. How much indirect harm has been done by the loyal (?) hordes of German-Americans in the United States and their confederates from over the water is beyond estimation.

Inroads have been made upon many branches of industry; in fact, the brewery and the saloon interest is perhaps the only "business" that has been left free from intrusion for reasons that even to laymen are entirely obvious. It was explicitly agreed by all the nations at The Hague that all countries should have the right to manufacture munitions of warfare. Germany willingly entered into this agreement. Yet despite this fact the following American munition factories were destroyed with an absolute disregard for human life. Approximately they mean losses to capitalists in the United States of considerably more than \$150,000,000 — besides the wanton sacrifice of many human beings.

In 1914 (September) — The Wright Chemical Works, Elizabeth, N. J., damaged by gun cotton. Three killed.

- In 1915 (April) — Dupont Power Co., Haskell, N. J. Five killed.
- (April) — Equitable Power Company plant, Alton, Ill. Five killed.
- (May) — E. I. Du Pont Co., Carney's Point, N. J. Powder mill blows up. Six injured. Stillhouse destroyed, Du Pont Works. Five injured.
- (May) — Elmer & Amend factory in East Nineteenth St., New York, chemicals explode. Two badly injured.
- (April) — Explosion of powder caps at railroad station, Pompton Lake, N. J. Ordered investigated by Mayor.
- (June) — Aetna Chemical Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. One dead and ten burned.
- (May) — Anderson Chemical Co., Wallington, N. J. Gun cotton explosion. Two dead.
- (August) — American Powder Co., Acton, Mass. Plant crippled.
- (August) — Arsenal explosion, Frankfort, Pa. Three killed.
- (July) — Du Pont Powder Mill, Haskell, N. J. Steam pipe bursts. Four scalded.
- (September) — Smith & Lenhart plant, New York. Benzol and wax explodes. Two injured.
- (September) — Fireworks factory, North Bergen, N. J., wrecked. Two dead.
- (August) — Frankfort Arsenal, Philadelphia. Mysterious explosion of time fuses. Three killed.
- (September) — Train carrying 7,000 pounds of dynamite wrecked at Pinole, Cal. Explosion kills three.
- (September) — Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Pittsburgh. Shells explode, killing two.
- (July) — Sement Solvay Company, Solvay, N. Y.. Benzol plant destroyed.
- (August) — Du Pont Powder Company, Wilmington, Del. Explosion. Two killed.
- (November) — Du Pont Power Co., Carney's Point, N. J. One killed and sixteen injured.

(December) — New Fires break out at this plant.

(October) — Aetna Explosives Co., Emporium, Pa. Four killed.

(December) — Corcar Chemical Co., New Rochelle, N. J. Six injured.

(October) — Metallic Cap Works, Pompton Lakes, N. J. Wrecked.

(December) — Fuse plant of Bethlehem Steel Co., Redington, Pa. One killed and fifteen injured.

(November) — Du Pont Power Co., Rising Sun, Del. Plant destroyed.

(December) — Du Pont Powder Co., Wilmington, Del. Thirty-one killed.

In 1916 (February) — Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Bridgeport, Ct. Two injured.

(January) — Du Pont Power Co., Carney's Point, N. J. Five killed.

(January) — Du Pont solvent recovery building blows up. Two injured.

(January) — Powder flare in Du Pont works injures seven.

(March) — Du Pont mixing house partly destroyed.

(January) — Du Pont Powder Co., Gibbstown, N. J. Five injured.

(March) — Du Pont filtering house blown up.

(February) — Bethlehem projectile plant, Newcastle, Del. Destroyed.

(January) — Du Pont Powder Company, Newhall, Me. Press house damaged.

(March) — Niagara Electric Company, Niagara Falls, plant destroyed. One killed, several injured.

(January) — Du Pont plant, Pompton, N. J. Cap explosion. One killed.

(January 10) — Du Pont Power Plant, Wilmington, Del. Two explosions.

(January 13) — Fifth explosion at this plant.

(February) — New England Chemical Co., Woburn, Mass. T. N. T. plant blown up.

(April) — Du Pont plant, Bluefields, W. Va. Wrecked. Three killed.

(May) — Du Pont Power Co. plant, Gibbstown, N. J. Destroyed. Fourteen killed.

(May) — Atlas Powder Co., Landing, N. J. Mixing plant destroyed. Five killed and fifteen injured.

(June) — Du Pont Power plant, Wayne, N. J. Destroyed. One killed. Eighteen injured.

Munition trains blow up in Lehigh Valley R. R. yards at Black Tom Island, N. J. Seven killed. Damage to Black Tom and nearby cities, including New York, ran into the millions.

In 1917 Canadian Car & Foundry Co. munition plant destroyed by fire and explosions.

(This list is not official. It was gathered at random by the author and there are perhaps many other plants to be added. The Department of Justice has declined to make public the full records.)

Quite a tidy little list, is it not, of that most heinous of all commercial crimes — arson!

But how few the arrests in any of the cases! It is one phase of crime where human ingenuity and detective knowledge are sadly at sea. It would have taken a small army to guard any one or two of those plants against the crime of the fiend who attacks while the world sleeps and who cares not how many innocent victims are destroyed.

Anent the attempts to assassinate the Attorney-General of the United States and other important officials of the Federal government in June, 1919, months after it was supposed that German infamy in the United States had been stamped out, former President Taft had this to say in the *New York Herald* of June 14, 1919:

“Three bomb attacks upon American society suggest comment on this method of spreading propaganda among a free,

intelligent and courageous people. It argues on the part of the participants and instigators as gross a misunderstanding of the psychology of American citizenship as if it were purely Prussian in its source. Of course it is not so except in the sense that pro-German dynamite activities in this country before and after we entered the war perhaps suggested methods and devices, and except that there has been developed a curious affinity between German autocratic mentality and that of the Bolsheviki and anarchists."

To those who do not care to trouble to analyze Mr. Taft's satirical subtlety, it may be stated that he is filing an unanswerable brief. It is no longer necessary to destroy munition factories. The wars of the nations are over for the moment. But the beer war has just begun. As Mr. Taft further says, "Such plots will out. The criminals will be caught and will furnish another opportunity to the soft-headed to plead for leniency."

It is after all the methods of warfare that Germany has employed that has put her beyond the pale of human consideration or sympathy—the murder of women and children, rape, arson, the sinking of relief ships, and every form of the most reprehensible crime known to human mind or ingenuity—that appals a stricken world.

From the first day of the war up to the present moment all methods of warfare and decency have been set aside. When battles were won it has always been by the overpowering strength of the great military machine that the Kaiser and his Prussian lieutenants had built. Any one of the Great Powers, so bent, might have accomplished the same thing with infinitely more success. All the romance of warfare was missing. Only when great masses of

men, poisonous gases, explosive bullets and every known form of barbarism were employed was victory attained; and like all success reached by foul means it was only temporary, and doomed in the end to the most titanic failure in the annals of world wars.

And when the great masses of troops, the poisonous gases, the dum dum bullets and all the anarchistic methods of warfare failed to strike terror to the heart of the civilized world—then the ruthless infamy of the assassin. The contrasts the world's cataclysm has presented can never be accurately glimpsed.

How different with England, with all the Entente in fact! The difference is best illustrated by the story told in every barracks and drawing room, of the German prisoner who in the exhilaration of his gratitude for the kind treatment he had received in an English prison, asked how he might show it, and was told he might sing the Hymn of Hate. Could response be fraught with more telling satire? Had the English subaltern been Thackeray himself he could not have conceived a keener irony.

Dr. Adams knew all of these things. She had full knowledge of the law and the facts when she undertook the stern task that lay before her. She was told by her superior that she was put in charge of the case because she could "think on her feet." What other reasons lay back of assigning a woman to the prosecution of a gang of the most infamous criminals that ever infested this or any other land, with the possible exception of another German,—one Becker and his partners in crime in New York,

—is a matter best known to the Department of Justice. On the surface, being “able to think standing on her feet” does not seem to be a reason that will suffice. It matters not, however. It was a lucky appointment, and Dr. Adams’ chief must be credited with good judgment. There may have been other reasons of importance.

Bopp, the star offender in the crimes alleged, was dean of Consul Generals in the United States. Von Bernstorff, the chief conspirator and personally appointed star assassin of the then German Emperor, was not an agent to overlook a possible contingency. He played his hand so openly for months that despite the “idiotic Americans” he had reason to anticipate that in the end he would be summarily dismissed. Needs be he must have a chief and assistant assassin. Bopp and several highly paid underlings were selected for the work. They had in charge a string of conspiracies that extended across the whole American continent, involving the blowing up of the Welland Canal, the destruction of scores of munition factories, the wrecking of numerous railroads, bridges, and a wholesale plan and scheme of murder and assassination unprecedented in world history. The details widely reported at the time must be fresh in the minds of all thoughtful Americans.

San Francisco is far removed from the beaten tracks of “peace emissaries,” spies, incendiaries, *et al.* It is distant from the Capital, the main bodies of Secret Service agents, and not within easy hearing distance of the statesmen of the United States. It was deemed a finer field base for the operations

of destruction than New York. So there the stage was set. Just how the play was enacted and the game of would-be murder and viciousness played out, is an unprecedented tale of horror.

One of the defendants had married into a wealthy and influential American family of San Francisco. It has been long one of the Pan-German customs. For many years the attachés of the German embassy have been single men when they came, the husband of some American girl of wealth and position when they departed. This has made America doubly the camping ground of Pan-German fanatics.

Boy-Ed was about to take unto himself an American bride when he was detected in his various iniquities and ordered out of the country.

The hearts of the women of the type of "Portia of the Plumas" go out in sorrow and sympathy to those girl victims—and there are many of them—of Pan-Germanism, who know so little of European life that they mistake the tawdry tinsel of the palace of "Him of the Withered Arm" for the regally royal courts of Europe. And the difference is the difference between the farm house of the German on his farm in Pennsylvania or New Jersey and his barn. The barn is always painted and well kept, but the home is left to the last in the arrangements and is often a sorry spectacle.

Yet woman's place in Germany is in the home, and never by any trick of circumstance in a court room. One million women were trained in and around Berlin for the army; but that was necessary and another round in the ladder of efficiency and "Kultur." Some of them, it will be recalled, ren-

dered service in the fields, and in business positions left by men.

The fact that one of the defendants had married into the élite of the metropolis of the Golden Gate drew the votaries of the inner shrine to the temple of justice, which is doubtless well. For women in Germany, the thoughts and ideals of women elsewhere the world over is *verboten*. Suffrage has never been seriously considered. Women are meant to breed victims for the military machine. When they fail, they are scorned; for such work is their only task, their only excuse for being, from the point of view of the Germany efficiency "Kultur" machine.

So when "Portia of the Plumas" arose to perform the task of the immortalized heroine of Shakespeare, she faced a throng of bedecked and befrocked men and women who represented the most advanced types of the society of the Golden Gate. And the defendants could not openly leer or sneer as the Kaiser had done in his answers to the notes of the President of the United States, but had to conserve a certain dignity of mien. The conviction at the hands of a woman served to heap upon them a sense of humiliation and mortification which they made no effort to conceal. It will always stand out and hold for itself a separate page in the record of American achievement. You may paint the picture as you please of these human beasts of prey convicted by a woman, a woman but yesterday a slip of a girl, racing out of the far Sierras and down the mountain side to do and dare for the land she loved. Note again the picture when this modern

Portia had finished with them, as they wended their way out of the court room, granting her the greatest of all plaudits, the *silence d'estime!*

Women of the type of Dr. Adams may be counted on in the rebuilding of the world, the new and sober world. And it is that type of woman that the German-American fears more than half a hundred American politicians.

(The author has refrained from entering into the details of the trial, which was a lengthy one and attracted widespread attention at the time. Despite Dr. Adams' brilliant prosecution, Bopp was released on bail. The other culprits received short sentences. The United States has for some time past sadly needed something similar to the Tower of London, it is very generally conceded.)

CHAPTER XV

INTERPRETATIONS OF THE LIQUOR LAWS

AS the summer days of 1919 grew golden and mellowed toward the harvest time, liquor, red liquor, continued to be the epic of the crowded hour. An American President sat at the Peace Table of the Great Nations on foreign soil, and strenuously fought to create an enduring pact. Clemenceau, Lloyd-George, Venizuelos, Balfour and the great world leaders struggled with him in that endeavor, and in the added effort to warp into semblance of reality that most mystical of all altruistic world dreams, a League of Nations.

Germany snarled and growled in the background, registering demands for better terms in one breath, and crying aloud for mercy like the fatally wounded beast she was in the next. The world, with the memories of the murdered nations in heart and mind, looked pitilessly on with thumbs down turned like the rioters of Old Rome. A daring aviator crossed the ocean without touching land or water, illustrating with clearness and cleverness that man had at last mastered the air.

All these and many other contemporaneous events occupied the public mind in a world once again partly at peace, spectacular in its progress,

vivid and intense in its multi-colored tints of kaleidoscopic human life.

But many studious and analytical Americans at home and abroad watched with somewhat listless eyes the trend of European events. The chaos of Continental Europe might right itself in the natural order. They had done their full duty in eleemosynary and philanthropic work amid the multiplicities of suffering peoples. Those works were ostensibly well-nigh concluded; and now to hold their attention there were grave forces making for the direst evil here in the United States, in Mexico and all through Latin-America.

In no wise daunted, the Teuton brewer continued to flaunt his insolent intent in the faces of the American people. Banking on the well-known and frequently avowed friendship of Carranza, the Mexican "First Chief" for Germany and all things German, a few of the American brew-masters more prudent and far-seeing than their fellows moved their plants to the land of the Aztecs. Others more daring, relying on the characteristics of some of the "idiotic Americans," instituted a renewal of German propaganda throughout the United States that for audacity and cardinal impudence promised well for their plans. In the earlier spring some small effort to conserve a subtlety of method was maintained. As the days passed, however, further and further out into the open ventured the Teuton agents. In every public place where it was possible to display them, placard after placard, crude posters and colourful, one, two, three, four and even eight sheet printings,—the style employed by the circus

and the ambitious theatrical entertainment, — were displayed. It was difficult to journey any distance along city street or country lane without being confronted in one way or another with the flamboyant propaganda. In New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia, Baltimore and the Pacific Coast the efforts of the Teuton propagandists were peculiarly and particularly conspicuous.

In the early days the placards usually only asked a question: "Do you propose to have your liberty and freedom trespassed upon?" et cetera, et cetera.

Later the Teutons employed more drastic terms. And the cosmopolitan American, having envisaged and followed the same efforts from the early days of the World War in Greece, all through the Balkans, in Spain, in Italy, in Mexico, in Russia and thence to the United States, asked himself wonderingly how long would the Federal authorities allow such measures to continue. Useless question!

At Washington every move that was being made in every section of the United States was being glimpsed by lynx-eyed agents of the Department of Justice and the Secret Service. It might be difficult to brand the brow of the assassin who plied his nefarious trade in the black hours, but the remembrance of Dernburg, Bopp, Von Papen, Boy-Ed, Von Bernstorff still keenly alive it was not at all difficult to offset this propaganda.

The efficiency of this propaganda was nevertheless noticeably effective as it progressed. Brewers in various parts of the country announced their frank and open intentions of continuing to do business, law or no law. Their tools, and in countless instances

their agents, the saloon-keepers, vied with them in threats and open plans to do business, law or no law. Frequently not content with making these threats openly the saloon-keepers put up signs frankly stating their attitude.

Occasionally a newspaper gave widespread publicity to these astounding moves on the beer chess-board. On June 30 the *Boston Globe* under conspicuous headlines published the following in its news columns:

"One Boston saloon keeper has made public his decision to keep open July 1, regardless of the War-time Prohibition law. He intends to go on selling—not just $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent beer or light wines, but any brand of liquid refreshments, his customers care to order, not only on July 1, but after that date.

"George F. Monahan, ex-State Senator from Charlestown, is the man who has announced this uncompromising position, a large sign outside each side of the door of his barroom at 20 Marshall Street stating in words that are legible across the street, 'Will keep open July 1, 1919.'

"The signs are flanked by others, one entitled, 'Look and Think,' which depicts a death's head intruding upon an immaculate bar, with a bottle labelled 'dope' in his outstretched hand, while an indignant bartender and several 'eminently respectable' customers cry, 'Put him out.'"

Appended to the article was an interview with the saloon-keeper, stating among other things that the war-time liquor measure was only a "political move."

Throughout the country similar articles appeared in several newspapers that were friendly to the liquor interests. And the thoughtful observer turned back the pages of his history to the Paris Commune, when the drink-poisoned mobs made the streets run red with blood, to the later days when

the absinthe-soaked *boulevardiers* threw the sacred vessels of the churches into the same streets and drove innumerable priests to their death, and to the yet later period when the Teuton beer brutes raped and murdered tender Sisters of Mercy and flung their butchered bodies to the starving dogs in the alleyways of Louvain!

Meanwhile Elihu Root, once United States Senator, who at no distant day had the honor of holding a portfolio in the Cabinet of a President of the United States as the leading counsel for the United States Brewers' Association, was about his business in the principal city of the United States. A New York judge had already rendered a decision that 2.75 per cent beer was legal, despite the Eighteenth Constitutional Amendment, — an amendment, it will be recalled, that is writ in the following comprehensive and explicit terms:

"Section 1. After one year from the ratification of this article the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the transportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof, for beverage purposes, is hereby prohibited.

"Section 2. The Congress and several states have the concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

"Section 3. This article shall be inoperative unless it shall have been ratified as amendment to the constitution by the Legislatures of the several states, as provided in the constitution, within seven years of the date of submission thereof to the states by Congress."

Scores of authorities, as stated and quoted in a previous chapter, had unanimously agreed that 2.75 per cent beer was intoxicating, and every state in the Union except three had agreed to abide by the terms

of the Amendment and in nearly every instance had overwhelmingly voted its ratification. Nevertheless, Mr. Root, as counsel for the United States Brewers' Association, which was behind the test case made by the Jacob Hoffman Brewing Company of New York, declared that a business heretofore considered lawful, and protected by the laws of the state and the United States was threatened with destruction. Hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of property was involved, and if the law was enforced as threatened by the United States Attorney-General, irreparable injury would be done before the possibility of a final hearing in the courts. There were two clouds that hung over this action, declared Root. "One is the penalty prescribed under the act of November 21, 1918, which will break up and put an end to the brewing business, and the other, the complication arising from the insubordination of the brewery business to the internal revenue law. The brewers are bound hand and foot under the law, even though they are engaged in the manufacture of 2.75 per cent beer. They are not alone subject to prosecution under the 'war-time measure,' but to concerted prosecution under the internal revenue law."

That was the purpose of the law, to bind the brewers hands and feet; and bound they are!

The hand of Mr. Root seemed to have lost its fine Italian cunning,—a cunning that for a time made him the premier of the corporation lawyers of this country,—for he left an open door through which Assistant Attorney-General Fitts gracefully walked with the following comment to the court:

"A great deal has been said here of the enormous size of the brewing industry and the hundreds of millions of dollars involved. Is that any golden calf to fall down before and worship? The question is, Can any litigants come into a United States court of equity a day in advance, professing wealth and with learned counsel, and say: 'There is a criminal law I desire to offend against; I have got it in my wicked heart to do so; I want the equity court of the United States by solemn decree to advise me and I will go ahead and violate the law.' Such a right has never been granted to any litigant. If it were, what would become of our institutions?"

"This bill was passed as a war measure, to preserve the man-power of the nation. Now that our men have gone to the front we are in duty bound to sustain them until the last man is back. This law runs, not only until peace is declared, but until the President by solemn proclamation shall declare that demobilization is complete."

Lo, the poor brewer! How deep the grief of the American people for his woe and helplessness! Never has the former Senator and ex-member of the Cabinet appeared to greater advantage than he did when he made his heartfelt appeal for that damaged, seriously injured and grief-stricken individual, the Teuton brew-master.

Cruel Mr. Fitts to attempt to tear asunder the heartstrings of that great German-American institution, the brewery. The other American institutions that have been razed to the ground by beer, — bought politicians and ward heelers, the human lives that have been laid in waste, the whole superstructure of national life that had been undermined by the institution of the brewery, — was, of course, not a matter of any great moment. With such idle, summer fancies, the great champion of the brewery interest was not concerned. What is to become of the brewery, that potent, helpful and all-important

rock in the foundation of the national life of the land?

That is the question, oh ye Americans! Post haste to the rescue lest the poor, downtrodden, begrieved brewer fall fainting by the wayside!

The author, it will be recalled, has already had the temerity to suggest the milk industry for His Majesty, the brewer. It is conceded that it is a far cry from the brewery to the dairy, and the brewer may at first go far afield in the attempted rejuvenation of industry. The toil of the brewer and the art of the milkman are not akin. It was simply a chance suggestion with the desire to be helpful. No conscientious American could feel other than sympathetic under the circumstances.

The contention of Mr. Root and other friends of the American tribe of Teuton brewers is that there is no possible or practical occupation for the brewer but the brewing of beer. The brewer, it appears, is born to the purple; he must perforce from the customs and traditions of the Fatherland do nought but brew his native slow poison. It does not seem to be a point well taken. "Kultur" might utilize occasionally some other vocation, and it is plainly the duty of all Americans to hasten to the rescue.

Anent Mr. Root's sad word-picture, varied and perhaps useful suggestions have already been made. Numerous writers on humanitarian and sociological problems are employing their spare time in attempts to secure absolutely sanitary, hygienic and wholesome vocations for the sad brewer who has lost his treasured industry. James H. Collins, a

writer in the *Saturday Evening Post*, had the following pertinent suggestion to make:

"When a long dry spell settled down upon a certain Eastern city something over a year ago it had three prosperous breweries. That city had been drinking about 300,000 barrels of beer yearly, worth \$2,100,000 wholesale, including revenue tax, and retailed for about \$3,300,000. This represented slightly under a barrel of beer per capita. To-day this city is eating 3,000,000 gallons of ice cream yearly, worth wholesale about \$3,600,000, and retailing for \$4,200,000. The population of the city has grown during the dry spell, but it is estimated that where about eight-tenths of a barrel of beer per capita was drunk yearly, now the per capita consumption of ice cream amounts to about eight gallons. One of the breweries had been making 65,000 barrels of beer yearly, which retailed for a little more than ten dollars a barrel, and brought about six dollars a barrel to the brewery, including tax.

"To-day this brewery is turning out 800,000 gallons of ice cream yearly, retailing at about \$1.50, and bringing the converted brewery, roundly, \$1,000,000. That is to say, there has been an increase in the value of its products of fully 150 per cent—an achievement with some very interesting business aspects.

"Ice-cream making calls for more workers in its processes. A brewery being a wholesale establishment operates with a comparatively small office force. An ice-cream plant sells to a very wide range of customers—soda fountains, restaurants, clubs, hotels, organizations such as churches, with a large home trade. Therefore the office force is increased by workers who keep books, make out bills, and so forth. To make 65,000 barrels of beer yearly you need approximately \$130,000 worth of malt, hops, corn and other ingredients—two dollars a barrel. To make 800,000 gallons of ice cream in the same plant you need about \$400,000 worth of cream, milk, milk powder and other ingredients. The materials required to make a gallon of ice cream cost about one-quarter as much as the ingredients for a barrel of beer, but people in territory where alcoholic drinks cannot be secured turn to ice cream and other sweets, and there is an interesting increase in business. Both beer and ice-cream ingredients come largely from the farm. But the transformation from beer to

ice cream switches production from field crops, like barley and hops, to the old cow. You must have the old cow for balanced agriculture, so that is a decided benefit, a gain in soil fertility and all-the-year-round employment on farms, with a reduction of soil robbing and speculative risks incident to single cropping.

"The old cow also plays a fascinating technical part in the conversion of a brewery to ice-cream making."

Milk and ice cream! Two valuable contributions to the brewery decalogue, it is to be hoped. There should be more forthcoming at an early day, for the brewer is about to make his exit cringingly, Mr. Root to the contrary notwithstanding.

The average workingman to-day throughout the United States spends of his income, not immediately applied for household and other necessities, from 20 to 35 per cent in drink. The percentage varies largely according to locality, the expenditure of the workingman in the large city being much larger than that of the laboring man in the pastoral community where the corner saloon is not a constant temptation by day and night.

Mr. Root did not cite these or many other interesting facts. He did not perhaps deem them relevant or pertinent to his appeal that the brewer and his interests might be safeguarded as a valuable and important national institution. Neither did the former Senator from New York deem it worth while to call the attention of the court to the fact that despite many recent removals, sales, etc., there are in the United States considerably more than a thousand brewery institutions which employ from seventy thousand to a hundred thousand men, and which are able year in and year out to pay more

than a hundred million dollars of revenue tax without apparently being forced to undergo any serious hardship.

Neither did Mr. Root deem it worth while to divert the interest of the American people to the astonishing fact that the brewing "interests" control, and in many instances operate, more than fifteen thousand saloons in the United States which employ an additional ninety thousand men. Again, Mr. Root was reluctant to cite the fact that the brewery "interest" has never believed in putting all of its pigs in one bag, and that it is vitally interested in many other American commercial enterprises besides beer, and that they range from buying legislatures to building skyscrapers. So many American cities are so entirely brewery cities that it has been found necessary to divert the brewery capital in other directions.

The brew-master is almost as great a master of publicity as he is of propaganda, as is illustrated by the fact that he created one brand of beer that has made at least one American city, Milwaukee, famous.

Mr. Root, as the great friend and counsel of the United States Brewers' Association (by what authority such an organization is permitted to use the prefix "United States" is not apparent), knowing full well that he had the great body of intelligent and patriotic Americans arrayed unswervingly against him, dwelt assiduously upon the idle brewery properties, and worse yet, the idle workingmen.

It may have been mere coincidence, but just about the time that Mr. Root was drawing his picture of

the idle brewery men and their plants, W. Otis Robinson, director of the Vocational Training Division of the Industrial Accident Board of the State of Massachusetts, concluded an exhaustive study of the labor situation in the United States. His deductions plainly indicated that there is not a large surplus of labor in the country, and that within five or six months there will be a deficit of from two million to five million. With the breweries running full time as ice cream, milk and candy plants, and the bartenders employed as coal heavers, longshoremen, bridge workers, et cetera, Mr. Root's many anxieties seem to be unfounded.

The interpretation of the liquor laws, both National and State, it must be admitted, is somewhat confusing.

With the midsummer, a titanic struggle in Congress to define a strict interpretation of the constitutional amendment is sure to be precipitated. Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas fathered the measure that seemed to meet with most approval. It literally and absolutely disbarred all alcoholic liquors and compounds and left brewer and distiller of light wine or beer, to say nothing of stronger drink, absolutely with no alternative. Three other measures introduced in the Senate and referred to the Judiciary Committee agreed in their definition that no liquor more than one-half of one per cent could be counted legal. Months of Congressional debate may be required to determine the issue; but the fact remains standing out clearly and concisely that there will be no more beer or strong drink in the United States after January 16, 1920.

Ad interim many changes might be necessary, it was conceded by members of Congress, before a final and satisfactory definition was reached. Just decree for the use of wine for sacramental purposes is, of course, a foregone conclusion. Unscrupulous politicians and a few England-hating Catholic priests vainly attempted to make capital of that fact, without, of course, any just cause. A vast majority of self-respecting American Catholics all over the United States were open in their denunciation of the brewer and earnest advocates for a strictly temperate nation.

After the decision of the Supreme Court which cannot be reached before the late fall of 1919 the work of framing laws for the proper interpretation of the constitutional amendment will have to be taken up by the states themselves. Half the United States was already liquorless with a wide divergence of laws. Twenty-one states already had "no liquor" laws. Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Jersey were the only three states in the United States which had not ratified the constitutional amendment. Six states prohibited alcohol in any form for beverage purposes.

This is the status of the States:

States prohibiting drink by constitutional amendment — Arizona, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Maine, Michigan, Nebraska, New Mexico, North Dakota, South Dakota, Texas, West Virginia, Wyoming (effective January, 1920).

States prohibiting drink by Statewide legislation — Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Utah, Virginia, Washington.

States in part permitting liquor, that is, under local option

and without Statewide no-liquor laws — California, Connecticut, Illinois, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont, Wisconsin.

No-liquor States which have fixed one-half of 1 per cent of alcohol as the standard of an "intoxicating beverage" — Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Indiana, Illinois, Oklahoma, Oregon, Minnesota, Missouri, Tennessee, New Hampshire, Utah, Virginia, West Virginia, Wyoming. Illinois, Missouri, Minnesota and Wyoming have taken this action in preparation for the Eighteenth Federal Amendment, and Maine has passed a law that its standard shall comply with what is adopted by the Federal amendment.

State which has fixed a standard of 4 per cent of alcohol — Rhode Island, by a recent act.

State which has fixed 3 per cent of alcohol as the standard — Massachusetts in the case of cider at wholesale under certain conditions.

State which has fixed 2 per cent of alcohol as the standard — Montana prohibits all distilled malt and vinous liquors and fixes a standard of 2 per cent for "liquor or liquid of any kind or description . . . which contains as much as 2 per cent of alcohol."

States which have fixed 1 per cent of alcohol as the standard — Vermont; Massachusetts, except for cider.

States which have not defined "intoxicating" on the basis of percentage of alcoholic content, but prohibit all distilled malt and vinous liquors — Arizona, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas, Wisconsin.

No-Liquor States which have laws prohibiting all "alcoholic" liquors for beverage purposes — Alabama, Arkansas, Michigan, New Mexico, Ohio, South Dakota, Washington.

Liquor advocates have called for referendum on action of Ohio Legislature.

In 1916 the total amount of beer and spirits consumed by the people of the United States per capita amounted to nineteen and four-tenths gallons. Fifty years ago the amount of liquid refresh-

ment necessary to satisfy the appetite of the average American was less than one-fourth that amount. Needless to say in recent years more than two-thirds of the drink consumed was beer.

So much for the march of Progress along one road! And the endless trails that have been blazed to every known crime and vice! No man or woman of sound mentality will gainsay the benefits to be derived from a sober nation of people.

"My conviction concerning the rum evil was confirmed a few years ago when I was foreman of the grand jury that investigated the white slave infamy," says John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in the *Christian Herald*. "I discovered then that the sale and use of alcoholic beverages had a very vital and intimate relation to the white slave traffic. In fact, I doubt if it would have flourished without connection with strong drink.

"I was permitted to have a near-at-hand observation of the practical operation of prohibition in Colorado in connection with the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, in which I am financially interested. When we first took hold of the property the company actually operated a saloon, the employees, many of whom were foreign born, insisting that alcoholic beverages were essential to their comfort. Then Colorado went dry. In a surprisingly short time the men seemed to forget all about the saloon, and their efficiency and earnings increased about 12 per cent. Denver remained wet for one year, while the remainder of the State was dry, and then Denver, by a large majority, joined the dry ranks. I believe that I am entirely within bounds when I say that if the question were again submitted to the voters of Colorado the State would vote dry overwhelmingly."

Beyond doubt, a battle royal is ahead between the two forces, one for a new light, a new life and a new nation; the other for the continuance of the reign of the Rum Fiend and all the consequences that follow in his train. The one force is consistent with

the same spirit of Americanism that put two million soldiers in France in so brief a period that it dumb-founded the whole world, Christian and Moham-medan, atheist and infidel. The other is backed by a flood of German money, most of which was wrung from the very lifeblood of Americans over bars and in beer gardens.

The situation in the United States was best summarized by the five Scotch delegates to the International Anti-Saloon Convention held at Washington, D. C., just before they sailed for home.

W. J. Allison, who headed the delegation, said, among other things, expressing also the opinions of his associates:

"During the six weeks that we have been in Canada and the United States we have compared the dry territory with parts of the country where liquor is still sold. We find by inquiries made through business and professional men that there is an enormous amount of data to prove that the saloon is a great detriment to the country, economically, morally and in every way.

"At the convention in Washington, nineteen nations were represented and plans made to enact prohibition laws in all these countries in the near future. Scotland is about twenty-five years behind the United States in the prohibition movement. Local option becomes a law there a year from next November."

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"To-morrow!—and it is already twilight." Bulwer's immortal lines as he painted the blackest hours of Robespierre's career come quickly to mind.

It is already twilight in America. To-morrow the Sober World! The beer seers and whiskey savants may scream and rail from the housetops.

Grim revolution may stalk in the streets. Mobs may rule for the moment, blood stain the cities. But the morrow of a sober nation is here — already it is twilight!

CHAPTER XVI

THE FUTURE OF THE DRUNKARD

A GREAT deal of hysterical nonsense is being written and suggested about the future of the drunkard. Drunkenness is, of course, a disease, as we all know. It is as much a disease as smallpox or diphtheria. In certain respects it is more of a disease, because the diphtheria or smallpox patient very rarely, even in delirium, is prompted to murder or other grave crimes. Not so with the drunkard. There is nothing within the category of criminal intent that does not darken his mind and force his hand even to foul crime.

The Salvation Army, which did such remarkable service during the World War, is already making elaborate preparations for the care of this unfortunate individual. Perhaps no organization in the world has done as much for the victim of liquor. In nearly all directions the efforts of this organization for the betterment of the liquor victim have been efficient and admirable. It would be interesting if anything like a record of their wonderful work in this country could be had. Their programme, however, for the care and assistance of the inebriate when the country is absolutely liquorless does not impress the social worker who is an astute student of the situation as forcibly as it might. Already

this organization is purchasing certain bars. It is its purpose to maintain these, practically, as they were conducted when saloons. The same bar paraphernalia, the same pictures, glasses, gilt and gold, and even the brass railings are to be preserved. Is not this an error?

It might be well to lease the same buildings, but should there not be a radical change in the equipment and furnishings? Undoubtedly the social influence of the saloon has been its great attraction. Thousands upon thousands of men have filled themselves up with beer and whiskey and other poisons simply for the pleasure of standing with their feet on the aforesaid brass railing and their elbows on the counter glibly, exchanging views, political, religious, social and otherwise. It does, however, appear to be an error to retain anything even resembling the old-fashioned saloon. It might be well to occupy the buildings and furnish them as club rooms, with libraries having papers and periodicals, and everything that has to do with club life; but not the brass railings, not the decanter, not the associations of the old days when men deliberately and with distinct thoughtfulness changed the trend of their minds from sobriety and good sense, equilibrium and poise, to the laxity and evil of mental nothingness.

Students of the drink victim very generally agree that three things are essential in the redemption and the rejuvenation of the drunkard. They are simple and easily obtainable. They are: water — lots of water externally and internally — good food, and work.

Already many of the great hospitals in big cities are making preparations for the reception and care of the victim of the saloon. And some of these arrangements are admirable. The psychopathic wards are being enlarged. In at least one hospital of which the writer knows, additional apparatus is being added to the hydropathic equipment. And nothing is so essential to the restored healthiness of the drunkard as the bath.

In this connection it may be noted that the psychopathic ward of the Washington Asylum, an institution that is anything but admirable, has one feature that has worked wonders. The basement of this old, ramshackle institution is diverted largely to a great bath. Washington, as has been pictured in earlier pages, has for many years turned out a multitude of drunkards. Many of them became chronic. Many of them of course had to be locked up. The city ordinances were of the most severe character. It was not unusual for the man who had twice been arrested for drunkenness to be given eleven months and twenty-nine days in jail. When he was taken to the psychopathic hospital, if he lived to get out, it was questionable if he ever repeated his offense. Certainly he did not if he had any mentality left.

The treatment in the psychopathic ward of the Bellevue Hospital at New York is severe and remedial, but it is not to be compared with that received at the institution at Washington. In the latter psychopathic ward, when the drunkard was admitted he was immediately disrobed and placed on a marble slab. Then three or four heavy army blan-

kets were pinned tightly around him with an especially manufactured pin. Over his body was poured boiling hot water. As it seeped through the blankets and reached the skin, of course it set the victim into the most extreme perspiration. After this treatment and a few hours' rest the patient was taken to the basement and there put in a room of needle sprays, while an orderly standing across the room played upon his diseased carcass a two-inch hose, part of the time of very hot water and part of the time of very cold water. If the patient lived through this treatment, in the course of a little while he became strengthened and improved. The treatment would have been admirable but for the reason that Congress had never appropriated a sufficient sum of money to maintain the institution properly. But the rudiments of the treatment were remarkable. Many of the patients, of course, died. If the records of this hospital were ever examined into, it would be found that they are appalling in their vital statistics.

One case which the writer recalls is that of an entire family who died under this treatment,—father, mother and son. Washington some years ago maintained a rather strict Sunday observance of the liquor laws. It was practically impossible, except in a few cases where one stood in favor with the police, to get anything to drink on Sunday. This law was observed even in many of the great hostels. The overnight drunkard, however, managed to find some way to relieve his thirst on Sunday morning. One drug store on Pennsylvania Avenue, in the very shadow of the Capitol, used

to sell hundreds of dollars' worth of alcohol. As small an amount as fifteen cents' worth could be purchased. The victim of the overnight jag took his alcohol to a nearby pump, or else he bought a bottle of ginger ale or ginger pop and prepared his drink. The family referred to had all been drinking this alcohol. They were arrested and taken to the psychopathic ward of the Washington Asylum Hospital and put through the usual treatment. All three of them died under it within the period of a few hours. If the hospital had had the proper head he would of course have seen that the entire family were in no condition to receive any such heroic treatment.

For the average drunkard, however, no treatment is too severe that is not cruel, and the world is just beginning to learn the vast curative powers of water. In this Washington hospital the writer has seen a negro placed in a continuous bath on Tuesday and kept there until the following Wednesday. The hospital being without proper means or the proper apparatus for the continuous bath as it is known at Nauheim, Mentone, Nice, Monte Carlo, Wiesbaden, and some of the great spas along the Riviera, of course could not administer the bath properly. The apparatus was inadequate, and consisted of a half-hogshead. Into this was put a chair. The patient was strapped into the chair and a hose turned on him, alternately running very hot water for two minutes and very cold water for the next two minutes. As the bath progressed the cold water was made colder and the hot water made hotter. No nourishment was given except liquid food and

water. The negro, a very powerful one, of course would have died but for his magnificent physique. When he came out of this bath his hands were as white as the proverbial sheet, and within an hour of the time he was released, while mentally deranged, he broke an iron rod by jamming it up against the wall.

To remove entirely the effects of drink from a human being absolutely, alcoholic medical authorities agree that it is often necessary to change every diseased drop of blood in the man's system. This is not an easy task, but one that unquestionably confronts every great city in this country and many small towns. Extensive preparations for the reception of the drink victims unquestionably should be made. A coddling system of restoration for the drunkard is rarely practicable, or permanently remedial; as a matter of fact, it is rarely of any use at all, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred heroic measures are absolutely necessary. Where they are systematically and scientifically applied, the results are remarkable.

The effect on the multitude of drug addicts during the transition from a semi-drunken to an absolutely sober nation of people, of course, has its difficulties. But the great hullabaloo about a nation of drug fiends has a deal of nonsense about it. The properly policed city is not confronted with any very serious difficulty if there are sufficient accommodations in the psychopathic wards of the hospitals. Without these, of course there must be a large percentage of cases of mental derangement and delirium tremens. How to meet this rests entirely with the

municipal authorities and the heads of the several hospitals in question. There should be extensive preparations in this direction. Statistics show a very large increase of drug addicts in some states which have been deprived of strong stimulants. In no state, however, has this increase been of sufficient strength to cause anything like the widespread alarm which has been excited by the saloon-keeper and his followers. This is a problem, to be sure, but one that can be met.

Mr. Rockefeller's experience in the Colorado mining camp is very suggestive. The drinking man, when he is cured of his infirmity, if there is a spark of manhood left in his body, is only too glad to face the light again. He soon forgets the saloon; he soon forgets his old associates; he soon forgets the foul language, the direful horror of evil all about him in the old days of his bar companionships; and he is only too glad to meet a better condition half way. There will undoubtedly be a large number of victims of drink whose minds are too far gone and whose systems are so thoroughly diseased that it will be absolutely impractical ever again to make of them useful citizens. The vast majority of the drinking tribe of working-men and men that do not work, however, can be easily cared for and made to seek a new life in the proper sort of environment.

It has been suggested by a number of philanthropic workers that the canteens which have been used for army purposes may be made available as meeting places for the victims of the saloons. In some cases, perhaps, this is practicable. Working-men's clubs all over the country will, of course, be

of great value. Domiciles such as the Mills Hotel in New York are of infinitely more value.

When that great philanthropist, D. O. Mills, built the first of these hotels on Bleeker Street, with accommodations for nearly two thousand men, he confidently expected that he would have to dig down deeply into his income each year for the support of these hotels. They are perhaps the best of their kind in the world. To his infinite surprise, and somewhat to his disgust as he told the writer, from the beginning they were profitable. Since the Mills Hotel was built in Bleeker Street two others of like character have been erected. In any of these hotels the working-men may get room for twenty cents. It is as good as any room that he would get in any New York hotel for a day. In the basement he has accommodations to wash his linen and bathe himself with absolute luxury. There are restaurants in these institutions where a man can obtain a wholesome, well-cooked meal for twenty-five cents. He can get sustenance in many of them for a little over half that amount. There are reading rooms, proper lighting facilities, and everything about every one of these institutions is absolutely sanitary and hygienic. It is not an unusual thing to see a line of two or three hundred self-respecting working-men, for one reason or another out of work, waiting to get a bed for the night. So many comforts do they have at these hostleries that many working-men live there permanently. There is, of course, a rebate allowed when the rooms are rented by the week. A few more Mills hotels scattered around the big and even the small cities throughout the country will be of

vastly more value than canteens and working-men's clubs.

The average working-man, after his day's toil, if he has n't a home to return to, is not going to sit around a hotel or reading room or club, if he is a good healthful, mentally sound man. He wants a bit of air and perhaps an hour or so at a cheap theatre. The liquorless era is going to afford the cheap theatre, and more especially the "movie," an enormous opportunity, and it is apparent that the time is ripe for municipal opera houses and theatres. One thing the retiring drunkard who has planned to go back to his drinking as soon as his pocket is well filled and he can do so gracefully does not want to hear is a bit of sweet music. He will avoid the strains of a good orchestra or the voice of some sweet woman as he would a rattlesnake. He does not want the better self touched. He wants to go back to his abyss of vice, and drink, and his cataclysm of horror without any tender memories to destroy or mar his mental determination. But the sober man will long for and insist upon this sort of amusement. It is worth while to drop into one of the cheap theatres along any avenue of any great city to-day to bear out this statement. The acrobat, the clown, the movie with its criminal lesson and its horse-play, drearily interest the average intelligent workman for the time being. But let some mellow-voiced woman make her entrance on the stage and sing with a bit of dulcet refrain some song that touches the heart, and you will see that workman's hands come out of his pockets in a moment and the applause is real, not perfunctory. The educational

theatre, the cheap opera, — cheap and good opera, — are two of the forms of entertainment that eclipse all the working-men's clubs, all the canteens, and all the ordinary rudimentary entertainment for the former habitu   of the saloon.

Is it necessary, however, to dwell upon these several entertainments for the delectation of the enforced reformed drunkard? Why not let him go out into the world and take his place among men and do his duty in the proper fashion? If he is too weak, too far gone to do that sort of thing, perhaps it is well for him to make his exit and pass over into the shadows, where he may be better off. It is a rather sickening reflection that this man has been forced to pass over into the shadows without the proper sort of redemption because his condition is not due to his own lack of character. It is a condition that was brought on by the weakness and laxity of society. It is a condition which the minister, the philanthropist, the law-maker, and the statesman are responsible for. The reflection is sometimes not a pleasant one, that the United States has perhaps a larger percentage of drunkards than any country of the world, for the simple reason that the Government of the United States has endorsed liquor as a business; the state has further enhanced its legality; and then in turn comes a municipality which also derives no small amount of revenue. In other words, the whole social system, simply because liquor has been a source of revenue, has endorsed and distributed it. But though it will be long before they are forgotten those evil days are past and over with. There is a new, radiant era ap-

proaching. Sobriety is no longer an asset but an essential and a necessity.

It is well, perhaps. There is no place in this day and time for the weakling. It is a man's epoch with man's work, and man has to hasten to do it, because if he does not we are going to have a world ruled by women. As it is, the possibilities of petticoat rule loom large on the horizon. It has taken many, many years of absolute horror under the liquor régime to beget a situation that in all probability is in store for us. Women will never pardon the old kind of government, they will never permit a large percentage of the population of men in this or any other land to go quietly along their way as drunkards, drug addicts, nincompoops or mollycoddles of any class, kind or description. They are going to insist upon strong, firm and fundamental manhood. The day of the woman with a babe at her breast and a drunken father in the corner saloon is over with. Just what this same woman is going to do when sobriety becomes universal and the ship of state is being steered in no small measure by her fine hands and fine mind is not a pleasant reflection for the few strong men left in the world.

CHAPTER XVII

LIQUOR AND AMERICAN POLITICS

NEVER perhaps within the memory of man, certainly not within the recollection of Americans, was the necessity for a nation of sober people of such paramount importance as it has been during this era. A crisis of world interests was precipitated in nearly every land under the sun. The grim spectre of revolution stalked in many streets. Uneasiness and unrest encompassed the globe, and nowhere was this status of disturbance and disintegration more marked than in the United States of America. An adventurous Irishman had arrived on these shores with the avowed purpose of starting an Irish revolution. Revolution already was daily increasing in Ireland, and a continuous state of revolution existed in Mexico with fair chances for the final overthrow of that prince of *condottière*, Carranza. Egypt, several countries of the Balkans, and even neutral, peaceable little Switzerland were in the throes of governmental demoralization. In no land was this unrest of more serious character than in the United States. Party lines were obliterated in the whirlwind. Former President Taft frankly and openly arrayed himself on the side of the present President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson. In the

Senate the vast majority of thinking men of both parties were studiously and strenuously endeavoring to bring about the complete and properly formulated League of Nations. In the lower house of Congress practically the same frame of mind was existent.

With the mistakes of the Geneva Convention and the failures at The Hague, to many minds the possibility of a League of Nations in reality and ultimate success seemed far away. But men, almost to a fraction of the population that was not revolutionary and Bolshevik in spirit, appreciated the fact that somewhere in the background of this effort to create a world league for peace and a tribunal where nations might take their differences and have them settled as in a court of equity, was the possibility of an iron-clad and powerfully cemented Anglo-American affiliation.

In the formation of the League many of the nations had been dragged in by the ears. Italy cast her cards into the ring and got but half of the territory which she hoped for. Greece was dissatisfied, France by no means content with the punishment of her dire enemies; and there were many other difficulties of similar character. The statesmen of Great Britain and all of her great minds — thinkers, writers, government-makers, men of science and men of letters — watched the impertinence of the German propagandists, who were distinctly and plainly responsible for much of the unrest in this country. Liquor, German beer, and the Rhine wine of that turgid stream that runs through the land which has begotten more hatred than all the other neglectful

and cruel peoples on earth, furnished the elements for much of this unrest.

But the efforts of the German brew-masters and their affiliates befogged and befuddled but few Americans on the whole: they saw clearly through the millstone, and it was evident beyond question that in the end the Teutons would fail. The intellectual American and every patriotic citizen of the United States conceded and agreed—to pass the barriers of argument—that the time had arrived for a sober nation of people, sober in the sense that no part of the population could in drunken vagaries incite revolution; and sober in the thought that the time had arrived for a government of distinct equilibrium for a nation of people who possessed that most desirable of all magnetic things, poise; for a people who could meet anywhere along the highway of life and conserve and preserve a sense of integral justice and equity toward all their fellows.

The brew-masters were aghast. William M. Anderson, who has done more, perhaps, than any living man to bring about a world of sober nations and sober people, graphically described the situation when he said that the brew-masters' spasm of indignation at the possibility of a liquorless country had deteriorated into a mere squall. Mr. Anderson's confidence, however, in the outcome was not shared by many close observers. President Wilson's somewhat careless comment about the self-determination of small peoples had had a vastly more far-reaching effect than perhaps he ever dared to dream it might attain. Among the rank and file

of Great Britain's important colonies, Australia, Canada, India, and other of her possessions, this self-determination utterance created not a ripple on the stream. But in Egypt, and more especially in Ireland, it worked the direst effect. Home Rule, forever before the world, was now bruited about with a flagrancy and flamboyant insistence that was at once disturbing and distressful.

It was freely asserted by the friends of this movement that it was Hidalgo, a village priest, who had started the first and most important of Mexico's revolutions. Every effort was made to make clear a resemblance between Washington's fine scheme for an independent government and the similar Irish attempt of this day and time. Of course no Irishman cognizant of the truth could find any possible relationship and in most instances the argument fell by the wayside as a useless and worthless thing; but there was still a sufficient number of people in the United States and of people in Great Britain to make this matter a serious issue, and for that reason it was quite within the possibility of events that at no distant day this effort might cause additional unrest and perhaps most serious and grave trouble. So the more imperative was this necessity for the quick approach of an entirely sober people.

Significant indeed was the attitude of no small part of the population of that great American city of culture, Boston, Mass. One of its Congressmen, a man named Fitzgerald, on authority known only to himself, had announced from the house-tops that President Wilson would beyond question repudiate the war-time prohibition and lift the

ban on German beer and light wines. On the strength of his somewhat positive statements on this matter, hundreds of liquor dealers in the Hub of the Universe made applications for renewals of licenses and plans for a continuance of their nefarious businesses. It was as plain as the proverbial pipestem that this condition of things could not continue without eventual trouble, and the world looked on with the deepest interest. The saving fact in the whole situation was the alignment on the side of sobriety of practically every man of any note in public life.

Mr. Taft, irrespective of party affiliations and partisan future, won the admiration of the whole country by his disclosures of German propaganda, and by his constant comments on the German assassin. He did not bandy words and he traced in many of his writings the attempted assassinations of several of the country's most important citizens to German hands, the hands behind the liquor movement, and perhaps the most evil coterie of propagandists that ever blotted the world.

The attitude of the President begot excitement on all sides. After the Labor demonstration on the steps of the Capitol, Fitzgerald and several of his associates returned to Boston and publicly repeated that the President would unquestionably lift the ban on German beer and light wines. He gave no authority for this statement. He made no effort to trace it to any authoritative source. He simply made the plain, matter-of-fact and unvarnished statement that his fellow-countrymen could go on with their liquor game and the Germans with their

breweries. Men and women alike wondered what the outcome would be.

Germany timed—it may have been mere coincidence—the signing of the Peace Treaty to the memorable Saturday just before July 1, 1919, when this ban was supposed finally and for all time to place the United States on the side of sobriety and make this country the initial land where men could not drive themselves insane with drink, where lawmakers could not belittle their purposes, and where crime and vice would be bound to meet a Waterloo. President Wilson announced, after the last act in France to beget the League of Nations covenant, that he would sail for the United States on Sunday, June 29, 1919. The anxiety of the people on the side of sobriety continued. If Fitzgerald was correct in his surmises how could this issue be determined? Men that knew the President and his opportune method of doing things could not read the stars. How was America to be informed of the lifting of this ban? By wireless?

It seemed impossible that the President of the United States, after the Congress of the United States had firmly declined to interfere either one way or the other, would interfere. The tension on the public mind, perhaps, was as deep and grave as those trying days just prior to the declaration of war. With consuming interest, America watched the situation from every angle, and it was wonderful to mark time to the movement of the deep thinkers of the world as they came promptly to the front with daring utterances and more daring actions.

Standing out among these leaders endeavoring to make plain the plain duty of all people, was that most wonderful of all modern priests, Cardinal Mercier. On the very eve of July 1 he caused to be published an interview which appeared in every important newspaper in the world, setting forth plainly the attitude of most of his fellow-countrymen. In a later chapter his words are quoted. There was no dilly-dallying in his statement. He pointed out that despite the fact that directly behind him in the shadows was his own land, the victim of the direst outrages in all history, drink was of infinitely more injury to men than war. His own words the reader will peruse with interest. Ministers of the Gospel, men of affairs, and the serious journals and periodicals of the country came to the front with startling and astonishing conscientiousness. It mattered not to many of the great journals that big business and the political life of the country were so interwoven that liquor interests in a measure had to be cared for. It mattered not that the country was about to lose an enormous amount of revenue from the liquor trade. It mattered not that enmities and animosities were being excited on all sides. The really great newspapers of the land with no axes to grind came out in the open and pointed out exactly the same salient facts that Cardinal Mercier had brought to the light in his historic and God-inspired *pronunciamento*.

Meanwhile, the friends of Irish freedom, so called, took clever advantage of the situation. De Valera, the "President of the alleged Irish Republic," appeared suddenly on the scene at the Wal-

dorf-Astoria in New York, and frankly and openly announced that he was here for the purpose of floating a loan of five million dollars, the funds from which were to be used to create an Irish Nation. How De Valera arrived here was a mystery. When one leaves a land to go to another land to start revolution there are usually some formalities to undergo. De Valera waived all of these, and announced that he had been domiciled with a half-brother at the Catholic Mission Church in Roxbury, Mass. He also very openly declared that he had been here for some days and had been strenuously at work on his job. He declined to say how he had arrived, when he had arrived, or what methods he had pursued in regard to passports, and distinctly and emphatically showed complete disregard for the authorities.

The observers along the way watched the spectacle with wondering eyes. It had not been very long since the authorities of this government had arrested and imprisoned a Mexican leader, one Huerta, for a precisely similar act. It had not been very long since Great Britain, whose friendship for this country has not been questioned by any responsible man, now living or dead, for the past fifty years, had saved the whole world from utter destruction, and incidentally had saved the United States of America from brewery rule, from the worst possible destruction by Bolshevik uprisings and revolution, from just such inhumanity and brutality as that under which Belgium was ravaged, from horrors untold, from infamies unfathomable, and from a future that no man or woman dare dwell

upon even in thought. The protests from British sources naturally excited widespread comment. Some of the English newspapers were not sparing in their criticism of this country for permitting such actions. Their indignation was further enhanced by the attitude of the Senate of the United States, which passed a resolution favoring Irish Home Rule. Oh Gratitude, where art thou now!

Turning over the files of the newspapers, *feuilletonists* and paragraph-makers harked back to the sinking of the *Lusitania*, to the death of Edith Cavell, to the countless acts of destruction and assassination in this land by Germans and their tools, and marvelled at a land that could permit such a gratuitous insult to the one government under the sun that stood in a position to save the world — and save the world it did, and saved the United States from the most terrible ignominy and suffering conceivable.

“Would President Wilson play into the hands of the brew-master?” asked the friends of decency and law. No one knew. No one could surmise. Various were the conjectures. It was said that the German brewers had precipitated this situation so that they might say that President Wilson had allowed them to believe that they might continue the beer business and liquor trade. It was an astute trick, a clever bit of chicanery. No matter what action President Wilson might take, it was relatively simple to put a cloud of misconstruction on that act. But those looking down deep under the waters remembered that President Wilson in such crises had never failed thus far to show rare wisdom.

His friendship for Great Britain no man could question. His ability might at times be the motif of discussion. His acts, as in the case of every other great leader in Washington, were open to serious comment and criticism. His Mexican policy was a mistake. His too-prolonged absence from this country was an error perhaps. But in a crisis with the possibility of revolution confronting, it was to be expected that he would rise to the occasion.

Meanwhile, the efforts of the friends of liquor, at the instigation of the brew-masters, planned to die a hard death. One saloon keeper in Boston, as mentioned in a previous chapter, had announced his purpose to disobey the law, irrespective of any situation that might arise. As a result of his act, left unpunished, the windows and walls of thousands of saloons throughout the country flaunted similar signs. One impressed the author of this book with small favor. He found it in a side street leading from a main Boston thoroughfare. It read simply, "You will find me doing business here or else the key to my cell."

But Cardinal Mercier's words have been read and reread. How true his statements — that wars leave heroes sometimes, and fine memories, and fine efforts for fine purposes, but a revolution incited by whiskey, riots incited by German beer, disorder and demoralization engendered by roughs and gangsters, what does it leave? Nothing but a maelstrom of blood, idleness, sorrow, grief, and no cause thereof but that nauseating excuse, drink.

CHAPTER XVIII

ENGLAND, BONNIE ENGLAND

WHILE the transport *George Washington*, erstwhile crack greyhound of the German Merchant Marine, under forced draught bore President Wilson to his native land, event after event, incident upon incident, piled one upon the other with a celerity that was startling. The old battle between Capital and Labor was resumed with vigor and new danger.

Following closely upon the Convention of the Labor men at Atlantic City, the nation's principal playground by-the-sea, came the announcement of more strikes throughout the country. Federal authorities raided the Rand School in New York a second time, a so-called seat of learning in which was discovered enough inflammatory and revolutionary literature to keep a firing squad busy for the proverbial month of Sundays, in the old days when firing squads were considered effective and fashionable. Another ambitious anarchist exploded a bomb in Brooklyn, doing small damage and escaping without detection. A strike was in progress in the fur factory where the "incident" occurred. Coincidentally, Department of Justice officials discovered an iniquitous incendiary scheme to destroy the Kansas wheat fields, laughing to the breezes with banner crops nearly ready to be garnered.

At the same moment Washington obtained from secret sources the information that various public buildings in Boston, Mass., Concord, N. H., and other New England cities were to be bombed and destroyed with the usual accompanying loss of life. As a result of these reports the residents of the Back Bay district in that ultra-mundane city passed a disagreeable quarter of an hour while the entire police force of the capital of the Commonwealth stood for hours at attention in the various police stations with over a score or more of machine guns loaded and ready for instant action.

Marking time to the panorama of infamy, listening with tense ears to the knell of unrest in the absence of the President from his troubled land, the Attorney-General was moved to come out in the open and again warn the bands of assassins and anarchistic agitators that infested the whole land. It had been but a few weeks since that same official, A. Mitchell Palmer, had his home partly blown to fragments by a band of anarchists. In no wise daunted, however, he made a brief but terse address to the Senate of the State of Pennsylvania in which he made plain the fact that if any of the night murderers succeeded in killing citizens of the United States it would in the end avail them nothing. Mr. Palmer stated simply and saliently that, "if any attempt to use force and strike down high officials to bring about a change of government in the United States they will find more vigorous and more courageous men will arise to take their places and government by the people will go on as before. Those who will not become Americanized after a period of

living here should go back to the country they came from."

Americans had long since become distraught and in a measure callous and case-hardened to adult infamy, to the torch of the Teuton, the firebrand of the anarchist. They had their fill of adroit calumny and blood-red crime during the German reign of terror in America. The citizens of the United States, a few of them at least, did stand aghast at the discovery of an afternoon paper, the *Boston Traveler*, when it unearthed a dozen or more schools in the City of Culture in which anarchy unadulterated was being taught hundreds of children, many of them not old enough to define the word *force*. In describing these schools the *Traveler* said: "The course of instruction includes glorification of the red flag and all it stands for. Children are taught to become 'class conscious,' and to recognize as an enemy anyone who belongs to the capitalist group, which, of course, includes everyone with an account in a savings bank. The advantages of 'free love' and communist government are taught." And editorially the *Traveler* politely added:

"Efforts at Americanization of our aliens have evidently been too weak an antidote for this swift and virulent poison. Local schools of anti-Americanism have sprung up to menace liberty itself. If those who know what this country stands for — if those who believe in America — do not bestir themselves, this movement, animated by vile purposes of bitterest hostility, will attain a strength and momentum that will make it difficult to put down. Legal measures to close the schools of radical propaganda should be taken at once. The time for action has arrived, and here is something definite that can be done. Americans — loyal Americans of

every creed and party — must turn in solid phalanx, as during the war they turned against an external foe, now against this internal foe.”

Shades of the Puritans! How long would such schools have lasted in the halcyon years just a span distant!

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And the *George Washington* pressed bravely on through the glistening, shimmering June waters of the Atlantic, bringing swiftly the first President of the United States who had deemed it wise to leave his native land during his term of office. No ruler after long absence ever returned to his people to face graver duties or more serious, soul-stirring tasks, and the world wondered how he would measure up, if it were possible for him to surmount the countless difficulties that seemed to confront him.

He returned to find one adverse party in Congress with Elihu Root, the counsel for the United Brewers Association, ex-officio at its head, endeavoring from every possible angle to undo his work at the Peace Table in behalf of a League of Nations, chimerical enough at best but assuredly of some abstract value even on paper.

He returned to find safely ensconced within the confines of the United States one De Valera, the self-styled “President of the Irish Republic” about to attempt to float a sympathetic loan of five million dollars to assist in financing the government of the new “Republic of Ireland” now under British rule.

He returned to find a veritable epidemic of unrest, commercial and industrial, social and political,

with a multitude of anarchists and Bolsheviki about and doing, and the old brewery army of Pan-Germanists and trouble-makers still in the offing. He returned to find threats and imprecations, letters of suasion and praise a multitude of his fellow-countrymen discontented and anxious, wrought so by the dire menace of armies of hidden foes and enemies.

In brief and *in toto*, he returned to resume his domestic duties in a situation more deeply fraught with difficulty than had ever confronted a President of the United States since Washington.

Could he stem the tide of revolution that wise men declared was setting in? Could he block the renewed brewery machinations to get hold on this Government again, and would he dare ask one De Valera how he entered an American port without passport or official papers? These and thousands of other questions the American people, the *bona fide* Americans, asked themselves many times over as the great transport pressed swiftly onward.

And they were hopeful, willing to forget and forgive past error in the Mexican policy and elsewhere, and yet more willing and anxious to accord warm praise and commendation for great achievement at the meetings of the great nations for the world's enduring peace.

Difficult and serious as the several problems confronting him appeared to be, they did not seem impossible of solution if the plain and consistent path of governmental duty were followed to the letter.

A sober nation was practically assured. The sentiment of the rank and file of the American people

on the much-mooted question was no longer conjecture. In plain light of his solemn oath of allegiance to the nationals, whose public weal he directs, he was left no alternative.

In the matter of the Bolsheviki the common people of his land left him again without any question of choice. They must be put down and eradicated from the always serious problem of government. New and more strenuous laws for the effacement of this dangerous element which had eaten its way into American life were needed and Congress had already vouchsafed its willingness to pass them.

Then arose the question of the "Irish Republic." What says the President of the United States to the friends of Irish freedom? When asked upon his arrival in England, not long ago, how the American people managed the Irish question, Mr. Wilson, in his unofficial capacity, replied, "We have Irish policemen." Unfortunately for Mr. Wilson, his response does not bear seriously on the subject other than to savor of misty witticism. The cities in the United States which are most largely policed by Irish policemen abound in liquor, crime, and the most vulgar of the vices.

It is not at all likely that the President of the United States will offer like suggestion to Great Britain in relation to the widely advertised "Irish Republic." No matter what he may think of the practicability of an Irish Republic in these troublous days, his duty in the light of recent events is not discretionary. When in England Mr. Wilson was brought daily and hourly, sometimes for weeks at a time, in contact with Balfour—in the estimate of

many close observers the most brilliant and efficient statesman of his day and time—with Lloyd George, Asquith, Winston Churchill, Northcliffe, Haig, French, Beatty and the most distinguished Englishman in the State, at the bar, in the Army and Navy, and in every highway and byway of English life.

It is not at all unlikely that some one or other of these distinguished gentlemen may, when the Irish question came up for discussion, have put a hypothetical question as follows:

“Should a body of Americans come to London and request the British Government to assist them in creating a republic of the State of New York, or the Mother State of Virginia, or the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, it matters not which, what do you think would be the attitude of the British Government and the English people, Mr. President?” The response is too trivial to record, but the response secreted under some mystical veil of political chicanery will be that of Mr. Wilson to the Irish people. The Irish leaders of the type of Sir Edward Carson fully appreciate that fact, and are far more antagonistic to the thought of Irish rule in Ireland than any faction of English people. The American people have had a taste of Irish rule in a number of instances, notably when Richard Croker was the “boss” of New York and when that city could not be matched for its lawlessness and vice.

Ireland is an integral part of the British Empire. And to-day no American who is not lacking in that most essential of all characteristics of decency, gratitude, is likely to forget the momentous events of the past four epochal years. It was England—

English thought, English ideals, English life blood and English treasure — that saved the world from a fate worse than total destruction by fire and flood. Time and time again during the past fifty years when brewery money and German propaganda prevented the United States from having the tools to defend herself, it has been the British Navy that came to the fore.

For forty years dreamers and writers have been telling France just what would happen to her if she did not profit by past experiences and prepare to meet the military machine the Teuton beasts were preparing to destroy her. She harkened not and it was England that saved her Paris. England battered up the German fleet and saved the beautiful sky line of New York, the picturesque battery of Charleston, S. C. with its beautiful homes and gardens, the obsolete but historic port of Boston, and the thousands of miles of unprotected American coast.

Where the United States lost a man, Great Britain lost a hundred. Where the United States spent a dollar Great Britain dug down in the bank of England and the pockets of her colonies for a pound. Pass along the Strand, Piccadilly, Hyde Park, or down in the lower strata of English life, and you will not find a family that is not living in the shadow of some lost one. England bore the brunt of the conflict long before we were half way ready. When historians half a century hence have summarized the achievements of the World War, Great Britain will hold her place first and alone. The fair-minded chronicler will not brook comparisons

and he will page America's fine showing unwillingly because of our tardiness.

England has lost millions upon millions of treasure in Mexico simply because she did not want to embarrass the Government of the United States. Neither the Monroe Doctrine nor anything else could have prevented her from demanding her property and its safety from the banditti of Carranzistas and Villistas that have dissipated it.

America owes a debt to England, bonnie England, that can never be repaid. And it is certainly not to be repaid by setting up a modified edition of Tammany Hall in the heart of the British Empire.

The League of Nations may be only a dream. But back of it is the frame-work of Anglo-American alliance that will make for a new world where the word "civilization" may be uttered with full meaning, where the slaughter of the innocents will cease, and where women and children may sleep in peace and safety.

CHAPTER XIX

ENGLAND AND IRELAND

IN the ages to come, no matter what may be the estimate of Woodrow Wilson as a man and a leader, none will dare question the astuteness of his diplomacy or the finesse of his political acumen. For days and weeks the German Government had been dodging the final formality of its ignominious downfall, the signing of the Peace Treaty. While no sane man or woman attached any value to the signatures of the German officials to the peace terms, they had by dint of perseverance to be obtained as a part of the record of agreement between the Great Powers. So far as the Teutons themselves were concerned, the sacredness of a treaty was of no moment,—merely another “scrap of paper.”

It is roughly estimated that there is \$2,000,000,000 worth of brewery and other liquor properties in the United States, the major part of which is owned by German-Americans(?). It is known that much of this property is owned by Germans in the Vaterland, but as it was entered in the realty and other records as the property of resident Americans it was not possible to reach it legally during the war. Again, of course, much of this property is of the brewery class and there was a possibility of the brewer con-

tinuing his business for a few months at least until the demobilization of the army was concluded.

President Wilson, in order to lead the Teutons on until he could force their hand, had invitingly held out that luminous hope. He subverted a double purpose by suggesting to Congress that it might be well to let the people of the United States have light wine and beer,—fooling the Germans, Fitzgerald, Root and the whole liquor coterie, and placing part of the responsibility for the situation on the Republican party. The latter faction declined frankly and openly to have anything to do with turning any part or fractional part of the government over to the brewer.

Then the whispering voices began to noise about the report that the reason the President would not permit the beer game to continue was because the Germans would not sign the peace treaty. The news was hastened to Berlin, with many imprecations and prayers, and the German officials hurried to France with well-inked pens and but little time to spare. And at 3.13 o'clock, June 29, 1919, on the fifth anniversary and almost at the identical hour of the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of the Dual Empire of Sarajevo, the Germans signed the treaty.

It may be mere coincidence, but the ink was hardly dry on the treaty when the President's Man Friday, one Tumulty, gave out the following interesting paper from the White House:

"I am convinced that the Attorney-General is right in advising me that I have no legal power at this time in the matter of the ban on liquor. Under the act of November,

1918, my power to take action is restricted. The act provides that after June 30, 1919, 'until the conclusion of the present war and thereafter until the termination of demobilization, the date of which shall be determined and proclaimed by the President, it shall be unlawful, etc.' This law does not specify that the ban shall be lifted with the signing of peace, but with the termination of the demobilization of the troops, and I cannot say that this has been accomplished. My information from the War Department is that there are still a million men in the army under the emergency call. It is clear, therefore, that the failure of Congress to act upon the suggestion contained in my message of the twentieth of May, 1919, asking for a repeal of the act of Nov. 21, 1918, so far as it applies to wines and beers, makes it impossible to act in this matter at this time. When demobilization is terminated, my power to act without Congressional action will be exercised.

"WOODROW WILSON."

This is one of about a score of illustrations of the superiority of American diplomacy over the crude and clumsy brand so often attempted by Von Bernstorff, Durnberg and Company.

One sentence in the President's message to the liquor advocates stands out with distinct conciseness — "*My information from the War Department is that there are still a million men in the Army under emergency call.*"

Just what emergency might arise does not appear on the surface. The War was over — Germany so terribly defeated and keenly cognizant of her own impotence that in a spirit of fiendish rage she had sunk a large fleet of her own navy. It took but a relatively small army to police that part of the conquered territory and there were French, British and Italian troops to do that work. Of what was the President thinking? Was there cause for alarm at home?

So thought the residents of at least one American city, and that the greatest and most populous in the land, New York. Their anxiety was such that they made the Tammany Mayor put to test the riot call. Many residents were blocked in side streets and made late to dinner. With hordes of Bolsheviki bomb-throwers, industrial troubles, the beer menace not by any means at an end, and efforts to stage a new republic in the heart of a friendly ally, there might perhaps be need for an army or a faction thereof.

It is difficult to police the larger cities of a great country like the United States and it was evident that President Wilson did not intend to make the grave mistake that Greece did immediately after one of her numerous Balkan wars and demobilize too soon.

All over the United States the President's arrival was awaited with the deepest interest. The very Sabbath, June 29, that he began his voyage to his native land, the enthusiasts for an Irish Republic rang the curtain up on the first *al fresco* performance in that behalf. De Valera had passed several days in the Presidential suite at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City. Miles of type in the pro-Irish Republic press had been traversed and thence he journeyed to Boston, where for two days he was the center of attraction.

The gathering at Fenway Park was in some respects the most remarkable assemblage in the history of the city. Hate, dire hate for England was expressed on all sides. Americans with memories leavened and sweetened for their English cousins

were asked to join in this feast of animosity for England and everything English. Shamefacedly some of them turned to their morning newspaper and read the following cable to President Wilson from Great Britain's King—a Christian gentleman who had endeared himself to Americans in a thousand ways during the war:

"In this glorious hour when the long struggle of nations for right, justice and freedom is at last crowned by a triumphant peace, I greet you, Mr. President, and the great American people in the name of the British nation.

"At a time when fortune seemed to frown, and the issues of the war trembled in the balance, the American people stretched out the hand of fellowship to those, who on this side of the ocean were battling for a righteous cause. Light and hope at once shone brighter in our hearts, and a new day dawned.

"Together we have fought to a happy end; together we lay down our arms in proud consciousness of valiant deeds nobly done.

"Mr. President, it is on this day one of our happiest thoughts that the American and British people, brothers in arms, will continue forever to be brothers in peace. United before by language, traditions, kinship and ideals, there has been set upon our fellowship the sacred seal of common sacrifice.

"(*Signed*) GEORGE, R. I."

While the meeting at Fenway Park was in progress Parisians were trying to digest the following clause of a memorandum addressed to the Peace Conference by Walsh and Dunne, the Irish delegates:

"The Irish people have never believed in the sincerity of public declarations made by English statesmen in regard to their 'war with the Central Powers,' except in so far as those declarations avowed that England's part in the war had been undertaken for England's particular, imperial interests; they have never believed England went to war for the sake of France, Belgium or Serbia, or for the protection and

liberation of small nationalities, or to make right prevail against armed might."

Naturally it was difficult for the mirth-loving journalists of *Le Matin*, *Figaro*, *Le Temps* and other great French journals to treat such utterances seriously. But some of the passing incidents had attained such importance that they excited widespread interest.

A German-American innkeeper and three of his Irish porters threw a distinguished English visitor out of a hotel because the latter made comment about two girl solicitors for the "Irish Republic." A storm of protest arose from New Yorkers of culture and refinement who recalled the deep obligations of countless Americans to the English people during the war. But on the whole the small affair served effectively, as it brought clearly to the foreground the fact that the "Irish Republic" travesty was an insult to a nation that is, to say nothing else, the honorable ally of the United States.

It also recalled to the minds of the American people that it was the Sinn Feiners and the friends of the "Irish Republic" that stoned and killed six American bluejackets in Cork; that it was the Sinn Feiners who aided and abetted the German affiliation and dastardly treason of Sir Roger Casement. It also refreshed the American mind to the fact that it was the Sinn Feiners who refused to enlist; who rejected conscription and who arraigned themselves in every instance upon the side of the heinous Hun.

Fortunately for the rank and file of Americans and the true spirit of the people of the United States, intelligent Englishmen fully appreciate and

understand the somewhat chaotic status of American politics in the era of reconstruction. The war is just over. It has brought to the surface many underlying problems, and it has already caused a profound rejuvenation of American principles. In the transformation many new difficulties have been encountered. But the process of transition has developed a new national integrity of political action at once promising and admirable.

Nothing could have more fully confirmed that fact than the Congressional fight over the light wines and beer question. The President invited his opponents who had severely criticised and questioned his motives to settle it among themselves. He handed the light wines and beer suggestion to them on a silver platter. They bowed and returned it without soiling their fingers, for the patent reason that it was flagrantly apparent that the American people would tolerate no political chicanery in relation to the brewers or any of their cohorts.

Congress may be put into the same humor in regard to the "Irish Republic" before the snow of another winter falls. The savants and students of the situation are sorely puzzled to know what De Valera and his accomplices want the United States to do.

The Irish question is an English-Irish problem. It is not to be supposed that England is going to adopt any suggestions offered by the American Government if that government were disposed to offer any. And if it were so disposed against England, the belief is expressed on all sides that President Wilson will decline the honor. The Irish question

is essentially a question for the disposition of the British Government. It stands to reason that that government which has always abided by the Monroe Doctrine is not going to permit any foreign power, ally or otherwise, to interfere with its own Monroe Doctrine.

De Valera seems to be in the wrong pew. His chances would appear much better in Canada or Australia, two countries which appear to be curiously content under the British rule.

Yet discontent is readily bred and De Valera seems to have a master mind for that handicraft.

It is conceded in England, in America and elsewhere, that there should be some early solution of the Irish question. It has for centuries been a most vexatious and annoying problem. It begins to look as if it were to be an eternal and everlasting source of disagreement and political dissension between England and Ireland. The matter of settlement might be very easily determined with equity and fair play to all but for the fact that the Irish themselves are hopelessly divided. The larger faction of the Irish intellectuals are determined, and do not hesitate to make the world understand that they are determined, not to be removed from the English wing of protection.

They hold precisely the same spirit with which Canada, Australia and nearly all the English colonies are imbued. Ask a Canadian why Canada does not make plea to the world at large for independence and he will laugh in your face and reply, "I haven't a drop of Irish blood in my veins." Then he proceeds to tell you how, against all odds and

ends of political and international difficulties, his land is protected, and how, pursuant to that protection, the Canadian Government is relieved of all expense of foreign representatives, consular generals, members of the *corps diplomatique*, secret agents, etc.; and he furthermore asserts with no little pride that there is no flag in the world more worthy of respect or more capable of commanding it than the Union Jack. Then again, he realizes that the friendship of the British Government and of the American people makes for an enduring peace. That is not a dream. It is not even a League of Nations thought. The entire world, even France and Italy, now concede that the whole hope of a world of civilization and of Christian human purpose has its foundation in an Anglo-American alliance.

But not so with a large faction of the Irish people in the United States, in Ireland and throughout many parts of the world. Sir Horace Plunkett, in the public utterance quoted throughout the world in the early part of the summer of 1919, went so far as to suggest a Dominion of Ireland. Startled at first, ultra-conservative Englishmen were resentful. But with their usual sense of fair play, many Englishmen assented. And the wiseacres of the world who have been studying the Irish question from time immemorial seemed to agree that it was probably the best solution of the problem. Coincident with the Plunkett suggestion was the cable announcement from an authoritative source that Lloyd George and Wilson had agreed upon some future possible action, looking to a solution of the Irish problem. As this statement was made in a publication over which Sir

Horace Plunkett has immediate supervision, it carried with it some sense of authority. It was applauded by the great journals throughout the world. It seemed to have the endorsement of the majority of the Irish people in all quarters of the globe.

De Valera, however, no sooner became cognizant of this plan than he immediately proceeded to repudiate any such thought or action. Ireland did not want any dominion. Ireland did not want anything that England could give her. Ireland did not purpose to temporize with the English. Ireland did not purpose longer to be made a tool of. Just what De Valera does want for Ireland is quite plain. He is distinctly out in the open with his entire scheme and purpose. He wants a republic in the heart of the British Empire. He probably a little later on will want an army and navy and a secret service. He will want all the paraphernalia of a government, and in little or no time he will want to wreak vengeance upon the English people,—the English people who, it is avowedly repeated, have been the saviours of a wrecked world.

Is there time in this wonderful era of reconstruction to give serious thought to such piffle? We think not.

The assertion is constantly made and often repeated that England has done nothing for Irish education; that other peoples under her rule have had all sorts of advantages in this direction and that she has had none. The Irishman or Irish woman making these accusations always neglects to call attention to the fact that no one would resent an English school in Ireland sooner than the Irish

priest. The Catholic Church, and rightly too, insists upon its own parochial schools. It insists that its subjects be brought up under the Christian teaching of the Mother-Church of Ireland—hence England's apparent neglect in this respect.

If a man or woman fails to pay his or her rent in New York, Chicago, Boston or almost any of the large cities, he or she has thirty days' notice and then in three days may be evicted. The English laws in Ireland are so cited on the statute books that an Irish tenant may go a year and a month before the landlord has any power to evict him.

In the World War there were no soldiers who evinced finer courage than many of Ireland's sons, but the world cannot forget the fact that there are thousands upon thousands of Irishmen who resisted conscription and who declined to have anything to do with the world affray. The war is well over. The peace terms are signed. A League of Nations is in the perspective, and it may be of more than passing interest to record that Ireland today is the most prosperous land in the world according to the estimate of many municipal experts. She acquired enormous wealth during the war. Her people in all vocations could find high prices for their wares. Her agriculturists are prosperous. Her manufacturing factories are running full time, and she has every reason to be more content than any other part of the British Dominion, because she has less responsibility and has derived infinitely more profit. It should not be overlooked that the British Government could very easily have forced conscription and thereby have saved many English lives. She did

not do so for the simple, salient reason that she wanted to make patent to every people of every nation on earth that she was trying her best to do the fair thing for a most difficult people.

The Irish problem will unquestionably be very definitely settled. It has reached a stage where it can no longer be tolerated, and England can be trusted to exercise her far-famed sense of fair play in solving the problem. But of De Valera the world is aweary. When a people are downtrodden, maligned and abused and in the pitiful position that the Koreans are today, the world is watchful and helpful and may blink its eyes over the horrors of revolution. There are no factions in Korea — there are no people that are satisfied. It is one of the most pathetic spectacles conceivable to mark time to the enslavement of that splendid people. There is no similarity, however, between the situations in Korea and Ireland. At no distant day Korea will have won her independence and Japan will be made to restore the Shantung provinces. Ireland is sure of final independence if she can edit out of her national life Sir Roger Casements, De Valeras and like types, and in these troublous times the duty of honorable sons of Erin is patent and paramount.

CHAPTER XX

FOND HOPES DISPELLED

THE lurid Saturday night, the sorrowful Sunday and the Monday of orgies and debauchery preceding July 1, 1919, were days in the life of the American nation that should be carefully and secretively cast aside. The President had temporarily declined to remove the ban on light wine and beer. The friends of decency and honor and a liquorless land were exuberant and enthusiastic in their praise of the Chief Executive. They pointed to the fact that at last there was a president in the White House who appreciated the weaknesses of his fellow-man, the horrors of intoxication and the always consequent and immediately associate crime and vice that have to do with drink. Interestedly they watched the last few days prior to July 1, in which the land was sunk deep in dissipation and debauchery.

Not since Nero felt and watched his throne slip from under him; not since the Bacchantean nightmares of the ancient Romans; not since the fall of Babylon, have the cities of any country or clime been so steeped in debauchery. In the great Cosmopolitan centres of the country, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia—again particularly—and Boston—again most emphatically—the scenes up

to the midnight hours of June 30 and throughout the early morning hours of the Tuesday following, July 1, formed a veritable picture of panoramic horror and nauseating incident. The author on the eventful night of June 30 happened to be domiciled at a down-town hotel in the City of Culture. About this hostelry are prosperous shops and great office buildings, magnificent banks, and all the industrial and commercial activities that go to make up a great American city. In the very centre of this district is a sweet old church wherein work a little body of God's ministers, doing their best to pave the way to Life and to counteract the evil influences of scores—aye, hundreds of saloons. There are other churches in the vicinity of St. Paul's Cathedral but that edifice stands out alone in the picture. On the evening prior to that day of dissipation, on the steps of this sacred building, the choir in its vestments assembled at the twilight hour, and across the Common was wafted the melody of some old-fashioned hymns. It may have been, perhaps, imagination on the part of the author, but on this Sunday evening between the orgies of the night preceding and the nightmares of the day following, these old hymns seemed to take on a new reverence. Perchance the choristers were thinking of the approaching day when, glancing over the crowd, it would be impossible to see some tottering, half drunken sailor or soldier or the illumined face of some drunkard who even in his debauchery paused to listen to the solemn music.

In the immediate vicinity are other churches, but in the march of progress and drink they have been

so commercialized that one of them has closed its doors to the service of God, and the other is so industrially inclined that it has a café in its basement. Distant, down the main thoroughfare, Tremont St., is the far-famed and historic Scollay Square. In that immediate vicinity there are a score of saloons and hotels that have been as wide open to the drunkard on God's day as they were on the week days. There was, to be sure, some ceremony to be followed if the drinking man cared to indulge on the Sabbath. In one of these places was a half-barrel of hard-boiled eggs. One might purchase one of these in the early morning and that under the laws of the City of Culture constituted a meal. The purchaser of that one egg might drink until the midnight hours. In other hotels it was only necessary to buy a cheese sandwich, not always made of cheese. Drunken mobs of people kept the police busy all the night before the law was supposed to go into effect. Several policemen were shot, other officers of the law mobbed, and here and there one or two were killed. Reports from all over the country indicate like scenes. The liquor stores were swamped with people trying to get in their supplies for the approaching drought, and sadly enough there were almost as many women among the purchasers as there were men.

At last, like all evil things, the night passed. In the morning the revellers, with parched throats, and the sane people of the community hardly glanced at their newspapers when to their astonishment they found that the country after all was not to become liquorless, that not only was liquor not banished,

but a far more difficult and far more dangerous type of drunkenness was about to be introduced—the selfsame drunkenness that has made Germany what it is, the drunkenness of the beer swiller.

The Attorney-General of the United States, confused beyond any sort of possible solution and confronted by decisions of judges that 2.75 beer was not intoxicating, decided to permit its manufacture and its distribution. No possible censure can be passed upon Mr. Palmer in this decision. According to the best legal minds of the country he would have trespassed upon his office as the chief legal advisor of the United States had he done otherwise. The fact cannot be gainsaid that according to the rulings of several courts there was but one thing left for him to do and that was to await the final decision of the Supreme Court of the United States or else the deliberations and enactment of a new law by the Congress of the United States. That such action on the part of both the Supreme Court and the Congress of the United States will be forthcoming before many months have elapsed, is a foregone conclusion. The American people have plainly expressed their sentiment in regard to liquor. They will have no more. They have determined upon a sane and sober people and a sane and sober government. They have determined that the pursuit of liberty and human happiness is idle and useless when a vast proportion of the population is under the influence of drink.

Such determination to the contrary, notwithstanding, the situation was one of revolting characteristics. Surmises were as multitudinous as the leaves

on the trees, and suppositions were rife. And the hopes of the seriously inclined people of the land were sadly and rudely dispelled.

There was not the remotest expectation that Attorney-General Palmer would feel called upon to render any such decision. The American people on the whole thought that this land for all time was relieved of the brewery curse. They did not think for a moment that any possible occasion could arise whereby the Government of the United States could be turned back into the hands of the brewer, — and that is literally what it means.

With 2.75 beer the brewer will have acquired a monopoly of the liquor business throughout the entire land. With 2.75 beer he no longer has whiskey, gin, wine, and the light drinks to which men are addicted to contend with. With 2.75 beer the drunkard is absolutely similar to the brutes that raped Belgium, to this same square-headed, stolid German Boche that shot Edith Cavell to her death, that sunk the *Lusitania*, and that did a million other iniquitous things.

In the judgment of the friends of a liquorless world, the Government of the United States could not have made a graver or more far-reaching mistake than to lift this ban. In the old days it was possible for the inebriate to acquire a fair-sized jag after drinking a half-dozen glasses of the stronger brands of beer. Under the Attorney-General's ruling he will have to drink about three times as many, which in the course of a very short while will of course lead to a severe case of cirrhosis of the liver or some worse trouble, and incidentally

the profits of the brewer are quadrupled at the lowest possible estimate. Instead of six glasses of beer it will be necessary to drink sometimes six times six. Instead of an hour to acquire the usual jag, the poor culprit will have to spend six. In other words, like the German, he will have to do one of two things,—help to build up a machine to fight with (because the drunkard always wants to fight) or create a type of manhood that is utterly devoid of responsibility and decency.

Some of those who are best informed say it was a political move; some astute judges of government and parties have pointed out the fact that it was President Wilson's final effort to annihilate the Republican party. They pointed out that one Elihu Root, the greatest antagonist of the League of Nations and the counsel for the United Brewers' Association, was in the main responsible for the Attorney-General's decision. In every part of the country Mr. Root and his assistants have brought about an agitation that left the courts wide open for just such a decision as that rendered by a New York judge, favoring the distribution of 2.75 beer. These same observers also suggested that from the first the Republican party absolutely refused to assume any responsibility in the liquor question except for the action of a few Republicans in the upper and lower house of Congress, and that while they openly declared themselves against liquor they secretly worked for it.

It was pointed out by many ministers of his home state that Senator Lodge had led this group of antagonists to a sober nation; that he was "non-com-

mittal" on the liquor question and that he was distinctly and emphatically against woman's suffrage. The Democrats with infinite pride pointed to the fact that the German sympathizers, Reed and Gore, had arrayed themselves with the Republicans and that President Wilson saw his great opportunity, and that perhaps he had directed the Attorney-General to take just such action. In the present humor of the country it is not likely that the Attorney-General would of his own volition and initiative ever have presumed to lay the country wide open to the brewer again without the endorsement of the President of the United States.

According to the Attorney-General's own statement, it was not a matter of law. The war-time prohibition measure was perfectly plain in its expression, but the Attorney-General insisted upon a clear and concise interpretation of that law by the court.

Wars are wars but, as Cardinal Mercier points out, when they are over with there is no divisional thought. They leave in their train a great throng of heroes and noble men and women on the one side and a lot of despicable brutes like the Germans on the other. But uneasiness and political differences among people over a plain case of what is right and what is wrong are of infinitely more far-reaching import. Certainly no real American is willing to permit the upbuilding of another brewery industry in this country. Certainly 2.75 beer does nothing in the world but rejuvenate and rehabilitate and reincarnate that self-same brewery business and give it greater impetus and infinitely more powerful

influence over the whole of every community in which there is a brewery than it ever had before.

"Two and three-quarters beer" gives the brewer a monopoly of saloons throughout this whole land from Maine to the Gulf and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The early morning newsboy on July 1 had hardly ceased to make his rounds when the breweries throughout the country were running full time.

In the center of one of the great cities of the country is a wonderful church. Like the Cathedral of St. Paul's in New York, on Fifth Avenue, it was in the main built by the pennies of servant girls. About it are ranged no less than seven breweries. Beyond question, the same people who support and work in these breweries do their share toward the support of that church. They help to support its seminary and other institutions. They do what they think is right and the state and nation have said they do what is right. Naturally they ask themselves whether they are doing right or wrong when they read a decision like that of the Attorney-General of the United States. Within a few, a very few, hours of the announcement, every one of these breweries was running full time, and the brewery magnates, workmen and clerks were enthusiastic over the fact that they were to continue business indefinitely under the laws of the United States.

No more complex situation ever confronted the American people. The best element, beyond question, are all arrayed on the side of a sober nation of sober people. There can be no question about the eventual outcome. The American people expressed

plainly to the President of the United States and to Congress that they desired this country to take its place side by side with the other great nations in the World War. With infinitely more significance they have indicated very plainly to the President of the United States and to the Congress of the United States that they will have no more of the brewer. Mr. Root and his cohorts can beat their heads against the wall, but the bulwark of the American people is a very strong piece of masonry. The 2.75 beer is only a temporary makeshift: 2.75 beer, 1.75 beer or .50 beer are all about to travel down the road of the past. It is not in the humor of the American people to continue any style, type or fashion of drunkenness. The whole world is making for a sober world and America is leading the way.

CHAPTER XXI

UNPRECEDENTED LAWLESSNESS

WHEN the jaded traveler has "done" Continental Europe, visualized the Riviera and watched the game tables at Monte Carlo, visited the "land of the midnight sun," made his collection of scarabs on the piazza of Sheppard's Hotel at Cairo in Egypt, he turns naturally for new sensations to Port Said, that kaleidoscopic, spectacular city which is the gateway to the Orient at the entrance to the Suez Canal. Why he ventures there is an open secret. Kipling and other writers have vividly painted the picture of human vice and infamy that is to be found in this loathsome hole. It is not an unusual sight to see nude women dancing in the street at high noon.

But there is a place in America not very much unlike Port Said. It is that famed city by the sea, Atlantic City, New Jersey, — a city which, with regret be it said, the present President of the United States at one time thought he could revolutionize into some sense and semblance of decency. That he failed signally is indicated by the fact that instead of seeing the nude women at noon time in Atlantic City it is only necessary to wait until midnight. That remarkable and picturesque resort further added to its notoriety at the crisis of the liquor situation, by deliberately and flagrantly disobeying to

the very letter this Federal law of the United States which was passed as a rider to the Emergency Agricultural Act of November 21. Its provisions are as follows:

"Until the conclusion of the present war and thereafter until the termination of demobilization, the date of which shall be determined and proclaimed by the President of the United States, for the purpose of conserving the man power of the nation, and to increase efficiency in the production of arms, munitions, ships, food and clothing for the army and navy, it shall be unlawful to sell for beverage purposes any distilled spirits, and during said time no distilled spirits held in bond shall be removed therefrom for beverage purposes except for export.

"After May 1, 1919, until the conclusion of the present war and thereafter until the termination of demobilization, the date of which shall be determined and proclaimed by the President of the United States, no grains, cereals, fruit or other food product shall be used in the manufacture or production of beer, wine or other intoxicating malt or vinous liquors for beverage purpose.

"After June 30, 1919, until the conclusion of the present war and thereafter until the termination of demobilization, the date of which shall be determined and proclaimed by the President of the United States, no beer, wine, or other intoxicating malt or vinous liquor shall be sold for beverage purposes except for export.

"The Commissioner of Internal Revenue is hereby authorized and directed to prescribe rules and regulations, subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, in regard to the manufacture and sale of distilled spirits held in bond after June 30, 1919, until this act shall cease to operate, for other than beverage purposes; also in regard to the manufacture, sale and distribution of wine for sacramental, medicinal or other than beverage uses.

"After the approval of this act no distilled, malt, vinous, or other intoxicating liquors shall be imported into the United States during the continuance of the present war and period of demobilization. Provided, that this provision against importation shall not apply to shipments en route to the United States at the time of the passage of this act.

"Any person who violates any of the foregoing provisions shall be punished by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by fine not exceeding \$1,000, or by both such imprisonment and fine."

It will be observed that the letter and spirit of this law are as explicit as the carved image of the Saviour on the Crucifix. This statement is made in the spirit of equity and conscientious reverence, because this law to rid this land of the direst menace that besets it is a sacred and solemn thing.

The spectacle of a multitude of summer idlers so far forgetting their patriotism, so far forgetting their love of fatherland, of law and order, as to totally ignore such an edict is a reflection on the American people that cannot readily be pardoned. Atlantic City, however, is the place where just such incidents might be expected.

Quoth a famous prima donna of salacious reputation to one of the "rounders" that she happened to meet on Connecticut Avenue in Washington on one of the bright days in June just a few years ago: "Where are you going this summer?"

"I don't know," said the rounder. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I happen to know that sometimes you go to Atlantic City and I was going to make a suggestion."

"What suggestion? I am open to all suggestions about Atlantic City."

"My suggestion simply is that you do not go to the Hotel——."

"Why?"

"For the simple reason that they have a new rule there which will not please you."

"What is it?"

"They ring a bell there every morning at seven o'clock and everybody has to go to his own room."

Such is life in this great resort which is so openly and flagrantly defying the laws of the country.

There might not have been any law on the books so far as Atlantic City was concerned. From midnight of July 1 onward were enacted scenes in this place of revelry and drink by night and day that were remarkable even in its lurid history. People from all parts of the United States hastened there. Every hotel was crowded to overflowing. Drinks of every kind and description were served over the bar exactly as if nothing had happened to rule to the contrary. Every saloon except the bars of a few hotels along the Board Walk occasionally frequented by respectable people were wide open night and day. One of the scenes most curious to the summer visitor was of course obliterated under the new régime. For some years past there has been a suggestion of an observance of the Sabbath. Those visitors who were not thoroughly posted found it very difficult on Sunday to get a drink. As a vast number of men who go to Atlantic City go without their wives and daughters, naturally drink is an important factor in their summer, fall or spring vacation. Sometimes for reasons best known to themselves they go down there during the mid-winter, and one of the scenes which the author has observed with the deepest interest is the crowd along the Board Walk from half-past ten until midnight every Sunday evening. Sometimes they will line up in hundreds — aye, thousands — at the en-

trance to the bars. For under the ruling the saloons were closed from twelve o'clock Saturday night until twelve o'clock Sunday night, but promptly at twelve the closing hours were done with and the bars opened, and again the merry-go-round continued. All America was mystified to know just what action would be eventually taken by the Attorney-General and his assistants in regard to this astonishing disobedience of the law.

In other parts of the United States there were instances of almost as flagrant disregard of the statute. In New York hundreds of saloons kept wide open despite the fact that the courts had not definitely decided on the legality of 2.75 beer. They did not hesitate to sell drinks across the bar. They abrogated unto themselves the right to decide what was 2.75 beer and what was a light wine, and if the patron of the bar happened to be known and to be one who would keep faith he had no difficulty whatever in obtaining what strong drink he desired.

In Chicago the situation was if anything more serious than it was in New York. There was an open and frank disregard for the national statute. Curiously enough, the city where least might have been expected showed to best advantage. Philadelphia adhered to strict observance of the statute except in a few isolated cases.

The hotels at Boston had their bars closed in some instances and one or two of them, the more respectable ones, sold only soft drinks, but only a wink to the proprietor was necessary to obtain anything that was wanted.

The Department of Justice officials and Secret

Service detectives made record of the various violations of the law. What was to be done in the end depended, of course, largely upon the President of the United States, who was speeding toward his native land at this writing (July 3) on the transport *George Washington*. Never was his presence needed in a more important crisis in the affairs of the nation. It was the first time in the history of the United States that wide-spread violation of a national statute had ever been recorded. It was the initial movement of the spirit of unrest that might beget revolution, and close observers viewed it with alarm and pessimistic prophecy of evil. So many contradictory decisions have been rendered by courts, so many rulings made by different officials throughout the land, that the Attorney-General might perhaps have been pardoned for assuming an attitude that did not seem to be sufficiently drastic. For the moment, beyond question, that Colossus of Iniquity, the Teuton brewer, had won. He was back on the stage. He had more than fully attained everything that he desired. He had wiped off the map all of his competitors in business. No longer did he have to fear the Kentucky or Virginia or Pennsylvania whiskey distiller; no longer did he have to trouble about competition from the vine countries of France or Spain, or the Madeira Islands. He had the liquor trade of the United States for the moment under his finger and gleefully he regarded the issue. In the back parlors of the German-American owned hotels of New York and other cities he and his companions stood back and chuckled merrily over their momentary victory.

"Vy de var vill make no difference," said one of these beer masters. "Ve vill sell more beer in America than we sell all over the world."

"Ach, mein Gott!" rejoined his companion, another Teuton who a few weeks ago was about to pitch his tent like the Arab and take his dreary way to Poland. "Ve vill stay right here in America. Zat Mr. Root is a fine man. Zat Mr. Lodge, he help too. Eet ees a fine t'ing to be non-commetal."

The above conversation, which is verbatim, between two of the majestic magnates of the brewery interests, expressed perhaps the verdict of the entire German-American population in the United States. Their profits with the two billion dollars' worth of brewery properties and "interests" would at a low estimate be doubled in five years under the 2.75 beer conditions. As has been cited, their profits would be doubled, perhaps trebled, maybe quadrupled in a very short time. The light-wine-drinking population of the United States is so small that it need not be seriously discussed.

The brewer, in his covert wisdom, knew full well that it would be practically impossible for the Government of the United States to keep a revenue officer standing over the vats in every brewery in the United States. So the term "2.75 beer" is simply a misnomer. Occasionally perhaps it would be possible to detect the brewer making a stronger beer. He might be punished for the violation of the law, but where one violation was detected a thousand would go unnoticed and unpunished. And no thinking American for one single moment ever conceived the idea that any German brewer had any intention

of obeying an American law when its avoidance was possible. Nor could any thinking American or anyone else who knows the brewer and his methods ever for a moment suggest that the brewer had other than an ulterior motive in the manufacture of beer. It is not simply the profit in dollars that is prompting the brewer. It is the old Pan-Germanism dream, excited, encouraged and enhanced by recent events in America. It is the old, vengeful thought of returning evil for good.

The brewer never for a moment appreciates the fact that the Entente in Christian charity has left the German lands and the German people, except for their inevitable losses by war, absolutely without any physical punishment. His fatherland is intact, his industries are just as they were before the great conflict. The German woman and the German child, except for a few deprivations and the loss perhaps of some relative in the cataclysm of conflict, are existent today just as they were before the war. Their homes are untouched, their cities are undevastated. There is not a church spire that is not standing erect; there is not a stream of water that has been polluted; there is not a tree dismantled. There has not been an iota of injury to the whole German country at the hands of the Entente. It is safe and sound—and ready for business.

As a return for the philanthropic treatment of the Entente, the German brewer, who is the most influential relic of the German nation today, has rejuvenated his propaganda in America and is setting out just as if nothing had happened to reincarnate the old Pan-Germanism dream and if possible to

get control of this government and of every Latin-American government existent.

Verily, the presence of the President is needed. Some man of infinite wisdom, deep forethought and sterling courage is wanted to handle the situation, — one not only unprecedented in the history of this land but unmistakably bearing the ear-marks of revolution.

It has been but a few days since the Labor Union at Atlantic City had transferred its activities to the steps of the Capitol at Washington. It is but a few short weeks since the brewers circulated among the workmen of this country millions of buttons on which were inscribed the words, "No beer, no work." It has been but a very short time since Elihu Root, the counsel for the United Brewers' Association, placed his drag-net for the loose fishes in the League of Nations. Can there be any affiliation between these two movements on the part of Root and his assistants? Is the liquor game back of his action in relation to the League of Nations? It is difficult to divorce one from the other.

When one country possesses an evil thing, if it has a sense of equity it hesitates to transfer that evil thing to another land. Great Britain has breweries, but there are no British breweries in the United States, and apparently no ulterior motive in the sale of English beer. The clubman of taste and distinction would no more think of drinking a glass of German beer than he would think of taking an aeroplane trip from Washington to New York in a bathing suit. If for reason of thirst or because there is placed before him a luscious steak served

à la bernaïse or *à la bordelaise*, he may want moisture for digestive purposes, other than some heady wine, he will ask for a bottle of Dog's Head or White Label Bass Ale. He would never think of the German beer. He never thought of it before the war until it was practically forced down his throat in every American, English, French, German, Italian, and South American hotel of any importance. But the English brewer brews his beer at home, and if America wants it he must drink it from a small cask or from a bottle in this country. There are no English brewers in America and there are no English designs on this land. The field has been left absolutely and entirely open to the Teuton brewmaster.

It cannot be gainsaid that the situation was one of more seriousness after July 1 than it was during the weeks that preceded that date, and the President's arrival here is being anxiously awaited.

Meantime, the active forces of thinking men and women throughout the land were again hard at work to counteract for the moment the tide that had set in against them. Not only were they not at all discouraged but they seemed to agree with the little group of Washington women who appeared to be very much inclined to give the German brewer sufficient rope to hang himself. That thought to the contrary notwithstanding, the lapse back into liquor and lawlessness cannot fail to be detrimental to the whole people of the United States.

What mysterious magic is it about the liquor traffic that seems to rob men of sanity and equilibrium? A Federal statute in simple and explicit

terms of expression was writ on the statute books and in no states in the Union except those of the South and a few in the far West was the spirit of this law loyally interpreted and obeyed to the letter. The decisions of the courts was not even awaited. The saloon-keeper Monahan in the City of Culture had openly declared that he would keep his bar open, law or no law, and that no law should close it. Ten thousand law-breakers assembled about his place on the day following July 1, when the enactment of the law should have been quite plain. So great was his business that he had to limit each customer to one drink. What that drink contained may be found in the records later on. There was a marked joyousness in the mob, however, that did not seem readily acquired from one glass of 2.75 beer.

To the great credit of numerous of the low dives in various parts of the city, it may be said that they were closed, tightly closed. They took no chances.

One of the proprietors, for whom one could not help feeling pity, said to the author: "I was born and brought up in this business. I don't know any other. I don't know what I am going to do, but I do know I am going to obey the law of this land."

"How do you stand with the brewer?"

"I owe him about ten thousand dollars," was the response, "and I wish to God I owed him twenty thousand more and had it in my pocket." That man throughout his whole lifetime sold drinks to the workmen in a saloon not far distant from the Catholic Cathedral in Boston on Washington Street. He has a fine record. Few arrests are made in his place.

The neighbors say he was never known to sell a drink to a drunken man. That type of man is to be pitied. He is simply a tool of a situation that has been appalling for a century or more in the United States of America. But he will soon find his place in the new world, the Sober World, and the chances are that he will be a most valuable citizen. He realizes perhaps for the first time that he has been simply a tool of the German brewer. He fully understands that his family, his friends, and his own personal well-being will be enhanced two-fold. The author was much impressed with his statement that he did not know what he was going to do, and he did not have any money to do what he wanted to do, but he did not hesitate to say that he was glad to be relieved of the shackles that had hung about his neck from his boyhood.

The world is going to take care of that sort of saloon-keeper. There is not a business man in the United States of any standing who would not go out of his way to help him to a new life. But may God have mercy on the brewery crowd and their affiliates that are attempting to continue to throttle every good sense of statesmanship in this land with their noxious poison! We have done with them, as the Congress of the United States will soon conclusively and irrevocably make plain.

And when the spirit of the American people has again spoken it will be found that the present President of the United States will speak with it.

The German brewer with some show of decency might have been allowed to continue business in the United States, but his insolent daring, his flam-

boyant disregard for all ethics and for the fundamental principles of American life have put him beyond the pale of any leniency, consideration or charitable thought. The time is come when he must be disciplined and severely disciplined, and the American people can be trusted to administer that discipline in America just as they administered it at Château-Thierry and in the Argonne Woods.

CHAPTER XXII

THE SOBER WORLD

THE old world is off: on with the new! The requiem of that Emperor of Evils, Rum, has been sung by the rank and file of all clean and true-hearted Americans without a tinge of sadness, and the highway to a sober land cleared of all obstructions that might be deemed lastingly dangerous is in the prospective.

The events that followed the wild orgies on the days and nights preceding the epochal July 1 only served more strongly to cement and enforce American sentiment and determination against all drink and the invariable accompanying drunkenness. But no great reform is ever successfully consummated without dire human suffering. The transformation from a land populous with cities, towns and hamlets in which there were thousands upon thousands of saloons, drinkeries under the polite title of cabarets, and other hotbeds of vice and crime, could not be accomplished without told and untold human suffering and crime.

A drunken father who had not drawn a sober breath for ten years murdered his toiling wife and then attempted to kill himself, leaving three children to wander aimlessly about the world. There were a score or more of other murders in the large cities.

A dozen or more policemen were shot and two or three of them met their death. Thousands of cases of delirium tremens overtaxed the accommodations of the hospitals of the country. Millions of American women were kept busy for days and weeks nursing back to sanity fathers, brothers and sweethearts who felt called upon to celebrate the departure of the menace.

Atlantic City, New York, Chicago and Boston were the cities ostensibly open in their defiance of the law. In some of the leading hotels in those places the stranger and occasional wayfarer found it difficult to continue his debauch but the old habitués were entertained as of yore. The friends of the liquor traffic reiterated their hopes and expectations. The time would never come when strong drink could not be had, they vociferously cried from the housetops—and there were open violations of the laws on all sides.

The Attorney-General of the United States, who was evidently marking time until the return of the President, frankly confessed that he was confused and confounded over the issue. The provisions of the law were not sufficiently explanatory and its interpretation difficult. It was still a matter for the courts and additional Congressional action.

What constituted an intoxicating beverage was the all-consuming question. Did 2.75 beer come under that ban? Americans, knowing "American politics" as practised at Washington and some of the less important state capitals, smiled and turned to the record of the authorities. They recalled that the school girl who had drunk half a dozen glasses

of 2.75 beer was as easy a victim of the rake or libertine as if she had a quart of Moët and Chandon or Mumm's champagne. By the same token, they remembered that any Teuton or German-American brew-master might drink a half a barrel of the same two and three-quarters beverage and not come under the ban of the police judge ruling of intoxication.

There is one situation so grave and serious that it is entirely bereft of humor. So the American business man, awaiting the final hour when the industrial and commercial life of the nation would no longer be menaced by the drunken striker or walking delegate wearing the "No beer, no work" button of the German-American brewer, smilingly looked on and watched the vividly interesting procession of events.

The whole situation was so beautifully obvious. The Congress of the United States was Republican; the administration Democratic. The drastic war-time prohibition measure as well as the Federal amendment to the Constitution of the United States had both been fathered and passed by the Democrats. President Wilson, who never has been known to lose sight of his party's interest, had determined that in the new temporary crisis his Republican antagonists should shoulder their measure of responsibility for the greatest and most revolutionary reform in the Nation's history. The Republicans ostensibly preferred to remain on the side lines and win the votes of the liquor *canaille* by silence and occasionally expressed sympathy. This the President was loath to have happen, and some of his ad-

verse critics were so critically disposed toward him that they insisted he had timed his departure from Europe so that he would be at sea when the liquor crisis arose. And they further added that his Attorney-General had been instructed by wireless to remain a spectator in the gallery until after the Independence Day recess of the Congress, when that not always consistent body would have to assume its full measure of responsibility and do the bidding of the American people which had been so imperiously expressed during the World War.

Never before had the American game of battle-dore and shuttlecock been played with more astuteness and acumen on the one side and impotent helplessness on the other—for there was no mistaking the attitude of American people as a whole. The day of the “non-committal” politician in Senate or House of the Congress was passed and over with. Either he was for liquor and the interests of the German-American brewer, or else he was against those iniquitous factors in the national life. The Senator or Congressman was in favor of returning to power the Teuton brew-master and his countless saloon-keepers that they might again menace this government and the welfare of the people, or else he was against such a measure.

There was no half-way inn along the wayside wherein might rest the political mountebank. The time had come when he must stand out in the open highway and declare himself.

There was not in the whole United States an American man, woman or child with ordinary kitchen-garden intelligence who was not fully cog-

nizant of the danger of 2.75 beer to his native land.

They — American women and children and men — knew full well that the unrestricted sale of any kind of beer or beverage by Germans, or German-Americans as we are pleased to call them, meant the actual Germanizing of every great and many a small city throughout the land—*and in the end perhaps a German-American United States. He who ran might have read the dangers that beset the path of the brewery beast of prey.*

And in the end the Washington politicians — and what few statesmen there happen to be among them — will settle the matter of liquor as the American people have indicated they purpose to have it settled. There can be no temporizing measure. Better a whiskey and gin joint on every street corner in the country than one brewery in each state.

There had been brandy, rum, gin and every known strong drink during the Civil War — in Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Virginia and every state in the Union. But it is not on record that any soldier, North or South, ever bored a child's eyes out or raped a Sister of Mercy. And it was conceded that no other type of human brute than the Teuton beer-swiller would commit such atrocity. The verdict of the American people has been rendered and it awaits with confidence and determination the decision of the Nation's builders.

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In many ways whenever the occasion has arisen, Cardinal Mercier has tried to show his deep grati-

tude to the people of the United States for their timely assistance to the people of his grief-stricken Belgium during the World War. Some of the Sisters of Mercy who were raped and mutilated by beer-poisoned Huns were attached to his diocese—as recounted in an earlier chapter.

On June 24, just before the several days of orgy throughout the United States, an Associated Press dispatch to all the principal newspapers in the United States stated:

“Cardinal Mercier, primate of Belgium, the Militant prelate of the Catholic Church, whose heroic figure stood between his martyred country and the Hun during the war, has taken a stand in favor of general prohibition. In an interview at the archepiscopal palace at Malines the cardinal said, ‘I am a great believer in the repression of all intoxicating drinks such as alcohol and absinthe. If general prohibition were introduced, more human lives would be saved than by general disarmament.’ Alcohol kills more men than war and kills them dishonorably. When man is killed by war, an existence is suppressed, whereas the evil survives after inebriates have had enough of existence.

“Complete prohibition cannot be introduced instantaneously, but gradually, step by step, taking circumstances into consideration. The use of alcohol should be made increasingly difficult and should not be made a provocation.

“This statement is regarded by prohibitionists as showing the trend of thought among leaders on the other side of the Atlantic, who believe that world-wide prohibition is inevitable, but feel it must come gradually as it came to America, through education, each progressive step bringing the world nearer to the ultimate elimination of alcohol as a beverage.”

From no source could such utterance be less expected. Drinking in Belgium has always been something of an art. There was some intoxication among the Walloons and other workingmen, but less on the whole than in any other country of Europe.

The little flower garden in front of the priest's house and his hospitable glass of wine are treasured memories that the visitor carries away with him. But the infamous cruelties of the heinous Hun have driven drink—even mild drink—out of the world's category, and the eminent Belgian prelate has, like other great Churchmen, taken his place at the head of the procession for its abolition.

The World League which assembled at Washington about the last of June, 1919, may be counted the all-important initial movement for the permanent removal of the evil. Delegates from many distant countries were in attendance and the whole movement was launched under the most auspicious circumstances. Another most promising sign of the times was a revival of literature looking to a Sober World. No longer was the wine-tainted hero a vogue and the cocktail-sipping woman the fashionable heroine. A revival of Ibanez' *La Bodega* (The Fruit of the Wine), written more than sixteen years ago, had paved the way for a new thought in fiction that did not necessitate so many wine glasses for decorative purposes.

Cleverly a reviewer in the *New York Times* embodies some of the finest touches in the great work thus:

"There is much realistic description of the appalling misery in which the wretched laborers, men, women and children, on vineyard and farm, toil through weary day after day and sleep like animals in the promiscuous association of their quarters. The food served them is barely enough to keep life in their bodies, and in this half-starved condition 'They dream of wine, beholding in it the strength of their thoughts. The glass of wine stills hunger and with its fire for a moment gladdens life.'

"There is one rich employer, cousin of the head of the great house of Dupont, who is a roistering young person, a patron of bullfighters, and delighting in madcap and strenuous forms of vinous exhilaration. It gives him the greatest pleasure to gather in the wretched laborers and craze or stupefy them upon the choicest and most expensive wine in the firm's *bodegas*. It is one of these mad pranks, when he has succeeded in making drunk not only the laborers but the overseer's household and all the guests with wine from the precious bottles, that results in the tragic climax of the personal phase of the story. But intertwined with the personal interests is another that is more abstract, although it seems to hold for the author a keener interest. For in the shocking labor conditions and the drunkenness of the region he feels the concern of the reformer and the revolutionary that he is first of all. And he brings that interest to its climax at the end of the book in a disastrous attempt at revolt that is grim with its mocking ironies. And afterward the sinister hand of 'La Bodega' crushes the poor wretches down more masterfully than before."

And because of the new world spirit for sobriety and decency Spain, whose glories departed long since—that wonder story of the inspired writer—seems to be about to rise out of her ashes. The same current reports come from every corner and quarter of the globe where there has been much drunkenness, except two—Germany and her hopeless tool, Mexico.

That tidal wave of repulsion for drink in every form is sweeping the world. It is the most significant and pertinent forerunner in the new era of reconstruction and it is the pride of every sterling American that it is his loved country that is blazing the trail.

Vale Drink!

Vale the mewing and peuking drunkard of the Shakespeare tale!

Vale the sodden wretch in the street that shames the sun, sickens the child, lies down in his slime and arises in horror to face the new day!

And picture if you may a new Sober World. It takes no wide span of imagery. The statesman with no whiskey or beer fences to mend or tend. The youth with a clear road ahead and no saloon at every milestone. The sweetheart with no horror for the future of her lover—no fear of drink. The wife with the child at her breast untainted with the blood of a drunken father. The mother with no night vigils and days of horror for the son poisoned in his youth and wrecked in his manhood.

Verily a Sober World—a world where men may play their parts like men, not beer-soaked Huns—will be a world worth living in.

L'ENVOI

PRESIDENT WILSON arrived to face the *tourbillon* in his own land on Tuesday, July 8. The *George Washington*, with a convoy of battleships, torpedo boats and other naval craft, steamed into the harbor of the greatest city in the world amid scenes of royal welcome which eclipsed the receptions of Admiral Dewey, after the Spanish tempest in a tea-pot, and that accorded the most beloved of all latter-day Americans, Theodore Roosevelt, upon his return from Africa. Beneath a sky of azure and a sun of gold Fifth Avenue presented a multi-colored pageantry, brilliant beyond the pen in its kaleidoscopic picturesqueness—exceptional even for Gotham, the city of spectacular pomp and pictures.

Party lines were dissolved. The march past the great political clubs was marked by an almost equal enthusiasm. It was impossible to detect the greater warmth of greeting, the one from the other, for men and women of all creeds and classes appreciated that an era in the world's history had arrived when for the moment at least internecine squabble and partisan piffle must be laid aside. Only the Bolsheviki and the *canaille*—the same element that hissed the name of the President of the United States during the De Valera meeting at Madison Square

Garden — was silent. The Tammany governor of the state of New York and the Tammany mayor of its chief city warmly greeted the Chief Executive and expressed their loyalty and fealty.

The President had been on these shores but a few hours when he made it quite plain to the red liquor advocates and the brewery tribes that he purposed *not* to interfere further in the drink business. Neither did he purpose to call the army demobilized when it was not demobilized. Further, it might be added it was not likely that demobilization would be accomplished before the late fall of 1919—if at all before the Constitutional amendment became effective. A great wail went up from the liquor mobs throughout the country. The mayor of the city of Boston made strenuous plaint to the Chief Executive. Representative Fitzgerald alleged coercion.

Enter also one Samuel Untermeyer of New York, a lawyer, as counsel for the interests of a group of "British" brewers. He it was that the Department of Justice exposed during the World War as an associate of Dr. H. A. Albert of the Hamburg-American steamship line in the purchase of American newspapers for Teuton purposes. More recently he had come into public notice as the counsel for the Rand School of Social Science, a Bolsheviki institution under investigation in New York. Mr. Untermeyer's entrance on the brewery stage was interesting mainly because of its novel comedy. In a formal announcement to the press of the country he stated that he had been employed by "British" investors representing over \$40,000,000 of brewery

property. He declared that he was about to begin a fight "on the ground that Congress had no power to enact war legislation in times of peace." Poor Congress! The American public awaited its action and the possible outcome of this startling admonition. The name of only one brewery property was mentioned which the genial Mr. Untermeyer said was worth \$4,500,000. It is named the "Clausen-Flanagan Brewery Company."

"Clausen, Flanagan, Untermeyer!"

It sounds more like a scroll from the German-American Alliances than a British investment list.

Mr. Untermeyer's debut in association with Mr. Root cannot be counted auspicious.

Oddly coincident with his announcement came the news from London that a little band of Americans had arrived there and were about to begin their war on the brewery and other alcoholic institutions. About the same time some government figures, as the result of war-time drink regulations in England, were made public. In 1913, when that country was at peace, there were 188,877 convictions for drunkenness. In 1918 there were only 29,019 from the same cause. In 1918 there were only 32 deaths from alcoholism, as compared with 786 in 1913.

Children are always the sufferers from drink. No less than 1226 were suffocated in 1913, in a majority of cases because their parents or caretakers were drunk. In 1918 the number of deaths from that cause had been reduced to 810.

If this were a book of statistics many like figures could be adduced in this country as well as England. Nevertheless, the genial Untermeyer declares that

"Congress cannot evade that duty [the duty of abolishing the existing law] to the destruction of legitimate business investments amounting to many hundreds of millions of dollars that were built up under the protection and encouragement of federal and State governments ever since we became a nation—a business that has contributed, and is to-day contributing, hundreds of millions of dollars annually to the federal revenue, to say nothing of the tribute collected by the States."

Unfortunately for Mr. Untermeyer, Congress has already illustrated its purpose and it is not likely that anything that he is going to say or do will change its attitude. What he stated in relation to revenues—the same old-time worn argument of the liquor lawyer—is only too true. But that revenue is blood money—money drained from the life blood of the land, and be it said with scant pride, money that Americans have at last arisen in shame to refuse and repudiate.

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After he had put a quietus on the liquor mob and the Attorney-General had begun the prosecution of the offenders against the drink law, the President on Thursday, July 10, addressed the Senate in relation to the League of Nations. It was notably interesting to the multitudes of Americans struggling for a sober nation for the reason that the opposition to the League in Congress came from almost the identically same group of politicians who have been strenuously fighting to keep a large percentage of the population under the influence of liquor.

"Plenty of liquor; no women, no league" is the slogan that a metropolitan newspaper man applied, meaning that the latter group are unalterably opposed to woman suffrage, to a league of nations, but overwhelmingly in favor of liquor and more votes. This latter group, with its large following of the lower order of German, Irish and Bolsheviki, would be a dangerous menace to the republic but for the distemper of the American people to all disturbing internal forces. The loyal Germans and Irish in the United States must not be confused with that element, but Americans who think cannot forget the murders of the American bluejackets in Ireland, the insults to the American flag and the President of the United States, and at least one revolution financed by Germany and fought against England and her premier ally, the United States of America. These are not casual happenings that pass easily out of the public mind.

The opponents of the League of course included Root, the Counsel for the United States Brewers Association, Senators Reed of Missouri, Gore, and that faction of the Republican coterie in the Senate which seemed indifferent to party interests. But the great rank and file of the stalwart Republicans, including former President Taft, ex-Attorney-General Wickersham, President Lowell of Harvard, and a host of other Republicans arraigned themselves fairly and openly by the side of the President, remembering that such a league had been the dream of McKinley, Choate, Hay, and Roosevelt.

Some depletion was made from the League's ranks by Senator Johnson of California in a tour in

New England simply for the reason that he quoted Colonel Roosevelt as being opposed to the League. Nothing could be further from the facts. Colonel Roosevelt's last public utterance published in the *Metropolitan* magazine in January, 1918, concluded with these words:

"Let us go into such a league. But let us weigh well what we promise; and then train ourselves in body and soul to keep our promises. Let us treat the formation of the League as an addition to but in no sense as a substitute for preparing our own strength for our own defence. And let us build a genuine internationalism, that is, a genuine and generous regard for the rights of others, on the only healthy basis:—a sound and intense development of the broadest spirit of Americanism nationalism. Our steady aim must be to do justice to others, and to secure our own nation against injustice; and we can achieve this twofold aim only if we make our deeds square with our words."

The concluding phrase of President Wilson's address to the Congress rings out as if in direct response to his predecessor's sterling appeal.

"The war and the conference of peace now sitting in Paris seem to me to have answered that question. Our participation in the war established our position among the nations and nothing but our own mistaken action can alter it. It was not an accident or a matter of sudden choice that we are no longer isolated and devoted to a policy which has only our own interest and advantage for its object. It was our duty to go in, if we were indeed the champions of liberty and of right.

"We answered to the call of duty in a way so spirited, so utterly without thought of what we spent of blood or treasure, so effective, so worthy of the admiration of true men everywhere; so wrought out of the stuff of all that was heroic, that the whole world saw at last, in the flesh, in noble action, a great ideal asserted and vindicated by a nation they had deemed material and now found to be compact of the spiritual forces that must free men of every nation from every

unworthy bondage. It is thus that a new rôle and a new responsibility have come to this great nation that we honor and which we would all wish to lift to yet higher levels of service and achievement.

"The stage is set, the destiny disclosed. It has come about by no plan of our conceiving, but by the hand of God, who led us into this war. We cannot turn back. We can only go forward, with lifted eyes and freshened spirit to follow the vision. It was of this that we dreamed at our birth. America shall in truth show the way. The light streams upon the path ahead, and nowhere else."

Americans are no longer interested in parties and politicians. They are looking for men — strong, forcible men to lead them out of the liquor mire into the safe places, and there is not a phase of American life from Church to dive, from the drawing room to the gutter hole that the drink evil has not touched and diseased.

America has blazed the trail to a sober world, and if, out of the gossamer web of altruistic dreams, — the dreams of Choate, McKinley, Hay, Roosevelt, Taft, Lowell, and Wilson, — may come a League of Nations that spells the Peace of the World, God grant it may be so.

ADDENDA

THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE

IT would be neither meet nor right to go to press with this volume without some reference to the remarkable work that has been done by the Anti-Saloon League. With practically two-thirds of the great newspapers throughout the country in direct antagonism, the achievements of this organization have been astonishing. From the Congress of the United States down to the ward politician, it has met nothing but the most forceful opposition from its very inception. There have been times when the cheap politicians and the liquor interests made such virulent attacks that it looked as if the usefulness of the League would be entirely destroyed. But some of the tales that have been circulated about its methods were so plainly invented out of whole cloth that they served as a boomerang.

One of those that appeared to be very effective at one time had to do with the Rockefeller Institute. It was stated that Mr. Rockefeller and his Foundation were antagonistic to the League for political reasons. As a matter of fact nobody can trace anything that was ever done by the Rockefeller Foundation to motives that were other than for the welfare of the American people.

The effectiveness of the organization of the Anti-

Saloon League is in all probability responsible as much as anything else for its remarkable achievement.

The fashion in which it has stood Congress on its head has caused no little amusement. Such was the power of the brewery and liquor interests a few years ago that it was practically impossible for anybody connected with the League to get a hearing. The conditions are so thoroughly reversed today that the difficulty rests with the brewer. When a Senate or House Committee hears the plea of the brewery representative, unless it be some man of large reputation like Elihu Root, he finds no small difficulty in getting a hearing.

That the League has been so successful is a matter of great gratification to all Americans. It still has work to do in the United States, but it can be said without fear of contradiction that it has surmounted many of the seemingly most difficult obstacles. It is a foregone conclusion that the United States is to become a sane and sober nation under a sane and sober government; and no small credit for this work is due the League.

Its work is not to cease, however, in America. It was in the Anti-Saloon League of the United States that the World League originated. There is now, as has been stated in previous chapters of this book, a universal movement looking to the absolute dethronement of King Rum. The initial meeting was held in Washington on June 6 and the title of the new league was decided upon. It is to be known as The World League Against Alcoholism. The United States, Canada, Mexico, Japan, Scotland,

and—wonder to behold!—Ireland, England, France, Denmark, Switzerland, Australia and New Zealand are all recorded signatories to the constitution. The first official convention will probably be held in Edinboro, Scotland, in September, 1920. The Board of Presidents has already been elected—Dr. Robert Hercod of Switzerland, Honorable Leif Jones of London, Dr. Howard H. Russell of the United States, and Dr. Emile Vandervelle of Belgium. All of them are men of distinction.

It is noteworthy in lieu of Cardinal Mercier's attitude that Belgium already has an eminent representative. In the new era of reconstruction it is very evident that that country purposes to be in the van. Dr. P. A. Baker, the General Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of America, has been elected the First Vice-President, and Mr. Ernest H. Cherrington, the General Manager of the Anti-Saloon League Publishing Interests, has been chosen General Secretary of the new World League organization. Mr. Cherrington will assume the duties of the executive office. His marked ability and his eminent successes in his present position as the editor of the *American Issue*, which is the organ for the Anti-Saloon League, promises much for his future work. The *American Issue* is published in the relatively small town of Westville, Ohio. It has been the target for every liquor organ in the United States for a long time past. Its motto is, "A Liquorless Nation and a Stainless Flag." In view of the attitude of the German brewer, the "Stainless Flag" part of this slogan is at once interesting and significant. The Reverend George A. Gordon is

the editor of the Massachusetts Bureau of this publication.

There are scores of men and women associated with the Anti-Saloon League in the United States that are deserving of high praise. The work of William H. Anderson, the General Superintendent, has attracted national attention. The yellow journals and brewery organs of Gotham have made it very interesting for Mr. Anderson from his installation into that office, but he had had large experience at Baltimore and in other cities and he has won many victories over his opponents.

Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler, the General Counsel for the League, has been fighting all over the country, and more especially at Washington, against the avalanche of brewery money. Some of his successes have been simply dumbfounding.

Mr. Arthur J. Davis, the Superintendent of the Massachusetts Department, had his hands full as soon as he assumed that position. Boston, as is well known, is among the worst liquor-ruled cities in the country. The liquor "rights" have practically controlled the town for years, municipally and otherwise. They have elected the officers, run the offices, and have made Boston one of the most conspicuous illustrations of municipal incompetency in the United States. Mr. Davis has had his hands full from the first. He is a man of sterling character—a fact which perhaps accounts in no small measure for his large successes.

The National Legislative Superintendent is Mr. Edwin C. Dinwiddie. His name is a byword with most of the newsboys of the country, and his methods

are too well known to require further comment. He knows the ward heeler and liquor politician from alpha to omega, and in the recent Congressional fight he handled that coterie of men without gloves.

The Anti-Saloon League—this is current state history—was founded by Dr. Howard H. Russell, who was attracted to the work originally when he was associated with the Armour Mission in Chicago. This latter mission was founded in the time of Bathhouse John and other proprietors of notorious joints in this city, when the life of no pedestrian in some of the streets of a Western town was safe. Just how the League has grown and prospered would make an interesting book in itself. It is to be regretted that its history cannot be included in this volume.

It may be said in summary, however, that few organizations have done more for the betterment of American life and American manhood.

There have been times in the history of the organization when it looked as if the iniquitous methods of its opponents would destroy its usefulness. There is hardly a newspaper in the country of any importance that has not been tricked into printing some fallacious and obnoxious accusation against it. The methods by which the German brewer and liquor propagandist has played his nefarious game have been contemptible in the extreme. The reputations of men and women have not been safe. Any method seemed to justify the means to their ends. Despite the fact that many officers identified with the League knew they were taking their lives and characters in their hands, they have gone forward

with the work until today the German brewer and the saloon-keeper are on the defensive.

Success to the future efforts of the League in America, and double success to its efforts to incept a World League that may make the whole world a new, sober world!

SUBSTITUTES FOR THE SALOON

It is a foregone conclusion that, as has already been hinted in previous pages of this book, there should be some substitute for the saloon. There is no occasion to coddle or nurse the drunkard. In most instances he needs heroic treatment. There are, however, some cases of an exceedingly delicate nature, and it is important that these cases be dealt with appropriately. The average physician knows no more about the treatment of a drunkard than the bar tender—in fact the bar tender gets the better results as a general thing. It is doubtful if there is any organization that can reach all cases in the big cities. There are many half-way measures and some of these are worth while.

Unquestionably one of the most important helps for the drunkard is environment. It has been suggested by Mr. Frederick L. Locke, the President of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, that it might not be a bad idea to turn over for this purpose some of the canteens that have been used by the army. This suggestion is worth careful consideration. Many a drunkard would abandon his liquor with some sense of satisfaction if he were not to a degree ostracized and outlawed. Human com-

panionship, good books, baths, and clean food are essential. The organization of which Mr. Locke is the head, on Boylston Street in Boston, has been remarkably successful in its helpful work. This great building has a gymnasium, a library, dormitories and everything worth while.

Of course the self-respecting victim of drink can nearly always find a place of this kind; but as Mr. Locke says, what is to become of the derelict, the outcast, whose shabby clothes and poor raiment exclude him from the average workman's club? That is going to be a problem. It is one that should certainly arouse national interest and effort.

The drunkard is a man who rarely excites sympathy. He is perhaps the most repulsive and revolting of all diseased human beings except possibly the leper or the victim of smallpox. His inflamed face, his foul breath, and his whole condition antagonize even the ambulance surgeon; and many a poor drunkard has been left to die on the street simply because the ambulance surgeon smelt whiskey on his breath and left him with the comment, "Oh, he's drunk." There will be thousands on thousands of derelicts in the streets of all the cities in this country as soon as the lid is put on tight. There is hardly a city now where it is not possible for this type of drunkard to get some sort of drink with which for the moment to satisfy his craving. In the absence of drink he turns to drugs, and the number of drug addicts throughout the land is very much on the increase.

America already leads the world in this respect. There are ninety-eight thousand drug addicts in this

country. It stands to reason that in a few months this number will be doubled and there will have to be treatment for them. The Massachusetts Hospital, under that renowned specialist, Dr. Neff, had at the beginning of the war made for itself a distinct place of usefulness by its treatment for drunkards. It was turned over to the army as a canteen, and it is not likely that the politicians are going to restore it to its former usefulness.

Mr. Locke and Dr. Neff will be the nucleus of a fine board to deal with this question. Certainly Washington will have to take it up sooner or later.

In the old days, many a drunkard, sickened and nauseated with the saloon, turned to drugs. He would turn away from liquor and try his best to regain his manhood. Nine times out of ten the doctor started him on drugs instead of water and food, and in a twinkling he was a morphine fiend or a cocaine dipper. Of the two evils there is little choice. The drug fiend perhaps dies a more horrible death, and it seems to be more difficult for that type of victim to free himself from his hectic horror.

It is a problem, a most serious problem, that in the end will require not only municipal, state, but national legislation.

Although there will unquestionably be an increase, the absence of liquor is not going to increase the number of drug addicts in anything like the proportion that the liquor crowd is trying to make patent to the world at large. There are already in practically every city places where they can receive proper treatment.

The ideas of men like Mr. Locke and Dr. Neff,

who have made a life-long study of this subject, should be valuable. After all Mr. Locke's solution of the problem is a very simple one. Any man who is a derelict is worth treatment, and Mr. Locke and Dr. Neff have put many of them on their feet who were regarded as lost for all time. It will take patience, ingenuity, and a deal of kind treatment to reclaim the drug addict and the beer-swiller so absolutely eaten up with alcohol that he retains only a semblance of manhood; but some of these men can be reclaimed and redeemed — a startling number of them — when the proper methods are applied.

WOMAN IN THE WORLD

The Women's Christian Temperance Union and other organizations throughout the country are in a measure responsible for the tidal wave of liquor reform. It was women, as Superintendent Davis of the Boston Anti-Saloon League says in every address that he makes, that originated this work. But for women this country would never have been rid of liquor, and it would never have been possible to pass effective legislation. There are scores of women whose names might be enrolled on the scroll of fame. Since many of them are now working quietly and not out in the open, and since they have already a number of politicians listed for decapitation, it is perhaps best to keep their names under cover. It can be said, however, that there are not a few politicians and German propagandists in the United States who if they knew what is before them would gladly take themselves out of the way.

The method of the women in the liquor game is a rather startling one. For some years the saloon-keeper has been standing on the street corner and telling the world at large just what could not happen. The women interested in the liquor game have been wearing paths around the halls of Congress and the State legislatures, and the political scalps they have as trophies are practically countless. Many an American politician has been asked to step down and out when he thought he was right at the zenith of his fame. When he traced his downfall to its source he always found it was the women.

It is only in recent years that the Anti-Saloon League has been able to accomplish so much, and then its achievement has only been made possible because of the advocacy of the women. There will be, in all probability, many women associated with the World League. If they do such work for the World League as they have done in the United States, men might as well quietly stand aside and admit that getting drunk is an impossibility.

THE Y. M. C. A.

The liquor interest in the United States has had no greater enemy than the Y. M. C. A. That "interest" and a rival organization very friendly to the interest are responsible for most of the derogatory reports sent home from the war front. The Y. M. C. A. made errors during the great conflict. So did Foch, Haig, Pershing and a host of others. But the great good it did cannot be overestimated, and it is about to turn its efforts to the work of re-

construction with the same good purpose. The liquor victims will of course be given attention. The Association already has a number of hotels somewhat after the pattern of the Mills Hotels in New York, and it is likely that more will be built. John R. Mott, George W. Perkins, Lewis A. Crossett and other leading officials are said to be keenly interested in the movement. Edward A. Hearne, one of the executive secretaries of the Association, who was a volunteer in the Spanish War, with the allied armies in the Boxer campaign, and with the A. E. F., is a pioneer in the movement to find some helpful purpose for the saloon habitués.

BREWERY STATISTICS

Brewery statistics are difficult figures to assemble with any degree of accuracy. The brewer works as nearly as he can in the dark. It is not well for him to come out in the limelight where the magnitude of his business may be observed. Charles Stelzle in his study on "Why Prohibition" is authority for the statement, that in the old days—along about 1913 or 1914—the American public spent annually \$2,000,000,000 for liquor. The figures in the possession of the author do not indicate quite so large a sum. A few millions more or less do not make any material difference, however, to the brewer or his affiliates. The amount is sufficiently large to stagger common comprehension. When it is worth while for purposes of argument the brewer comes out in the open. In his "Year Book"—"Blood Book" would be a more appropriate title—for the

year 1914 the United States Brewers' Association announced that its disbursements for wages amounted to \$453,872,553, and that its annual disbursements "other" than for wages amounted to \$1,121,696,097, making a grand total of \$1,575,568,650.

What a lurid page in American history some of the "items other than wages" would make!

The magnitude of the liquor business in the United States may be gathered from the following table. The amount consumed per capita and its steady increase up to 1908 from 1850, when the United States Government began to gather statistics is appalling, and the figures did not cease to rise until the South had its awakening and some of the States of that section began to put the saloon-keeper and his master, the brewer, out of business.

Year	Gallons Spirits	Gallons Wines	Gallons Malt Liquors	Gallons. Total Consumption	Gallons Per Capita
1850	51,833,473	6,316,371	36,563,009	94,712,853	4.08
1860	89,968,651	10,804,687	101,346,669	202,120,007	6.43
1870	79,895,708	12,225,067	204,756,156	296,876,931	7.70
1880	63,526,694	28,098,179	414,220,165	505,845,038	10.08
1890	87,829,623	28,945,993	855,929,559	972,705,175	15.53
1895	78,655,063	20,863,877	1,043,033,486	1,142,552,426	16.57
1900	97,356,864	29,988,467	1,222,387,104	1,349,732,435	17.75
1905	120,869,649	35,059,717	1,538,526,610	1,694,455,976	19.85
1906	127,851,583	46,485,223	1,700,421,221	1,874,758,027	21.55
1907	140,084,436	57,738,848	1,822,313,525	2,020,136,809	22.79
1908	125,379,314	52,121,646	1,828,732,448	2,006,233,408	22.22
1909	121,130,036	61,779,549	1,752,634,426	1,935,544,011	21.06
1910	133,138,684	60,548,078	1,851,666,658	2,045,353,420	22.19
1911	138,585,989	63,859,232	1,966,911,754	2,169,356,975	22.79
1912	139,496,331	56,424,711	1,932,531,184	2,128,452,226	21.98
1913	147,745,628	55,327,461	2,030,347,372	2,233,420,461	22.68
1914	143,447,227	52,418,430	2,056,407,108	2,252,272,765	22.50
1915	127,159,098	32,911,909	1,855,524,284	2,015,595,291	19.80
1916	139,973,684	47,587,145	1,818,275,042	2,005,835,871	19.40
1917	167,740,325		1,884,265,377		20.00*

*Estimated.

About 90 per cent of the malt liquors consumed is beer — beer from the German brewery. There is

comparatively little ale consumed. Fully 65 per cent of the whiskey business in the United States is said by some authorities to be controlled by the brewer. It may not be so large, but, unquestionably, he controls more than 50 per cent.

Why, a \$2,000,000 slush fund is simply pin money to his Majesty The Brewer!

